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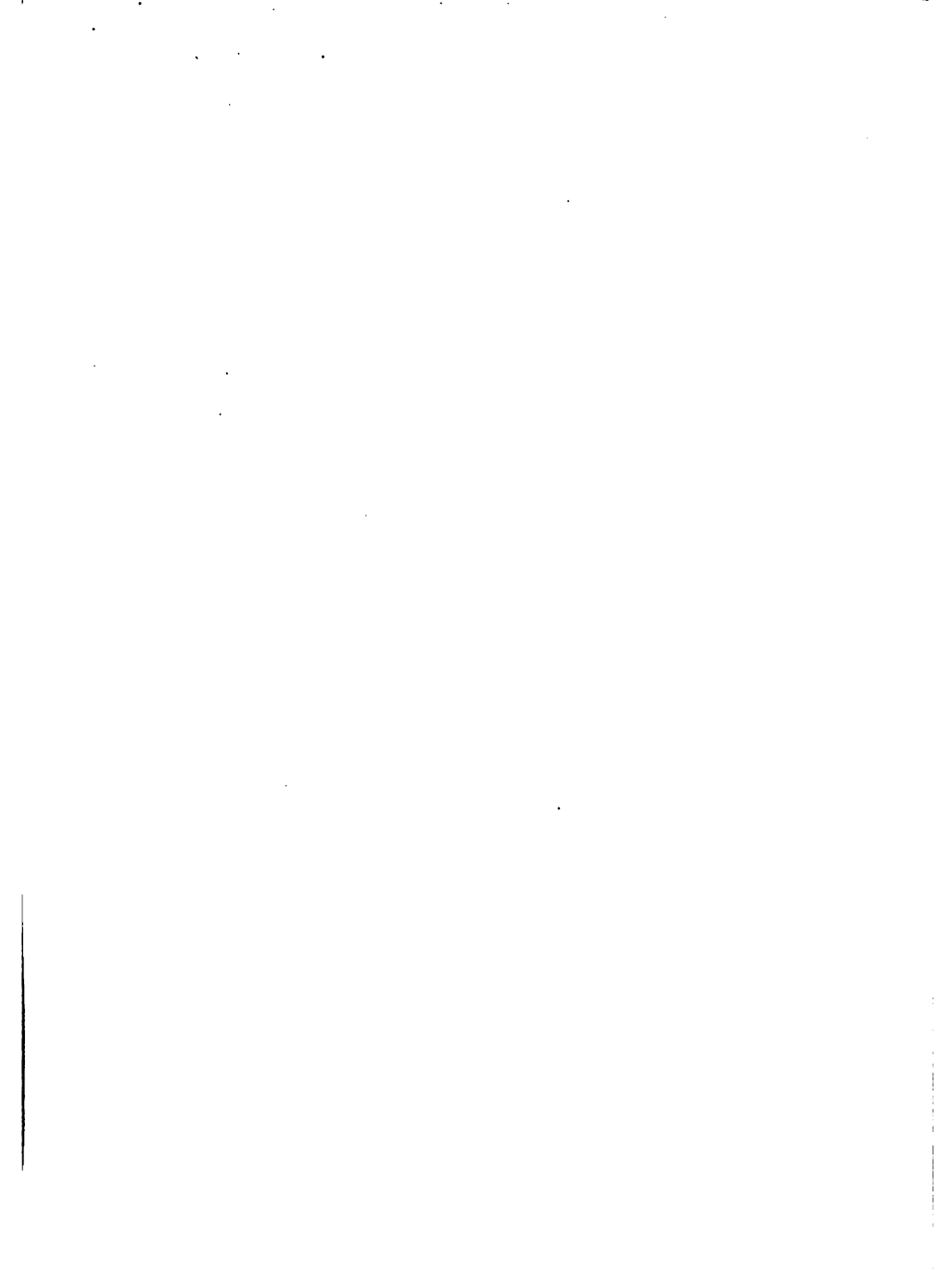
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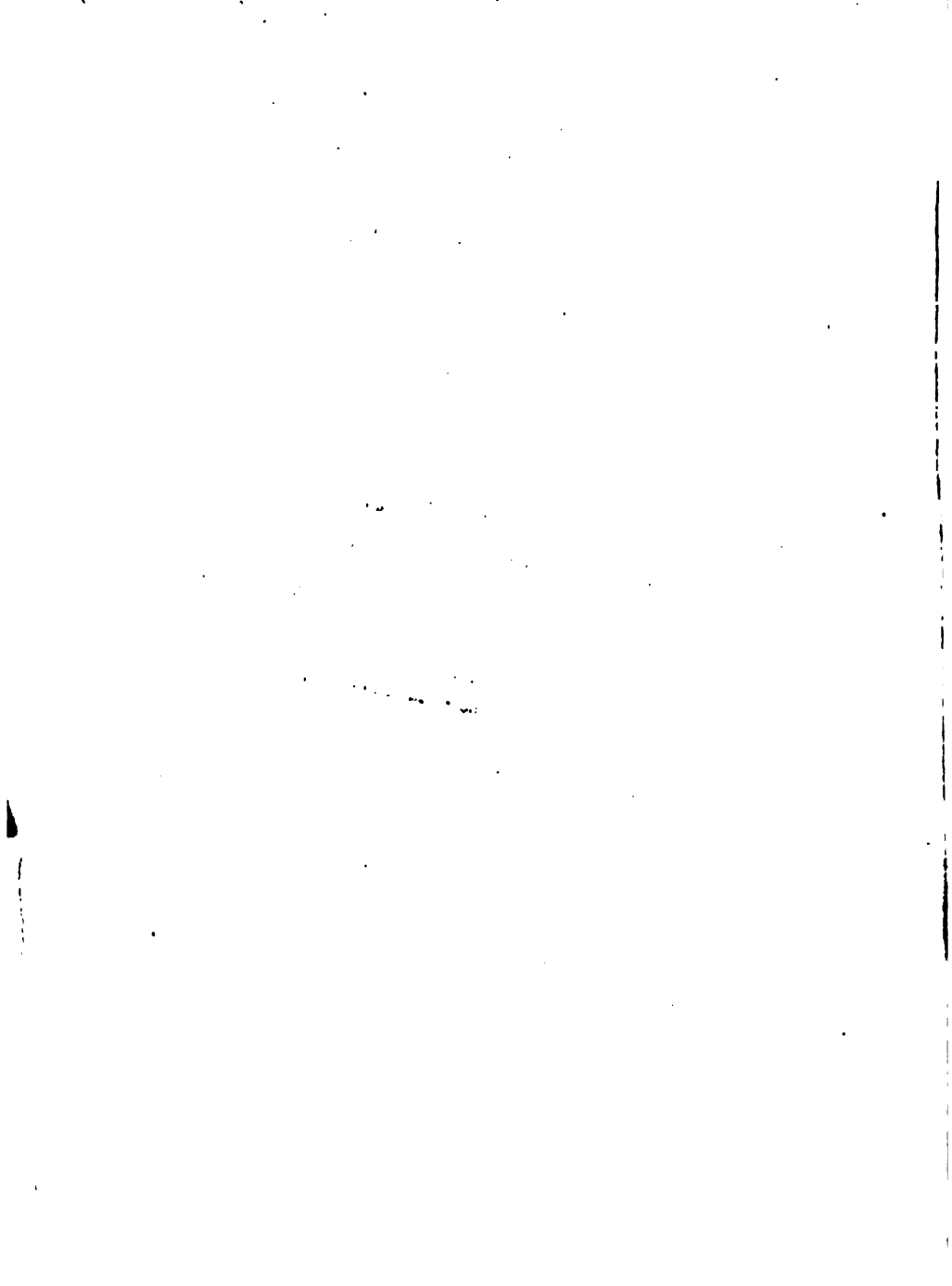
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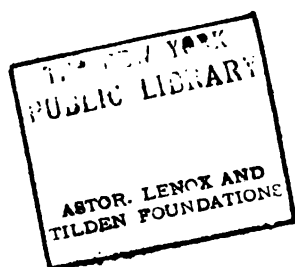
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P. 111







Lettie L. Burlingame,

Lettie Lavilla Burlingame.

HER LIFE PAGES.

STORIES, POEMS AND ESSAYS.

INCLUDING

A GLIMPSE OF HER SUCCESS AS
THE FIRST LADY LAWYER OF WILL COUNTY, ILLINOIS.
THE HOME OF HER GIRLHOOD.

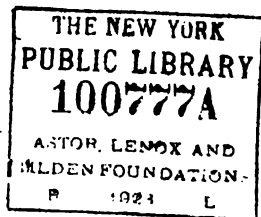
ALSO

AS PRESIDENT, UP TO THE TIME OF HER DEATH, OF THE
FIRST "EQUAL SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION," OF JOLIET,
ILLINOIS, TO WHICH SHE DEDICATED HER LAST
WORK, A SUFFRAGE SONG, WORDS AND MU-
SIC: "PUT ON THE ORANGE RIBBON,"
ETC., ETC.

ARRANGED FOR PUBLICATION BY

HER MOTHER, O. C. BURLINGAME.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS:
J. E. WILLIAMS & COMPANY,
1895.



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IN MEMORIAM.

The subject of these memoirs, Lettie Lavilla Burlingame, daughter of Harmon R., and Olive C. Burlingame was born in Lockport, Illinois, August 6th, 1859. She came as a bright sunbeam from the Father who gave, the gem of our dwelling to be, and with a fervent prayer that when He should call her hence, she might return to Him as pure as she came to us, we clasped our treasure to our hearts, our solace and our pride, through many a year. And as a tender clinging vine she entwined herself so lovingly there, that our now empty, human hearts can never cease to ache until we meet our loved one again. What is the casket where the jewel is not? Only a shattered shell, a desolate home.

“We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own,
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken and alone.”

She ever looked back with fond recollections to the days of her childhood, recalling in the last days of her life many a pleasant incident of early years.

The world was always beautiful to her, but never more so than when surveyed through her own loving, exalted idea of God. She heard His voice in the rustling of the trees, the warbling of birds, the deep, mossy dells,

and the sparkling rivulets of the forest. She reveled in the beauties of Nature. It would be hard to express, as she often did, her admiration for all the Handiwork of Earth. The flowers of the field, the rocks of the valley, the shells of the ocean, the coral reef—all were songs, and bore the impress of the Creator she adored. Once in saying to a friend that Christ seemed more approachable than God, she said: "Oh, mamma! how can you say so, when God made this beautiful world and made you and me, and gave His dear Son to die for us." From her earliest childhood she exhibited a thoughtful—seriousness beyond her years, and as life advanced and she looked out upon its responsibilities she sometimes grew restless and uneasy, at what she termed her useless life. Her frail constitution was a constant barrier to many an avenue of usefulness. "I am going to the Temple not made with hands," seemed ever impressed upon her.

Still, illuminating her darkest hours with a holy faith and trust in God, and a lively hope in "Immortality." Eager to take up and pursue the duties of life, she never shrank from new departures, nor feared the advance line of duty. Yet never unready at the thought of death, or unsteady at symptoms of its approach. An inward glimpse of her early years is given by making selections from her Life-Pages, and if in allowing her inmost thoughts and motives to be disclosed with its records of emotion and longings for something higher, which seemed to her so unattainable, it has been with a desire to portray a soul-resting in Faith, and a heart in Love with all humanity. The Retrospect of her Life-

Pages, seems to cover what may be called her transition period, from girlhood to womanhood, from high aims and ambitions to a prospective fruition of her hopes. A deep tinge of sadness pervaded her inner life during these years, notwithstanding the cheerful exterior she ever maintained. At times she seemed to feel a divine discontent and thirst for "Immortality." The seemingly long pauses in her Diary were caused by extracts from authors she was reading and long comments by herself, intervening between dates. Her heart ever beat with affectionate consideration for all the world around her. Those who served in our home always grew to love her. She devoted many hours of her time in giving them instruction in such studies as interested them. The height of her ambition, had she lived to carry out her wishes, would have been to raise the lowly of her own sex up into a purer, higher atmosphere. She entered with an indulgent sympathy into the hopes and plans of those whose lives were less-favored than her own. Nature endowed her with lofty ideals. She longed for more than an ordinary walk in Life. Relieved from the limitations of Earth, we trust she has reached the zenith of her ambition in that pure Heaven she so longed for. She used to say: "I will be so safe with God, but I would like to live to do good to others." We miss her dear companionship. The tender look, the glad smile, the love that ne'er deceived our trust, *all* that vanished with "Dust to Dust." No change, Darling! can cloud our thoughts of you. For all the sweet memories of your beautiful life we are grateful. It was for her a happy, glorious translation. Her radiant,

triumphant smile seemed to beckon us on, saying: "It is dark there, but all light here, in the Paradise of God." Oh, Father! help us to look beyond this cloud, and oftener think of our dear one as she treads the "Heavenly pathways of ceaseless delight." Rest, then! dear, precious daughter, rest; for you were weary, and sought repose. The sadness of this aching love, dims not, our Father's house above. Sleep, Loving! and Beloved, One! Sleep.

"But by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide us 'till on some brighter shore,
The sever'd wreath is bound once more."

Thus, in her own simple words, which were penned by her with no thought of their ever meeting any eye but her own, and trusting some weary heart along the pathway of Life may find in them a source of inspiration, and, believing, that as an active worker in the progress of the world she awakened no animosity, or ever penned a line that would give pain, we consign them to the leniency of critical readers, and Affectionately Dedicate them to her Loving Friends.

Her Mother.

O. C. BURLINGAME,

LETTIE LAVILLA BURLINGAME.

CHAPTER I.

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

Twenty-three years have whirled the wheel—
The circling wheel of destiny;—
Have wrought their work of woe or weal,
And passed into eternity.

Twenty-three years ago to-day, in Lockport, Illinois, away up on the bluffs in a tiny white cottage with green blinds somebody first began to make a noise in the world, and a pretty big noise, too, mother said. Howsoever the little stranger seemed to be very welcome, and sister Amy thought there never was any other little sister like hers. It was a good thing she did, for although her advent was rather noisy, she proved to be a weak, timid child, who needed an older sister's protection. Wonder how the world looked then? About the first thing I remember was when the new house across the road began to be built, and sister carried me over, and carried my little blue cane-seat rocking chair over, too, and there she sat me down to watch papa at work. How blue and broad the sky looked, and I thought the clouds were small white boats sailing over the sea, and then I remember when we went home the little chair was forgotten,

and next morning it was gone, and my little heart was quite broken. Then I remember walking about the flower garden with dear old Aunt Nancy. Good soul! I wish I could see her now, with her stern, but kindly face all beaming with love and tenderness; but she has gone Home. She was a Christian woman and beloved by all who knew her.

Rest; the struggle is done,
The fields of Heaven won.
The weary feet are light,
The dimming eyes are bright,
The helpless arm made whole,
Rest! at the wished-for goal.

And what a rare old flower garden that was! There were Crested Coxcombs with their haughty heads all royal and red, rich Roses, and Clustered Sweet-Williams, Bachelor-Buttons, dainty blue Forget-Me-Nots, stately white Lilies, and the Tiger Lily in oriental shades, tall Phlox, low Portulaccas, Gladiolus glowing and brilliant; China Asters of varied hue; a lovely red flower, the name of which is now forgotten; Honey-suckles, Peony-Plants, Snow-Balls, Lilacs, Weeping Widows, Petunias and English Violets, in rich profusion! And, oh! I must not forget the old Almond bush in the corner, the Gilly Run-Over-the-Ground, covering the old hatchway, the Sweet Mary, the striped Grass, nor the Rubber-Plant, whose leaves we delighted to blow into tiny bags.

Nineteen years ago! But it lies before me to-day. And how well I remember the Strawberry bed, and the Grape Arbor where we used to play. We had an old Pig-pen, a beautiful place—however incongruous that

may seem—where no pigs had dwelt for several years. There were two rooms to this Pig-pen, one small and covered, the other large and open—which when cleaned out and whitewashed made a charming play-house for us children. Then a wild Grape-vine arching over the top of the pen and reaching out far and wide with spreading branches made a most beautiful up-stairs, which was all very nice, until wearied of having wonderful green worms, with shining red horns, and white ones, with blue spots, precipitated upon us at every shake of the branches, we retreated to the old Grape Arbor where we were less annoyed. How I did admire those worms—at a distance!

We had a pet dog, Fido, of a yellow color. One day when mother had taken me away with her on a visit, sister thought Fido was thirsty and carried him out some water. He walked up to it and snapped at it, then rolled over on his back, acting very strangely. Sister had heard of mad dogs, and started for the house on the double-quick; but she had hardly got there when the dog jumped up and ran into the cellar. Sister ran over to a neighbor's where she remained until she saw the dog come out and run down the street, but she was frightened even then, and waited 'till papa came home to dinner, to see what was the matter, when it was found to have been shot by a neighbor. Having this pet die with hydrophobia made dogs a lasting terror to me.

Then we had a pet cow, old Nelly, gentle and kind, so that sister and I used to go and drive her up sometimes. One night we went after her, joyfully, as usual, when instead of appearing glad, she tossed her horns and

looked very cross, and then we saw she had beside her a pretty spotted calf, so we went off a little ways, and when she saw we didn't want to hurt her baby, she let us drive her home. How proud we were of that little bossy. But one day the butcher came and carried it away. And a little while after old Nelly got into somebody's clover field, and eating too much of the rich clover, the next morning we found her dead, and were grieved exceedingly.

There was a little girl who used to come to our house quite often, a little older than I, who was also much stronger than I. Although she would sometimes play quietly, she was generally very rough, and when she would go to strike me I would run to sister exclaiming: Take me up! take me up! And she would take me up on her shoulder out of reach of harm. One day mother took me to this little girl's house, and while she was visiting with this girl's mother they put Hattie and I up-stairs to play. We played contentedly with our dolls for awhile, then we spied a covered jar in the closet, and went for it. Well, we ate until we were tired, and then we began to have some fun. She threw it at me and I threw it at her. I threw some in her face and she threw some in mine. She threw some in my hair and I threw some in hers, and we kept on throwing. All the while we were as still as mice, she on one side of the table and I on the other. I don't know why it is that when children are still mothers always think they must be in mischief. But these mothers did, and one said to the other: "I believe those children are up to something; they are too quiet." "Oh! there's nothing up there that

they can get into." "Well, we had better go and see, anyway." And so they came, they saw, they conquered; and carried us off to the wash-tub. But the best thing of all was they began to laugh when they first saw us and never stopped until they got us properly scrubbed up, and forgot all about scolding, but we never tried throwing grape-sauce again, for that hair! oh, *that hair!*

Hattie and I started on a journey once. She was the leader, and I hadn't much idea where she was going, but followed on. But she kept going. I didn't know who her uncle was that she was trying to find, but when we got to the bridge over the canal and river and she didn't stop yet, and kept saying, "just a little ways," I concluded that she didn't know where she was bound for much better than I, so I planted my diminutive feet on that bridge and wouldn't stir an inch. Soon we heard sister calling us. She had been sent to look the truants up, and knowing Hattie was in the habit of starting for her uncle's concluded to commence her search in that direction first.

I remember I used to delight in fruit cake then as well as now, and when mother had company for tea and brought out those cakes, luscious with citron, raisins and currants, I was supremely happy.

When I was nine years old we had removed to Sterling, Illinois, and began housekeeping in our new home on Thanksgiving Day. There were a great many little girls of about my age, and merry times we had together. But best of all, and first of all, was the W——r girls, whose father was a wealthy merchant. They lived in a large two-and-a-half story house on Main street, sur-

rounded by a very large, nicely kept yard. We lived the second door from them, and had also a large yard, but not so nice, although it might have been, had not many hands in the pie spoiled it. We played mostly in Mr. W——r's yard, where there were such grand old apple trees to climb. Gay hours we spent in those old trees. We had certain branches, long and strong, for halls, the low spreading branches for parlors, and the high airy seats for bedrooms. O, well worn branches, worn with little feet; how queer those feet would look, and those then light forms, in the same attitudes to-day! Still I never pass an apple tree with drooping, inviting branches, but I feel an almost irresistible desire to mount. Then there was the "east yard" with its wonderful evergreens and juniper trees. What bright necklaces we strung of the brilliant juniper berries, and what excellent hiding places were those dark old evergreens. What splendid old playrooms we had in the attic! Thither we resorted on rainy days, and often in the winter, to while away the hours with dolls of all sizes and descriptions and play-things innumerable.

Rock River runs along the south part of Sterling, and was a source of great delight to the children. The various pretty stones and quaint shells along the banks made a day on the river bank a thing to be remembered always. It may be that the water has a mysterious charm for me, but the calm waters of Rock River sent wonderful songs ringing through my childish brain, and I would that I might float forever with the stream. But the river and the island where we had such happy romps, and where the rock of Tommy's bath looms up, rough

and ungainly, the Park where they crowned me Queen of May, the strange, beautiful Cemetery on the hill overlooking the quiet river, echo no longer to the voices of those whom I love, and who love me. If Anna ever visits them it is with the staid grace and dignity of a woman; but the children, the happy children of that day, God grant that their hearts be ever young.

The school house where we went to school was a handsome three story building, built of red brick, with white stone trimmings. Perhaps the most important thing about the school was, that in the basement there were two large playrooms for rainy days, or to be used in the winter. To these the scholars who brought their dinners repaired at noon, to spend a cosy hour in various games, and what a racket they did make sometimes, and how charmingly happy and comfortable they were. I wonder if they still have these. It would be an excellent thing if these rooms were provided in every school. It is a queer idea to provide every facility for hard study, and forget to make any provision for play, which of the two is more necessary for children.

What a sad day it was for us when we were called upon to sing at the funeral of a little friend. Shall I ever forget how wan and drawn that little face looked on its satin pillow, and how the deadly typhus wasted the fragile form; or how a week afterwards her sister, a year younger, lay also in a tiny casket. Not like she, so sadly changed, for dropsy, which set in after the fever, had filled out the outlines, and she lay so fresh and fair with the sun-light coming through the half closed shutters, falling upon her marble forehead and across her dark and

shining hair; and then for the first time I ceased to fear death. Dark here and light there, forever. Soon after another of our young friends died, M. E. H. "Sweet Mamie, we miss thee, but thou art now by that "River" whose shores are ever green, and whose waters are controlled by the Saviour's hand."

I think the sudden death of these loved playmates awakened serious reflections in our youthful hearts. Soon after Anna and Libbie W——r, Lettie S. and myself were baptized on a beautiful Sabbath morning and united with the Congregational Church of Sterling, Rev. Martin Post, pastor. We, with others of our age, were a happy band, and I believe I never enjoyed myself so well as in this Church.

After three years we moved to Joliet and lived for a time on Broadway. There were a great many children on this street, and of all ages from seven to fifteen. Careless lives we led indeed; too careless they seem in the light of after years. There were candy-pulls and picnics and parties and Hallow-e'en raids, and all the numerous tricks and devices of children of that age. There were seven or eight girls, who were almost inseparable companions, but in a few years that inevitable separation began. Some went forth to hard work, and to make their way in the world. Others went forth to shine as stars in society. Some forced, in spite of their better natures, to become butterflies of fashion. Some wandered out into the wide, wide world unheard of since. Some names we whisper with a sigh for innocence and beauty flown, and other names we speak softly as numbered with the angels.

There was no Congregational Church in Joliet and as mamma said she didn't like to have me drop out of the Church, and she thought the Presbyterian was not very different, after some delay I decided to join it. Our letter was all written in one, papa's, mamma's and mine, so I took it down and united with the Central Presbyterian Church of Joliet, Rev. A. H. Dean for my pastor. I felt very lonely for a while. Papa and mamma did not see their way clear to join at that time, and in some way their letter could not be found. I am still a Presbyterian, by name only, I fear, for I can never believe in the doctrine of predestination, as they call it, nor the consigning of unbaptised infants to perdition, as I heard one minister preach it. I don't know but I am wrong, but it seems to me some of the churches are too bigoted. Eternal life! Eternal death! I cannot understand either. I dare not believe in the restoration of all. Death hath no cleansing power, and no sin can enter Heaven. There is a mystery about these things which is painful to me. But I will wait to be guided. The Good Shepherd will lead me into all Truth.

CHAPTER II.

A RETROSPECT FROM LIFE PAGES.

1876—1880.

Life is toil. He lives, he only,
Who, amid his daily cares
Sees a mighty end up-springing
Like choice wheat among the tares;
He, who patience gleans from trial,
Strength from struggle, hope from pain,
He twice lives—on earth—in Heaven—
He, who lives once lives again.

January 1, 1876. Another year has passed. Sorrows and joys have multiplied; clouds have arisen and been dispelled. Births, deaths and marriages have taken place around me, and still I remain unchanged. Unchanged? No, not unchanged! For I believe in profiting by the experiences of others. Friends have been ill, perhaps at the point of death, and yet have recovered; for these blessings, indirectly falling on me, I am not unmindful.

As I look back upon the past year, upon the temptations and the struggles with conscience against the evil voice, I cannot but recognize and acknowledge the will, guidance and power of the great Father. But how

small, how perfectly void, are any of my troubles to those of people around me! The year just gone by has, by the blessing of God, been the means of bringing before me in a new sense the words:

“I am nearer home to-day
Than I have been before.”

It has taught me that:

“Every day improved
Brings back a faith renewed.”

I look back upon many a misspent hour, and wish—but what is the use of idle wishing? “Be up and doing,” for “What’s gone and what’s past help should be past grief.” I will say no more of the past; rather I will see that in the year now commencing I do not repeat the errors made in the years now gone. Gone? Yes, gone forever! I thank God for the health I have enjoyed; for the guidance He has given me; for the help in resisting temptations; for my parents and friends, and most of all I thank Him for my increase of faith and His loving kindness toward me.

Now I am starting out on the New Year, the Centennial Year of “Our Nation,” and I feel very thankful for the full Liberty that our country enjoys. I don’t know that I have any resolutions to make, for I have made so many in times past, and soon broken them, that I don’t like to make any more, but I am afraid that I have made them too often trusting in my own strength. Perhaps the coming year will bring me joys, and perhaps great sorrows, but whatever comes I only ask to be able to say, “Thy will be done.” I will hope for the best,

and trust God for the rest, and so I enter upon the New Year with a wish to the whole world of "A Happy New Year."

Last night my little dog Nep was poisoned by a tramp; I so much loved the dear little fellow I at once got poetical.

POOR LITTLE NEP.

We mourn for a lost one—
No more shall we see
Those eyes full of fun,
Or that step light and free!

No more the fair (?) maidens,
When playing croquet,
Shall say, "Nep, get up,"
Or, "Nep, you're in the way."

* * * *

No more thy joyous bark
Our listening ear will greet,
When coming home at dark
You'd hasten our steps to meet.

At the still hour of twilight,
When the world seemed at rest,
Thy life sank into night,
As the sun in the west.

Poisoned by some ruthless man
Whom thou had'st not power to harm,
Caressed by no loving hand—
Killed too quickly to give alarm.

* * * *

Died—in this, the centennial year,
Nep; aged two years, six months and twelve days.
A maxim for all young doggies to hear:
Bark less, bite more, and you'll find that it pays.
Finis. Wonderful (?) !!!

July 4, 1876. This is the Centennial of American Liberty, and may God *bles*s our "Native Land." Thanks be to God for His mercy to our people in the past, and may we be worthy of the Liberty which we enjoy. I am very, very tired, but cannot let the Centennial Fourth pass by unnoticed in record. Dr. Tiffany delivered the oration at the English stand, but us girls were too tired to listen much, as we had to ride on the car with the "Goddess of Liberty." Captain Phelps read a Centennial poem composed by himself. It was exceedingly fine, as all of his poems are.

August 6, 1876. Just one year ago to-day a small number of friends were gathered here to celebrate my sixteenth birthday, and now, without scarcely being noticed by me, another year has flown away. Sweet sixteen is gone, and plain, unimportant seventeen is ushered in; but then I could never be eighteen, unless seventeen first. Now, it is to be considered whether I have improved any in the year passed. I hope with God's help I have ceased to speak of the faults of others.

MY SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

How very swiftly the years fly away—
It does not seem that since my last birthday
A year has passed and gone forevermore;
Time never seemed so short to me before.

Yet I suppose that, as we older grow,
All changes we are the more apt to know;
But I have always found so many friends,
It seems that pleasure my pathway attends.

And though this cannot, of course, always be,
I can ever look back on a pleasant past,
And thank the Lord for his kindness to me
That my girlhood from all sorrow was free.

And though I'm seventeen years old to-day
I do not feel the weight that some profess,
Nor would I like the course of time to stay,
Rather I would, that the years might be less.

In another year they'll say I'm of age,
That, for me, opens not a brighter page;
For I don't think I should often do right
If left to choose either way that I might.

I do not know whether the sands of time
Are keeping for me the good or sublime,
Yet wherever I be, on land or sea,
I pray that God's mercy may follow me.

December 31, 1876. And now our Centennial Year draws swiftly to its close. In a few hours the glad bells will chime aloud the birth and morn of 1877, and sadly, almost shrinkingly, I bid farewell to this happy year, and step forward to encounter unknown difficulties and temptations, how many or how great I know not now; still trusting in that never-failing Hand I will walk on. Oh! must I now lay down my pen, and bid farewell to

this year forever? Oh! what lies in the future? None knows but God. And now—my pen fain would linger—with thanks and praise for the happy past, and with hopes and prayers for the future, I bid a lingering farewell to 1876, and step forward to greet 1877.

January 1, 1877. Last Friday evening (29th of December), there was a terrible accident on the Lake Shore road, near Ashtabula, Ohio. Among the killed were P. P. Bliss and wife. He had a very sweet voice, and wrote most of the pieces in the Gospel Hymns. Now he sings in the *better* land, and if all on that fated train had been as well prepared to die as he, we would have no cause for mourning.

May 27. This morning E. M. and I went over to the First Presbyterian Church to hear Rev. McLeod's farewell sermon. No! it was not a farewell sermon, but one grand, lovely wish, "Peace be within thy walls and prosperity within thy palaces." I thought, and then I knew, why he said no farewell. He thought of the sweet Eternity where we shall all meet and know the Joy of the Lord. I remember a short time ago of telling E. F. that mamma said, "She always thought of Heaven as space and spirits," and then I added, if that is so I don't want to go there. Gently and emphatically E. answered, "*I do*," and now I can say with her, "I do," and add: The smile of the Lord will be for me palaces, trees, flowers, fountains, joy, gladness and everything beautiful and holy. Truly the "smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul," and though I can claim but the lowest place in His Kingdom, and see His face, that will be Heaven for me. Oh! I pray Him to make me more worthy of His love.

June 1. To-morrow morning papa is going to Sterling. Perhaps we never shall see him again, but we will give him into God's care, for we know we are all safe in Him. Mamma and I will be very lonesome all alone.

July 30. I do not think that my heart is quite as light as when last I wrote in this book. Our home is made sad by a circumstance over which we seemed to have no control. I pray God to make me more submissive, more humble, and to help me to trust in Him. The very morning before we received the sad news I was reading a chapter in Psalms aloud, and read the verse, "Be still and know that I am God." Mamma remarked, "I always thought that was such a sublime passage." Yes. "Be still and know that I am God," it *is* a sublime passage, and we have to "Be still" a good many times, and sometimes it is pretty hard, but truly "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." Oh, Father, help me to say fully and meaningly, "Thy will be done." I have yet, I know, a great deal to be thankful for, a dear, good mother—none could ask a better—and a good, kind father, both of whom try in every way to make me happy. Of course they have not money to give me, but it is just as well, perhaps. There is no knowing what evil I might do with it if I had it. Oh! I had wished that the pages of my life might all be bright, but God knows best, and I must turn the dark pages as well as the light. Last night I led the young people's prayer meeting. I read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, which is my favorite chapter. I have a strange, undefined yearning for something far, far beyond

me. I know not what it is, but I believe it is perfect rest.

“ Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.”

It has always been my wish to die while I am young, and I have a feeling that my wish is to be gratified. All I ask is, Lord, take me quickly Home to Thee! Some are going Home every day, but if I can do any good here, it is better that I should stay. Yes, I believe that my mother needs me yet, but it does not seem to me that I do much good to anybody. Poor papa, away out in Sterling, all alone! God hasten the time when we may all be together again. I have been told that I am proud and cold-hearted. Am I? “There is a *sigh* in the heart though the *lip* may be *gay*.” But my friends are many and dear, and I trust that their friendship is *true*. I might make up my mind to devote all of my future life to my parents, but that would be almost selfish, as there are so many who need a cheering word and deed on their weary life-journey, and it shall be my earnest endeavor to brighten the way of every weary one with whom I come in contact.

August 6. Another year and still I'm here! Eighteen years! Is it possible? Well, I suppose it must be, but I don't feel much older than I did ten years ago. In some respects this last year has been the darkest year of my life; in *no* respect has it been the brightest. Yet I thank God that through it all he has helped me to say, “Thy will be done.” I have struggled to “keep to the right,” but oh! how often have I failed. I pray God that He may give me more faith in Him, and

help me to lead a purer, Christian life; also that He may make me a blessing to my father and mother. Oh! I hope that the great sorrow which I most dread is not near to me, but should it come in this, the first year of my womanhood, God help me, but oh! I want to go first. I know that I am selfish in wishing so, but oh! what were life without my mother! My past life has been very happy in most ways, yet it seems as if I am continually reaching out after something that never comes near enough for me to grasp it. I have been reading "Beulah," by Augusta Evans Wilson. Some parts of the book are very sad, and awaken many sad thoughts. "Silentio," "Silentio." Oh! how can any one die, thinking that it is the end of all being, thinking that henceforth and forever all to them is to be utter silence! It seems to me that I could not stand by and see a friend die with no hope in Christ. Oh! I could not! I should certainly go crazy. To think that never more through all Time and Eternity should I see that friend, that my friend was lost to me forever. Oh! surely should I be tempted, as Adam was tempted to die with Eve, to follow that friend down, down, into the dark abyss of Hell. Oh, Thou Holy of Holies, God most Infinite, save me from the awful, terrible misery of ever seeing the death of an unbeliever! Oh! let me see all my friends safe in Jesus, then would I rest in perfect peace. I must write down two verses I saw in "Beulah," I have always admired them so much.

" Two hands upon the breast and labors done,
Two pale feet crossed in rest, the race is won.
Two eyes with coin-weights shut, all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute, and wrath at peace,

So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot,
God in His kindness, answereth not!"

Such, Beulah, I felt had been my unvoiced prayer,
but now:

"Two hands to work addressed; aye for His praise;
Two feet that never rest, walking His ways;
Two eyes that look above, still through all tears;
Two lips that breathe but love, never more fears;
So we cry afterward low at our knees,
Pardon those erring cries! Father, hear these."
Oh! Beulah, such is now *my prayer*.

* * * *

September 29. It will be two weeks to-morrow since I have been outside the yard. Last week I was sick in bed most of the time, but the girls came in quite often, so I did not get very lonesome. I must be quite far back in my lessons, but I think that I can soon make them up again. They say there is such a thing as thinking too deeply on religious subjects. I wonder if that is so? I must put down a pretty verse out of the Bible that I was reading this morning. "Blessed is the man whom Thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee that he may dwell in Thy courts; we shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, even of Thy Holy Temple."

* * * *

November 17. Well, mamma and I talk of going to Sterling to stay with papa until spring. Ella and I have been seat-mates for so long, and in the same class, that it will be almost the same to me as leaving a part of my life behind me; to her it will be a something gone, always

gone. Oh! with what regret and sighing shall I leave the dear old schoolhouse, the kind teachers and friends, and the scenes that have for nearly six years formed a part of my daily life. But I will not anticipate; for if nothing happens, I shall return in the spring. But too often it is:

Only a throb of the heart,
Only a shake of the hand,
And then they walk on apart
To the brighter, better Land.

God grant that it may not be so with Ella, Minnie and I.

Sterling, December 9. Well, we have arrived safely at our destination. I alighted from the cars and sprang at once into my father's arms. We went at once to Mrs. G——'s, where papa was boarding. Our new home is on the north bank of Rock River. It stands on a slight elevation, overlooking the quiet river. It has all conveniences as hot and cold water, bath rooms, etc. We rent the rooms already furnished—a part of Mrs. Alexander's house. The rooms are very high. Double windows look from our sitting room out upon the east porch and the street beyond. My room is the pleasantest in the whole house. It is on the southeast corner. The front is to the east and a door-window opens from my room out upon the porch (or what is the top, really, of the porch.) The window that looks toward the south gives an almost sublime view of Rock River for nearly a mile, and of the pretty village of Rock Falls. I never beheld more beautiful views than some presented by

Rock River and vicinity. The lady with whom we live is an artist. She paints oil paintings. So we have plenty of pictures. Do you ask if I am happy? I answer, "Yes; happy and contented. Anna W. and I have many pleasant plans made. But I think much of Minnie and Ella, for I shall miss them, no matter how many friends I have here.

December 15. I am now sitting at my favorite window and watching the sunrise over Rock River. It is very beautiful. But I am feeling very sober this morning. I do not know whether it is homesickness or not. Although I have met a great many of the playmates of my childhood, it reminds me how we are all changing, and of the responsibilities that must soon rest upon us. I found three verses in a book, whose precepts, God helping me, I will try to follow:

"Have a tear for the wretched—a smile for the glad,
Applause for the worthy—an excuse for the bad,
Some help for the needy—some pity for those
Who stray from the path where true happiness flows.

Have a laugh for the child in her play at your feet,
Have respect for the aged—and pleasantly greet
The stranger, who seeketh a shelter from thee;
Have a covering to spare if he naked should be.

Have a hope in your sorrow, a calm in your joy,
A work that is worthy your life to employ,
And Oh! above all things on this side the sod,
Have peace with your conscience, and peace with your
God."

Sterling, January 1, 1878. How very quickly the year

has gone. A year ago to-day I was in Joliet. I wonder where I will be a year from to-day. Good resolutions may be easily made, but are not so easily kept, and I decided some years ago not to make any on the first day of the year, as had been my custom, but it is well, I think, to take a motto from the Bible, and, with God's help, to conform your life to it, and I have chosen as mine for the coming year, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might." And I pray God to make me more faithful, more earnest, and help me not to spend my life in idleness. I have so much yet to learn; I feel so inferior to some great and good women, that at times it seems as if I must learn faster, must break away from the common duties of life, and become something good and great. I wish the whole world a "Happy New Year."

January 6. What strange moods persons get into sometimes. One can be lost in wonder, raised in astonishment, dazzled with splendor, blinded with light, or exalted into the highest states of sublimity in a dreaming waking sleep; while, when they are fully awake it is only to be stunned by the reality of their true position, and to feel that thrilling, soul-absorbing desire to reach out, far out, beyond, they know not where, but *somewhere* where the soul may rest satisfied. I do not believe that there is a person living, who has not this desire to reach out and grasp something beyond, nor do I believe that this longing is ever satisfied on earth. Oh! the yearning, passionate desires of the soul! They are the fuel that kindles the inner life into a fire! They can make of earth a Hell or a Heaven! God grant that it may be

always the latter. The whole strength and wealth of the soul cries out for something higher, something *real*.

Did you ever feel a longing of both heart and soul
To reach some far away, some rich and lovely goal?
Has Ambition's fluttering dart with its living fire
Ever pierced your glad heart with a fond and fierce
desire,

To know all that the world can know,
To go as far as man can go,
To sing a song beyond compare,
To live a life both grand and fair?

And then, did you ever feel a sinking of the heart,
As with trembling voice you bade youth's sweet dream
depart,

Because you felt, tho' still the same dear wish was
there,

That you with your few gifts could not stand before
the glare?

That when the battle had been fought,
And when thy first embodied thought
Had been sent forth to do its part,
And you stood forth with throbbing heart,

Stood with weak and trembling feet upon the very brink
That from the proud world's opinion you then would
shrink?

That you, standing just before the opening gate,
Would falter there, nor dare to step forth and meet
your fate?

"Yes!" Then dear friend, for such you are,
Tho' we be separated far,

Come you, and sympathise with me,
For my heart's dream is known to thee.

Sterling. March 24, 1878. I feel very joyful to-day, because I believe this to be my last Sunday in Sterling, as we expect to return to Joliet this week. Papa has just come in, bringing me some wild flowers. Rather early, I should think. Last week, Tuesday, Anna came, and we concluded to walk down by the river. When we came back we determined to go up to the Cemetery—well we actually did go up there. It must have been two miles. We were very tired when we got back. Anna staid to tea with me. We spent a very pleasant evening together. Wednesday Anna and I went down town. Friday, Anna, Libbie and Jennie L. spent the afternoon and evening with me. We were down to the river quite awhile. Oh, "Swans!" "Our Crew!" What fun we did have anyway! After tea we had some "Jumping Statuary." Yesterday afternoon I went over to Anna's, and after tea we went up to the school-house chapel to an entertainment of the Alpha Society. It was a very pleasant success. Sabbath morning I attended Church and Sabbath School.

March 28. Mamma and I started for home. It was a pleasant day. Oh, how glad I was to get home again!

August 5. To-morrow and I shall have lived nineteen years; probably half of my life. When I consider how little I have accomplished in these, the years of promise, my anticipations for the future, the years of fulfillment are not very encouraging. Life in reality is flitting from me without its most important duties having been attended to by me. How sorrowfully do I acknowl-

edge my culpable negligence of all the holier obligations of life. Scenes of joy have passed before me, and mournful dirges have fallen on my ear. Men of genius have yielded to the Death stroke in this, my nineteenth year. Pope Pius IX, has changed his papal chair for his Hereafter; Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, sleeps the long sleep 'neath the sunny sky of his own well-loved Land; William Cullen Bryant, America's truest poet, with all his inestimable knowledge, sings his lovely lays in an Unknown Land. Women of note have also passed away. The handsome Queen of Spain laid down her sceptre on earth—for a crown in Heaven, and the fairy form of Minnie Warren, lies with her babe beneath the sod.

Well, I have lived through the past, and whatever it be, I must brave the future. Oh! I hope there is not a long future before me, if it is to be like the past, so uninteresting. I do not fancy life just for the sake of living. I wept as I thought of the past. I sigh as I think of the future. A year from to-day, perhaps, my hand will pen no line, and I will say "It is well." Beautiful and good as are the lives of those who daily surround me, yet continually I seem to be playing with earth's shadows. While others are gathering unwithering flowers which are so plentifully strewn o'er their pathway, I am sitting in the shade longing for the luxurious blossoms that spring up in life's garden. Oh, how deeply do I feel my own weakness and incompetence! I know how perilous it is thus to steer my fragile bark among the reefs and breakers; but God help me, the mysterious, invisible, is incomprehensible. I cannot understand it. Oh, these doubts! Like an irresistible army burdened with fear,

they rush upon me. Shall they conquer? A still small voice whispers: "Come out of the darkness and dwell in the light." Have I strength to do this? Yes, oh yes! with God all things are possible and I will walk with Him. I will make an energetic struggle to win the victory over wrong and despondency, and never again permit myself to indulge in such melancholy utterances.

August 6. Another birthday has come and I am Nineteen. We count our years by birthdays. It seems to me that we should count them by our works. I am afraid, however, that numerating thus, my years would be few. I intend to try in this opening year to be more energetic and to put to some practical application the few talents with which the Almighty has endowed me. And if my life during this year is as productive of smiles as the day that greets it, I do not think that it will be a very disagreeable one. Last year there were tears, and a few dark fears. This year may the life be bright.

August 18. For some reason the peaceful Sabbath is frequently chosen by me for recording the thoughts and events of the past week. Perhaps its sweet serenity and quietness are peculiarly adapted to the expression of dear memories. Miss Allie C. was just here and told us a sad story of the death of a former classmate. If such as she cannot stand in an evil hour, I know not what to expect from many of the fair ladies of our land, with their frivolity and fashionable weakness. I would not reproach a fallen sister, but it makes me shudder sometimes to observe how little honor some have, how little care for the preservation of perfect purity of character, but perhaps, "He, who seeth in secret," knowing all con-

ditions, all circumstances, condemns them not more than those who amidst only purifying influences preserve their lives upright. Oh! did any one ever yearn, as I do, for a life of usefulness, who felt themselves so incapable of attaining to it? I invariably discover that it is not the resolution which I lack, but the will, to effect the desired results. There is a great, an almost remarkable, difference, between resolution and determination—the latter being much the stronger. I have come to believe that he who seeks to avoid temptation, or rather evil, is placing a great stumbling block in his own pathway, for he must then, take note of everything, to form his estimate of its standard, and if he judges it evil, then his first thought is: "I must shun this." From that moment a desire springs up in his heart to *do* this evil. Thinking to avoid temptation, he has found it. This is so under all circumstances. Rather think, "I am weak, but I will seek the right." The former implies presumption, the latter humility.

October 11. How long it is since I have glanced over these pages and marked the fleeting hours. How long, and yet how short! Memory's chain has opened once and again, to receive additional links.

November 17. 'Tis a dreary day; the trees wave mournfully to and fro, stripped of the gorgeous foliage that a short month ago robed them in red and gold. The sun is hidden in folds of murky cloud (how sweet to think that God is behind the clouds), and the dead weeds, damp with autumn rains, are tangled together around many a lonely stone. My heart echoes the sighs of the murmuring wind. I used to admire, yes, I embraced religion.

No one was more enthusiastic in their devotion than I, but slowly the little cunning foxes crept in. Aye! they were cunning. Before I had fully become aware of their presence much of the purity and beauty of my heart was stolen away, and the dry, unpleasant ashes remained. Perhaps it is better so. I know myself better now, and find myself as fallible as even the most despicable of sinners. I think that we must fall sometimes, or we could never recognize the inexpressible rapture of a holy life. My soul is cold and does not stretch its arms unto the Lord. It is blind and strives not to see.

April 6, 1879. Alas, why must this fair, clear page be shadowed? Why does the presence, and rustling of the death-angel's wings send a chill to the heart, and creep heavily, chokingly up through the tender fibres of our being, swelling the tide of heart-rending woes, and causing thoughtless youth to pause, and mourn and take warning? Why does the soul sink despondingly to-night, unable to utter the mighty depression it feels? Why does the bosom heave with that flood of tears and sighs, which the passionate spirit strives in vain to restrain? Life is wonderful in all things, but particularly so in death, for only then is its importance truly realized. Yesterday morning a noble, handsome youth, just in the pride of life, prepared himself with his gun for company, for a day of pleasure in the woods. After rambling for a while in careless joy, he saw a flock of meadow-larks, and raising his weapon succeeded in killing several of them. He stooped to gather up his game when in some mysterious way the gun went off, and in one instant Charlie Hill was no more, except in the hearts of his

friends. His parting words to his mother before he left home were: "Good-bye mother, until you see me again." Could anything have been more appropriate? Could anything hold out sweeter hopes? Ah! fond mother, it was a long good-bye; but the promise implied is secure. We shall all meet him again, "in the morning." There is naught to say of him, but in praise. Ever cheerful and kind, ever ready to assist in any good work, he was a pleasant friend and companion. We do not know which one of us may be called upon to follow him next, but we should strive so to live that when death comes, be it swifter or slower, we can welcome it as the gate of Life, the threshold of Eternity. Shall we ever forget that pleasant face, those laughing eyes? Never! They are engraven deep upon the tablets of memory, and there shall they remain forever. May we all learn from his early death, to be more faithful and true to the living.

"Shine on, tender eyes, in the heavenly light;
Smile ever, sweet lips, with the angels so bright;
The Father will care for *thee* all the long years,
While we bear earth's burden, of hopes and of fears."

June 27, 1879. The Graduation of the Class of '79. East Side Academy, took place to-day at two o'clock at the Central Presbyterian Church. The church was tastefully decorated with evergreens and flowers. There were three of us only to graduate. Miss Ella V. Fitch wrote the Valedictory. Upon myself fell the honor of writing the Class Song. It was written to the tune of "Bonnie Doon." The Essays were as follows: "The Church, the Mother of Art," by Nellie McNiff; "The

Workman Dies but the Work Lives," by Ella V. Fitch; "Genius Not Self Developing," by Lettie L. Burlingame. This has been one of the pleasantest days of my life. Well, we do not know what the future will bring to us, but it will be our earnest wish always to leave as fair a record as that of our school days. Firm purpose only, can make us succeed in whatever we may undertake. These are scenes which we must now bury with the past, and meet the future.

"The future's great veil our breath fitfully flaps,
And behind it broods over, the mighty, Perhaps.

CLASS SONG. AIR, "BONNIE DOON."

We hither come with sweetest songs,
Our tried and faithful friends to greet;
Alas! that we must say farewell,
And part, perhaps, no more to meet.
But trust us, we will never lose
What here we've gleaned of precious truth,
Nor will we e'er forget the friends
Who've blessed the golden days of youth.

The future may have in reserve
Its visions fair, its sunny hours,
But where, except in life's glad morn,
Are there no thorns among the flowers?
To gild the past with brighter glow
Fond memories will often rise,
And hope will spring from days gone by
To point to youth beyond the skies.

Life has its work for us to do.
We cannot lay the burden down,

For he on earth must bear a cross
Who hopes, in Heaven, to wear a crown.
From duties that await us all,
From weary trials, conflicts, tears,
Oh! may we each reap sheaves of joy,
A harvest rich of happy years.

To all that yet have filled our lives,
Dear teachers, schoolmates, friends, to you
With loving thoughts and grateful hearts
We bid a long, a sad adieu.
Oh! when life's transient dream has flown,
The battles fought, the victories won,
God grant we all may meet in Heaven;
Our farewells o'er, our work well done.

August 6. It is my Twentieth birthday. As I look upon my friends changing, and changed, it is not without regret, for it seems to me there vanishes with youth a purity and beauty which never comes again. But we are told that "nothing is lost." So perhaps, "In the Hereafter, angels may roll the stone from the grave away," and our dead past, our beautiful youth, will be restored to us, "tried and purified." I will try to remember that

"Nothing grand and beautiful grows,
Except by gradual, slow degrees."

And I hereby, in the sight of God and His angels, solemnly promise never to commit any deed, nor entertain any thoughts, so far as can be helped, that I could not at once, and at any time, acknowledge before my Judge and my mother. Great and wise God, hear Thou

this sincere vow; strengthen me in this resolution, lead me to a life of purity and beauty, strengthen my belief in Thee, and my trust in my fellow-men. Be Thou ever present with me, to guard and bless, and Thine be the glory evermore. Amen.

We may plan, and resolve, and pray,
In passionate maddening woe;
We may mark for ourselves a way,
In which we may purpose to go.

But a Hand that in love, doth move,
Will weave into tangled knots
All the lines we so blindly groove,
And give the place He, allots.

We will wonder then, and ever,
Why, we are not allowed
As we meet our friends and sever,
To look beyond the cloud.

And yet, no doubt, when life is o'er,
When paradise its shades disclose,
When life is vain forgotten lore,
And deserts blossom like the rose—

We will find the threads are straighter
That held our hands the loom;
We'll find our crown is greater,
Because, 'twas born in gloom.

CHAPTER III.

LEAVES FROM DIARY.

1880—1883.

December 25, 1880. It is very gloomy weather indeed. The sun has not shone for a week. Wednesday there was a dark day in Pittsburgh. All business was transacted by gaslight. It hardly seems like Christmas for we have not been anywhere nor had company to-day. We enjoyed a huge dinner all the same, just by ourselves. Yesterday I finished my course in German. To-night I am to speak in German at the German Church. Father Sans, my teacher, wishes it so much that I think it best to please him. I am reading "Macaulay's Essays." I admire his writings. He is so just, yet critical; kind, without flattery. I went again to see Uncle Tom's Cabin. It was just fine. If Harriet Beecher Stowe had never again lifted her pen, this one work would have been enough to ensure her lasting fame.

March 20, 1881. The Czar, Alexander II, has been assassinated. Nihilistic troubles are constantly increasing in Russia. The freeing of the serfs was undoubtedly the dead Czar's noblest deed. I have finished reading Goethe's "Faust." I am now reading Xenophon's "Anabasis," and Curtius's "History of Greece" at the same time. The Greek language always impels me

to seek farther; it is so simple, harmonious and strong. In reading Grecian history I am always drawn closer and closer to Athens, that cradle of art. Pericles I must ever admire, so calm and grand he stands out from the background of Athenian life, a model of statesmanship, a masterpiece of manhood. But Aristides, whom all call the "Just," I must own not to fully appreciate. He was not of the world. Living men should be mortal. But to leave Greece and come back to Joliet. I received a letter from Rose S. Her mother is dead. Poor Rose! I wrote to her immediately, but my poor words, how inadequate. Carlyle's death will leave, yes, has left a great blank. England could not spare him. She has few such. His Essays are godlike. I don't think he is a great philosopher nor reasoner; his beauty lies in eloquence and language. I like his "Heroes and Hero Worship," especially the Essays on "Dante," and "Rousseau," but I believe he could have said something better of Rousseau. Was he such a weak man? Besides when I think of his unkindness to his wife I cannot admire him, though he spent years of regret, when in vain, striving to atone for his injustice to her, who left a beautiful home to become a recluse with him.

"One word of love, ere that heart had grown cold,
Would have blessed her life, with a joy untold."

June 27. There are a great many long pauses in my Diary but after I have done my necessary writing and reading I am too tired to write. I have been reading Lessing's "Laocoon," the "Alhambra" by Irving and "Charles Dickens" by Forster. They are delightful.

How one envies Irving his long residence in the cool, delicious nooks and gardens of the Alhambra! How I should like to visit its groves and fountains, stand where stood Boabdil, dream in the boudoir of the lovely Lindauza, mount to the tower of Camares and of the three Princesses, or enjoy the freshness of those almost subterranean baths. The neglect of Charles Dickens's childhood is something at which to wonder, but perhaps had he not experienced all these pangs of loneliness, had his desire for companionship been fulfilled, we would never have had "David Copperfield." I was surprised that Dickens thought Bret Harte's work like his, and original, for I wrote it so some time ago, before I read that. I am now taking music lessons of Mrs. Darling.

June 29, 1881. The comet of 1812 is now visible in our sky. It appears in the north and grows brighter every night. It is visible for about five hours. It must be a very large one as it is so plainly seen with the naked eye. Its tail is turned to the side opposite the sun. I would like to look at it through the telescope, but we have only a very weak one. The tail, scientists tell us, may weigh but four or five ounces and yet be over 7,000,000 miles long. It has been observed at the Dearborn University. I am teaching now in the place of Miss Nellie D., who resigned on account of ill health. I am reading Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands." I have quite fallen in love with Scotland. How I should love to visit the Abbey of Melrose; and sail on Scotland's lovely lakes. I shall soon read Hall's "Picturesque Ireland."

August 6. How quickly these birthdays roll around.

I am happier than I was last year. I have so much more to look forward to. I have such a nice school. I have taken lessons in German and Music this year, and have added much to my knowledge of French and Greek. Mamma gave me a nicely bound volume containing all the Mazurkas and Waltzes of Chopin, with a biography of Chopin by Liszt. I have a private scholar in German to begin next week. I pray God to help me to improve this year in every way possible, and to bless my efforts in school and in writing, to bless my little story, and give me fresh imagination and quick observative powers.

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October 9. How long it seems since this book was last opened, and what strange things have happened. Our President, after getting better and worse alternately for some time, was at last removed by special train to Long Branch, where he died on the 19th of September. He was buried in Lake View Cemetery, Cleveland, on the 26th. Such honors were never before paid to any man as were paid to James A. Garfield. Queen Victoria sent a magnificent tribute, a pillow of white rosebuds, bearing a suitable inscription. He lay in state at the Capitol until Friday, after which he was removed to Cleveland and lay in state, in a magnificent Pavillion constructed for that purpose, seventy-two feet high, surmounted by a golden globe holding an angel twenty-four feet high. The funeral car was magnificent and drawn by twelve black horses. Its platform was eight by thirty-six feet and its canopy, platform and columns were draped in black and white, silk and silver, and lovely garlands of immortells, and flags and plumes. It is hard

to see why this great and good man should have been taken from us, but it is God's will, so let it be. I have been teaching in my new position five weeks and enjoy it very much indeed, and I have just purchased for myself a lovely Steinway Piano; am going to pay for it all myself. We got it in Chicago, at Root & Cady's. I promise myself a great many happy hours with it. I am passionately fond of music, and learn it easily. Mrs. D. is my music teacher and she says I have an exquisite voice when trained, and I think she is one of the very best of teachers. She is a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music. In September we all went up to the Exposition. The Art Gallery is just splendid this year. Among the statuary the most beautiful group was the classical Laocoon. Oh! the horror portrayed in his quivering muscles and anguished face, and those great cruel serpents. O, Troy, why, why must such tales remain of thee? I am reading "Andes and the Amazon" by Ossian. I also take my music lessons every Saturday.

November 24, Thanksgiving Day. "Be ye thankful." Lord /obey. Rev. Conley took these first three words for his text this morning at the Universalist Church, and began with mention of our Nation's mournful loss, speaking of the holiness of that one great throb of sorrow that for once, and we trust forever united the hearts of the North and the South. I have been reading "Brazil and the Brazilians." I have also read "Romola," by George Eliot, and "Theophrastus Such," by the same author; also Mexico Under Maximilian.

May 12, 1882. Since last I recorded the deaths of

authors, three of America's and two of England's have passed away. Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield) and George Eliot, of England, and Darwin, the naturalist, Longfellow, the poet, and Emerson, the philosopher, of America. Of all the poets Longfellow was the only one whom I have ever desired to see, and now that is impossible. "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," and the "Flood of Years" are perhaps the most celebrated of his works. Children all loved him, and, why should they not? Did ever any one write anything more lovely than these lines to children?

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead."

And what youth will ever forget those lines that first stirred his youthful ambition, when he came across them in the old school reader?

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

Emerson was something of a poet, but more of a philosopher and essayist, and it seems to me that he was something of an optimist. It would certainly be very difficult to attain to his ideal of excellence. Darwin was the originator of the famous Darwinian theory concerning the primeval origin of man, and was up to his death an earnest worker in scientific fields of research. Disraeli, shortly before his death, wrote his last novel, "Endymion,"

which was a fashionable romance containing pen portraits and caricatures of many famous people of England, and some foreigners. George Eliot was the last of the great English novelists, and has been called the greatest woman of the nineteenth century. If she had only heeded more the general verdict of mankind, how much more beautiful her record would appear. Now there seems to be room for a new school of poetry and fiction to arise, and there is considerable conjecture as to whom the leaders will be. It is profoundly to be hoped that they will not be after the style of Oscar Wilde, Algernon, Swinburne, or any other romantic monstrosities. There have been several ominous strikes in many large cities this spring, resulting in considerable harm to the working-men whom they claim to benefit, but never do. If only these poor men could see the evil and the breakers ahead; but they have little judgment. Papa has a horse now which he seems to be very proud of, and he has also bought the lot next to us, so that we have a much better yard now. I enjoy my beautiful Steinway Piano, which we got in Chicago last October, immensely, and am still taking vocal lessons when the weather and my voice will permit. How much I have learned about teaching this year. Why, it seems to me, that I did not know anything before of the object lessons, the picture lessons, the memory abstracts, the travels, etc. One thing that was original with me was an "Esquimeaux Party," which my class seemed to enjoy hugely. Another original idea which I carried out at the public examination was the "Tea Table Talk." It was very interesting and we had quite a crowd of visitors. I am reading "Fireside Science,"

"Joan of Arc," and "Fragments of Science," by Tyn-dall.

The strikers are becoming very troublesome again in Chicago. The fact is plainly evident America is getting too free. Efficiency should regulate labor, not brute force. This idea that a man must be paid just as much as another whether or not his capabilities are the same is a ruinous one. A man cannot pay out his money for whisky and yet have it laid by as a store upon which to build the wealth of his later days. Strikes are the cause of many evils, the most prominent of which is idleness, the begetter of crime. My friend, Rose S., of Sand Bank, N. Y., is to be married sometime this month. The month of roses! Humph! Such roses! It looks in the west as though it was going to snow. One night this week our city was set on fire in four different places. A high wind was blowing and much damage was done, amounting to ten thousand dollars. The Fireman's Tournament took place Thursday. The procession looked very fine indeed.

June 30. Decoration Day was very quietly observed Friday. They could not decorate with flowers, because of the impossibility of obtaining them. The best time I had that day was when mamma and myself went up to Lockport in the evening after papa. It is a lovely drive and we have many friends there. I suppose that as I write a strange sad scene is being enacted in our Nation's capital—the hanging of Charles Guiteau, the assassin of Hon. James A. Garfield, our lamented President. This capital punishment is such a terrible thing, and I sometimes wonder if it really does prevent any crime. Yet,

such men are not fit to live, and if the innocent happen to die, God's justice will not be hindered by man's mortal judgment. And so the curtain falls, on the last act in the saddest tragedy chronicled in American history. Abraham Lincoln's work was done, while Garfield's seemed but just begun; but we will trust that all these tangled threads may be made straight in that land where friend and foe shall meet. The commencement exercises of the High School took place Monday evening at the Opera House, and were attended by as large a crowd as it has ever been my pleasure to see gathered there. The flowers given to the graduates were exceedingly beautiful. The "News" criticized my solo, "Sing Sweet Bird,"—very severely considering that it was the first time I have ever sang in public, and not only that, but the idea of comparing a common person with Miss Carey, and Miss Kellogg. The criticism read about as follows: "Miss Burlingame is not a Carey, nor yet a Kellogg, and attempted more than her powers of voice could compass." Well, I have always heard that the "greatest man is he who can call forth the most criticism." The "Sun," however, commented favorably, saying: "She sang it sweetly, her voice, though not powerful, is admirably adapted for ballad singing." Others say "splendidly," so I will not feel discouraged altogether, but persevere in my voice culture regardless of these little failures to please all. I was reading a beautiful thought last night, and a sadness seemed to steal over me as I thought how weak my best efforts often seemed. I will transfer it to my Life Pages, and strive to make its precepts mine:

"Like the spotless page before me, now thy fair young

life is seen;
What will the future bring to thee, with its web of
mingled sheen?
Smiles with the fairest of visions, tears with the
wildest regret;
Hearts that will love but a moment, hearts that will
never forget.
Then stand firm like the mountain pine, strong in the
knowledge of right,
Bow to the night-storm that passes, and rise in the
morning light."

I have just finished reading a book on "Turkey" by Colonel James Baker, of England, and it rather changes my opinion of that people. He describes them as being much more hospitable and merciful than I had imagined them to be; many of the Bulgarians he describes as professing the Christian religion. He claims that the Black and Caspian Seas have once been one great body of water, and that there is now, an underground connection between them. I have also read "Sketch Book," by Irving, and the "Life of Thorwaldsen." The Library is closed at present, and I am feeling quite lost.

October 8, 1882. We spent yesterday at the Exposition. The day was a beautiful one, and the ride to Chicago charming. Some way our steps turned first to the Art Galleries. In Gallery B the most noticeable painting was "The Beheading of John the Baptist." Many were those who tore themselves from this with reluctance. A small but terribly suggestive bit of imagination by Elihu Vedder is "Identity." A strange infatuation chains the mind. Is this picture great? These colorless

shapes, why have they so much nothingness, and yet speak? And then that strange verse of Aldrich's, which is as follows:

"Somewhere in desolate wind-swept space,
In twilight land, in No-Man's land,
Two hurrying Shapes, met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" cried one agape,
Shuddering in the gloaming light;

"I know not," said the second Shape,
"I only died last night."

This bit of wierdness is the property of Dr. H. C. Haven of Boston. Elihu Vedder although an American deals most with the strange fancies of the mystic Border land between the terrestrial and the celestial. The "Star of Bethlehem," the property of the same gentleman is a wonderful conception, the circle of vague forms floating about the transcendent light, and the Wise men of the East wandering across the *dreary* desert, with this shaft of golden light pointing the way to the manger so lowly, where lay the holy Babe of Bethlehem. The painting "Elaine" is taken from a verse of Tennyson's poem by that name, and was painted by Thomas Haverdon. One could scarcely tear themselves away from before this large and wonderfully expressive painting. The picture involves a great deal, and to understand its real beauties, one must have read the poem.

October 16. I have just spent a very happy week in Chicago with my friends, Mr. J——'s family. G. J. took his Sister A. F. and myself to the Opera of the

"Bohemian Girl." I liked so much the solos, "Heart Bowed Down," "I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls," and "Then You'll Remember Me." I got them all to bring home with me.

March 27, 1883. Away roll the weeks, and we scarcely know they are here, before they are gone. What a sad beautiful year this has been so far! The Newhall fire at Milwaukee, the terrible floods at Cincinnati and elsewhere, and the Diamond Mine disaster, have left their devastating traces in thousands of homes. J. R. Green, Alexander H. Stephens, Leon Gambetti, Prince Gotschchoff, Ex-Post Master General Jewel, and Post Master General Howe, and Thurlow Weed have gone to fill the number of those at rest. Lovely Josephine Meeker sleeps quietly at last, and Fanny Driscoll White has breathed her last sweet song on earth. These are troublous times in the political world. Among the great men who have died this year, I should not forget to mention Gustave Dore, the artist, and Richard Wagner, the musician. Although I have so little time myself to devote to music, I know how to appreciate what is beautiful, and I think "Lohengrin" will always be one of my favorites. Having never seen any of Dore's pictures, I know not how to think concerning him. I would very much like to be present at the exhibition of Elihu Vedder's pictures which is to be held at Boston sometime in the coming summer, but do not know whether my visit to that city will come at the right time. Oh! how I long to visit that city of my dreams! If only Longfellow were living now how I would love to visit him. Here I am reading another life of "Madame De Stael."

This is one by Stevens, and it is very interesting. How I love her, so great and good. She is my ideal of a perfect woman; but her marriage I so regret. Why do so many literary people either blight the happiness of their lives by an ill-assorted marriage, or else remain unmarried, they who need love and care so much more than many others? I am also reading "Green's Short History of the English People." In connection with my class in General History I have read Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," Rawlinson's "Egypt," Rollin's "Ancient History," Mommonse's "History of Rome," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hallam's "Middle Ages," and some of Harper's "Half-hour Series;" I have read "Life of Charlemagne" and "Spanish Armada." The class demands a great portion of my time, but I like it, and am getting a very clear idea of the world's history which will be of great use to me in many ways.

March 28. Some call our Latin classes useless. They call it a *dead* language. Those strong flowing periods of Cæsar, sweet, graceful verses of Virgil, and grand invectives of Cicero! are those dead languages? Oh! but they have not all proven you as I have—when sick in body and mind and the world outside seemed so cold and dark. Then! my beautiful Latin had life, I am so ambitious for my classes to appreciate it as I do myself, Thank God, I have a little bright world inside, all mine own. O, Carlyle! I thank you for your "Hero Worship." What else makes this world akin to God! It does seem so sordid and mean to think that there is nothing of good but that which can be turned at once into money. I sometimes wonder why I was made so ambitious for learning,

so full of loathing for everything low, so full of contempt for ignorance. Wordsworth says: "There is no real happiness in this life, but in intellect and virtue. Pliny says: "Whil'st we are musing on these things we are adding to the length of our lives." I will aim to set my standard high, and I only pray that my strength may hold out until I reach the goal. But D. Alembert says: "Two things only may reach the top of the pyramid—the eagle and the reptile." A new class will begin Cicero in April. I anticipate a delightful study of those masterful orations, and hope that I shall be able to put a little of the enthusiasm into my scholars which I feel myself. My Virgil class is too small to be very interesting, but this will grow better instead of worse, as Virgil is always a pleasant study. I have written another story. It is in part true. What a picture, this negotiation between Germany and the Vatican? It is said that the treaty between the United States and Madagascar has been strengthened. It is to be hoped that the United States will not yet have trouble on account of the foreigners who crowd to these shores and are satisfied with nothing but absolute anarchism. France is still involved in difficulties and Bismark is *satisfied*.

June 10. Here it is nearly the middle of June, the month of roses, but it is not particularly summer-like. The Czar of Russia was crowned in Moscow on the 27th of May. The High School closes in two weeks and then we shall leave for the East, and I can hardly wait, my head is so full of joyful anticipations. I have long been anxious to go East. A little story called "Our Baby and Our Ministers," which I wrote last February, was pub-

lished last week in the New York *Tribune*.

Oh, the dreaming and the seeming
Of this strange sweet life of ours,
All my heart with sadness teeming,
Strives to burst its prison bars.
Strives to reach the life undying
Which the sages vainly seek,
Which they find not, moaning, sighing,
But still seek, as though 'twere found.
I will seek with care unceasing,
To untwine this wondrous thread
Which entangles wisest men, increasing
As the highest peaks they tread.

The graduation of the Joliet High School came off at the Opera House. It was a grand success. We were justly proud of the Class of '83. The Class is a fine, strong one, from whom we expect to hear a good record in future days.

CHAPTER IV.

NOTES OF TRAVEL IN THE SUMMER OF 1883.

July 8, 1883. Thursday evening shortly after five o'clock we took the eastward-bound train from the Baltimore & Ohio Depot at the foot of Lake street, just beyond the Exposition building, and in a short time were gliding through the southern suburbs of the Queen of Cities, with the deep blue Lake Michigan rolling its placid depths to the north of us, and stately brown-stones and marbles, surrounded by sunny, blooming gardens to the south. The lake shore, especially along the breakwater, was lined with merry fishermen and happy bathers and many a vessel reared its shining masts afar over the quiet rippling waters. Ere long we rolled out into the lovely fresh country beyond and were lost in a vision of Nature's beauties. The pine and oak lent shade and refreshing coolness, while they deepened the gathering twilight, and, indeed, the pines stood out alone in some places, like solemn sentinels. Flowers in rich profusion lined the roadsides. There was Ragged Robin, with bright scarlet cloak; the sweet wild rose, the flag of every hue, the dainty woodbine, and many whose family I could only guess, more beautiful than these. Eagerly would we have gathered gay handfuls, but no! As it was, flower and tree, great forest and rippling

stream were covered with the shades of evening. The lamps within the car were lighted, and we turned our attention to those around us. A couple from Lake View, Chicago, occupied the seats opposite and seemed very agreeable. There were two Sisters, of what order I do not know, upon the train. They wore such strange-looking white bonnets. I heard some one say they have a hospital in Baltimore. How we all dreaded to have the berths let down! But the inevitable came, and how like a handbox that lower berth was! 'Twas simply suffocating. Well, up and down we bobbed, until roasted and toasted and nearly quite dead, I made one desperate effort at the window and up it went. O, happy we! Now for light and air! But my minutes of sleep were few, and between these snatches I lay looking out at the protecting pines, the commanding oaks, and my old friend the Great Dipper, down in the northeast, while Caster and Pollax kept guard over the central heavens. The towns fled by one by one like mere specks, and now and then we stopped at some city where the street lamps gleamed out like rays from stranded ships, and then out again into the darkness of a woodland wilderness, lit only by the firefly's fitful lamp. But night and darkness passed away; the pleasant sunlight shone again.

Ohio, with its rolling lowlands, is about us. We stopped at a good many small but pleasant places. At Zanesville we caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a very beautiful city. Just beyond were large car works. At Bellaire, the last town in Ohio, we passed over the famous viaduct, consisting of forty-three arches, each

taking a span of thirty-three feet, the houses below us looking very pretty indeed. Then we sped over to Benwood on the immense bridge over the Ohio. Here we took dinner in West Virginia, and my opinion of that place is very poor. Wheeling is four miles from here, and the spires could be seen in the distance. The porter said it was the dirtiest, smokiest town in the United States. I believe him. Soon after this the grand old Alleghanies began to rise one after another like majestic deities that look down upon the earth. Most of the ridges are densely wooded to the top with pines, oaks and other sturdy trees. Now the road swept in and out among these monarchs. First we were in the valley, then circling around the mountain's side losing ourselves amid the towering heights, then gliding by some calm river or wayside stream, noting the shifting shades as they glimmered over the mountains. Now we pass through a dark and gloomy tunnel, then flash out into the golden sunlight again. We passed through one tunnel 2,000 feet long, and another over 4,000 feet long, which it took 3,000 men three years to build, called the Kingston tunnel.

Winding in and out in every conceivable direction we soon reached the highest ridges. The little cabins among the trees were like specks on the mountain, and their rudeness made the scene even more picturesque. We no longer glided, but bounded along, here, there and everywhere, amidst the most enchanting scenery, never knowing what would next appear. It was like the stately Polish dance of old, where the leader of the Polonaise guides his party in and out in devious ways,

rejoicing more and more as the windings become more intricate; the only difference being that the ancient dance requires a slow movement, whereas we advanced like lightning.

Oakland, at an elevation of 2,720 feet, is the highest point on the road, and one of the most beautiful. Deer Park, some miles nearer Washington, is very lovely, and quite a number of Washington people are now there enjoying a vacation. Harper's Ferry, of historic interest, gave pause for us to view the little old fort held by John Brown, and is a very beautiful spot as we round the curve. We crossed the Ohio, the Cheak, the Valley, the Monongahela and Potomac Rivers, following the Valley River for some distance, and tracing the Potomac from its source, where it springs out amid a few scraggly stones to where it merges into a vast and beautiful body of liquid gold, and then on until becoming clear and placid we cross it for the last time, and soon draw up at 9:25 p. m., July 6th, at the Baltimore & Ohio Depot, and then we are whirled away to the National, on Pennsylvania Avenue, where we retire weary and way-worn, to enjoy a most refreshing slumber, and wake in the morning ready for the sights of Washington. I omitted the excellent supper we had at Cumberland. The Queen City Hotel is certainly exquisite, built of bright red brick, the spacious porticos being ornamented with cast-iron leaf brackets, painted white, and forming handsome arches between the columns. This seemed to be a fine place.

We breakfasted at eight o'clock Saturday morning, and then found ourselves in a handsome cab, speeding away through the pleasant street past the Central Market,

with its busy, cheerful aspect, through pleasant paths of the Reservation, which extends from the Capitol around to the Smithsonian Institute, the Botanical Gardens and Agricultural Department, on to the Washington Monument, now three hundred and ten feet high, where it joins the President's grounds. We drew up then in the Mall before the Smithsonian Institute. This is constructed of red freestone and has numerous towers, reminding one of the palace of the old Scotch Kings, Holyrood. The length of the building from east to west is four hundred and forty-seven feet. The breadth of the center is one hundred and sixty feet. The style is Norman, in use about the end of the twelfth century. The corner-stone was laid in 1847 and the building was completed in 1856. There is in the grounds a very beautiful vase to the memory of the gardner who laid them out. This Institution is the bequest of the English gentleman, James Smithson, an illegitimate son of a Duke of Northumberland. The bequest was to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institute, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. And what is there not here? There are Fish and Reptiles of every description. Unfortunately, in the Annex, lately built, the curiosities are not yet labelled, so one is left to their own conjectures concerning many of them. A Rattlesnake five feet long is the longest snake of that kind I have ever seen. The animals are very perfectly preserved. One Fox has a bird in its mouth just as when shot; another is lying down looking up so prettily. The Bears are fine, and the Hyenas, although not looking quite as fierce as usual,

attract considerable attention. The Geological specimens are a fine collection from all parts of the world. A plow, made by Pueblo Indians, is a great curiosity, as is the representation of an Indian City with its houses and fences, just as they actually are. The China presented to LaFayette by Martha Washington, the hand-bag carried by that noted woman, and the furnishing of Washington's house are much admired. There are Indian relics of almost every description. The Japanese fabrics displayed are extremely elegant, and the Chinese mementos are also viewed with interest. Various representations of Chinese idols show what hideous things man may set up as objects of devotion. Many of these are nothing but small wooden dolls, meanly arrayed and possessing not a spark of anything good about them. It would take weeks to half examine these things, but we are obliged to pass on.

We next visited the Government Printing Office. If any one has an idea that work in the Government Office is easy they just ought to step in here a few minutes and see the perfect rush and bustle that deafens one. It was very interesting to see the Revenue Stamps and the United States money under process of making. All money that goes forth from this Institution is counted fifty-two times. It is placed in a safe over night. This safe is locked by the Yale time-lock, so that even the two men who have put the money away cannot open it until that time, which is, in this case, eight hours, is up. The money is then carried over to the United States Treasury by four armed watchmen. We were here shown three swords presented to Gen. Twiggs, the

three costing \$35,000. There are twelve hundred persons at work in this building; five hundred in one room.

The Treasury is a handsome building, constructed partly of Virginia freestone and partly of granite. We did not visit the inside of this building—provoking.

The Agricultural Department is a massive building situated between the Smithsonian grounds and the Washington Monument. It is of brick with brownstone trimmings. This has a very elegant mansard roof, and it is said, bears a resemblance to what the Palace of Versailles was when only a hunting chateau before Louis the XIV expended upon it the revenues of a kingdom. There is here a fine Agricultural Museum. West of the White House is the State and Navy Department. It is built in the style of the Italian Renaissance, with mansard roof. The granite was brought from Maine and Virginia.

The Post Office Department occupies the whole square bounded by Seventh, Eighth, E and F streets. It is built of white marble from New York and Maryland quarries, and is of a modified Corinthian style. It is said to be the best representation of the Italian Palatial in America and recalls remembrances of a Florentine Palace.

The White House itself is a beautiful building surrounded by grounds laid out in excellent taste. It is built of yellowish freestone, painted white. It is two stories high, one hundred and seventy feet long, and with a portico eighty feet wide on the north, supported by eight pillars under which a carriage can pass. The south front has a semi-circular colonade of six columns

in the centre. A fine conservatory adjoins the house on the west. Only the East room is at present open to visitors, as the whole is undergoing repairs. This room is done off in white and gold, and contains four magnificent fireplaces, above each of which is a massive mirror. This is eighty feet long by forty feet wide, and twenty-two feet high. The Ceiling is divided into three panels beautifully decorated. The Chandeliers are very grand, and glitter with a thousand hues. President Arthur is given the credit of being a very gentlemanly man. He certainly has good taste.

One of the chief objects of interest is the Corcoran Art Gallery, just opposite the War Department. It stands on the corner of Seventeenth street and Pennsylvania Avenue. It is in the Renaissance style, one hundred and four feet by one hundred and twenty-four and one-half feet, with trimmings of Belleville freestone. The building is the gift of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, a retired wealthy banker and philanthropist of Washington, to the United States. With it was also given his own private collection, and an endowment of \$900,000, the interest of which, is to be expended to increase the value of the collection. It is indeed a great gift to Washington. Upon the first floor the work was mostly Statuary. At the right hand before ascending the stairs is a beautiful porcelain vase of large dimensions, light blue, with vines and flowers in rich luxuriance. The right and left corridors are mostly ornamented with the busts of heroes and a few casts. In the left corridor is the bust of the crowned Augustus, and next to it of the young Augustus. The first from a marble in the Louvre. The second

from a marble in the Vatican. Both are marvels of Art. There is also a bust of Homer in this corridor. But it is doubtful whether this is a true portrait of the Bard of Greek song. In the vestibule of the Sculpture Hall stands that splendid marble, the "Last Days of Napoleon I.," by Vincenzo Vela. I will give the description of it as contained in the Art Catalogue: "Napoleon is seated in a chair supported by a pillow; a blanket covers his body and legs, but his dressing-gown, partly open, shows his massive, but wasted chest. His right hand rests languidly on an arm of the chair; his left, nervously clutched, rests on a map of Europe of 1814 spread out on his lap—that Europe whose boundary lines he had so often altered and obliterated. His head droops forward, and there is an awful speculation in the glazed depth of the eyes that gaze earnestly from beneath the classic brow as though peering into futurity. An indomitable spirit lives in the compressed lips, and the thin nostrils breathe the scorn of a conqueror, though now yielding to the spell of the last Conquerer—Death." It has never been my lot to see anything so expressive as this before. In the main Sculpture Hall the Frieze of the Parthenon is represented by a series of Casts covering one hundred and ninety-four feet. They were originally thirty feet above the ground. All these casts, as well as those of the deities and vestal virgins, will well repay a study, and I know of no better way of studying Grecian Mythology. Theseus, from an Elgin marble in the British Museum, well represents the hero of the labyrinths. It was originally sculptured by Phidias. The Venus de Melos, from a marble in the

Louvre, is another famous statue, celebrated the world over. The representation of the tomb of Frederick the Great and the statue of Charles VI of France are as fine as famous. Among the paintings in the gallery above are many beautiful gems from the "Old Masters."

But what shall I say of the Capitol—that pride of all our Nation? As we ascend the broad marble steps and stand in the midst of the dazzling Corinthian columns, we realize something of the scene, and imagine the vast concourse of people gathered in the eastern park to witness the inauguration of the Nation's Chief Magistrate, who stands with the Chief Justice of the United States upon these storied steps, upon which is erected a platform for the purpose, and we seem to hear the oath of office taken by all our long list of American representatives of a noble Nation and a constituency of noblemen. For fierce as burns party hatred and strife, I do not believe that any sober-minded, impartial man can look upon these sacred names without admitting that whatever may have been the little differences, there has not been one of whose life we may not be proud, and justly proud. Upon the thrones of other nations there have sat murderers and debauchees, but on our American Capitol steps no such villain has ever stood to be made the head of Government, perhaps because it is a step and not a Throne. For the office of President is but for four or eight years at the most, when the ballot again sends forth its inevitable decree, and it is over for this man; but from the throne there are but two deliverances, Death and the Dagger. Here, as pilgrims, with faces toward Jerusalem, we look down on Horatio Greenough's colossal statue

of Washington as, with uplifted, prophetic finger, bared breast and sheathed sword, he sits in majesty unapproachable, forever the foe of oppression, the friend of liberty. Underneath, on the massive pedestal, upon the three sides, is inscribed the historical words: "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Above the south end of the steps is a marble group called the "Discovery." Columbus, dressed in Spanish garb, with his rich cloak falling in folds from the right shoulder, stands proudly erect and triumphant, holding in his outstretched right hand a globe. At the north side of the bronze door stands Signor Persico's magnificent statue of War, with shield in his left hand and sword firmly grasped in his right. His costume is Roman and highly ornate. Peace, on the other side, likewise in a niche, is an extremely beautiful woman, clad in graceful, flowing robes, and holding a fruit-bearing olive branch in her hand. This is symbolic; for of what good is an olive branch that does not bear fruit? Over the bronze door is a bust of Washington, crowned by Fame and Peace. Now for the famous Rogers' Bronze Door, a marvel of careful, painstaking work. Over the arch of the transom is the noble head of Columbus, and under it an American Eagle with wide-spread wings. This is most appropriate, as the work was designed to be commemorative of events in his life. There are nine panels to this immense double door; a semi-circular one at the top, with two rectangular ones just below, and three on each side of the door. The history commences on the left, at the bottom, with "Columbus Before the Council at Salamanca"; the next, "Departure from the Convent

at La Rabida "; third, "Audience with Ferdinand and Isabella." The left top panel, "Landing at San Salvador"; second top panel, "First Encounter with the Natives"; top panel on right side, "Triumphal Entry into Barcelona"; second right, "Columbus in Chains"; last, "Death Scene." These are all exquisitely portrayed in alto-relievo. At the sides and between the panels are statuettes of Cortez, Balboa, Pizarro, Vespucia, Ferdinand, Isabella, King John II, Henry VII, and other famous contemporaries of Columbus. At the top of the valves project two female heads, and at the bottom Indian heads, while between the panels are the projecting heads of the various historians, who have written of Columbus and his discoveries. There are ten, I believe. This door was designed by Rogers, 1858, and cast by Von Muller in 1861. On the casing are four allegorical figures of Asia, Africa, Europe and America. The whole weighs about 20,000 pounds and cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000. It is seventeen feet high and nine feet wide. Then we entered the vast Rotunda, visited the Senate Chamber, at the right extension, with the Post Office, Court Room, President's Room and Marble Room; the latter and the President's room being very beautiful. Then we went into the Congressional Library. Oh, if I could only have access to that Library! How grand it was, with tier after tier of beautiful volumes rising far up above, gallery above gallery, two copies of every book Copyrighted in the United States. There was a woman selling views in one of the corridors. She was so odd, as was our guide. We stood on the Echo stone in the Rotunda, the guide standing on another stone at a distance.

He whispered to me and it sounded as if some one behind me were shouting in my ear. The capitol building is something of which to feel proud, but, dear me! What brains and brains to conjure up all those allegories and paintings and bas-reliefs, etc. Father and I climbed the 350 steps to the Dome, and although it was very uncomfortable ascending those steep and narrow stairs, yet the Whispering Gallery and the beautiful view from the Dome above, well repaid us. We next walked through the Botanical Gardens and saw much to admire, but had not time to examine the beautiful plants in the ten Conservatories, much as we would have liked. We then drove back to the Hotel to dinner, after which we took one of the pleasantest drives we ever enjoyed out to the National Cemetery.

At Arlington Heights, the former home of General Robert Lee, as we trod the halls of this spacious old house, and saw the General's old secretary just as he left it, and some of the old engravings that hung each side of the ancient fireplace, and stood on the broad porch supported by massive Doric columns, who can picture the strange sensations that thrilled our hearts again and again? This the General left and fled to his army, this beautiful, beautiful home. The grounds are laid out in beautiful drives winding in and out in all directions.

Over fifty thousand of the Union dead lie buried here. South of the house is the "Unknown Tomb," under which are buried two thousand one hundred and eleven soldiers gathered from the battlefields of Bull Run. The National Cemetery includes two hundred acres, the whole estate eleven hundred acres.

The view of Washington, Alexandria, and the Potomac River, that one gets from the porch of the Arlington House is superb. Returning to the City we took another road passing Fort Whipple and the Officers quarters.

Going out and coming back after we were on the Virginia Side, wretched wide-eyed-little darkies ran after the carriage calling in the most passive, importunate, but quiet voice I ever heard.

"Gi me a penny, gi me a penny." They were the oddest little creatures!

We proposed to pick one up and carry him along, and he fell back quite scared. We then drove through the principal streets of the City and our driver told us who owned most of the residences. We passed the Louise Home and Oak Hill Cemetery where Payne was buried. There were many beautiful houses in Georgetown. We saw the great Catholic College established there, and drove down through the Negro quarters, which looked queer enough to a Northerner. Among fine residences noted were Blaine's, Minister West's, Justice Miller's, Bayard's, Ingersoll's, Corcoran's, Templeton's, Francis Hodgson Burnett's, Vinna Reams, Mrs. Alexander's, etc. This was by no means the least interesting part of the day's enjoyment.

July 9. Baltimore, although seen by us through a slight mist, seemed to be a very pleasant and beautiful city. We drove out to the famous Washington Monument and then to the celebrated Baltimore Cathedral, which we entered. This was lovely indeed, all stuccoed in white and gold, and the altars covered with cloth of gold and silver. The Priest in solemn but grotesque

vestments stood in the pulpit, or walked back and forth saying his prayers.

There were many paintings and images in the Church and Confessionals on each side. We then drove out through Eutaw Place, a lovely street lined on both sides with three and four story buildings of bright red brick with marble trimmings, and broad marble steps. Through the center of the street about fifty feet wide, extended a wide plot of grass, laid out with shade trees o'ershadowing beautiful benches, flower-gardens, and silvery fountains. The street is about three miles long and is otherwise adorned by marble and bronze statues. This magnificent Avenue leads out to Druid Hill Park, called the most beautiful in the United States. The Park is entered under a broad stone arch through an Avenue of urns, carved out of stone eight feet high and twenty-five in number on each side. We next visited Fort McHenry, the first fort I ever entered. There were great stacks of shells, and the mounted cannon gleamed dangerously from behind the earth-works. Someway I had rather not be in that fort when standing siege. We had here a glimpse of Chesapeake Bay and left the Potomac behind.

July 10. Philadelphia. So we are in the City of Brotherly Love, founded by William Penn, and it is worthy of its founder. We are stopping at the Bingham House and have lovely rooms.

Fairmount Park is the center of attraction here. A few of the Centennial buildings still remain, among them Memorial Hall, the Horticultural Hall, the British Hall, and several other State buildings, also an Art Hall.

Horticultural Hall is very lovely with its rare plants and statuary. Some of the drives in this Park are the most beautiful I have ever seen, even ten miles long. The Zoological Gardens just outside the Park are much visited. Here there were Elephants bathing in a great reservoir and they did look so comical diving down out of sight. In the west Park was the great temperance monument and drinking fountain presented to the City by the Sons of Temperance. Here there were four immense statues, one on each corner of the fountain, one of Father Matthew, two Carrols, and a Murphy. This was very beautiful. There is also here a charming fountain of lion's heads, from the mouth of each, of which proceeds a copious stream of pearly water. Then there is still another from which a thousand jets pour forth, and toss themselves aloft in every conceivable direction.

Druid Hill Park in Baltimore is very lovely, but Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is my choice, and it was with regret we drove out from its pleasant paths. Laurel Hill Cemetery is a mile beyond the Park. It is very large and pretty.

The Mint is one of the principal objects of interest in Philadelphia, but was closed to visitors on account of yearly balances. Earle's Art Gallery on Chestnut street was also visited, and there we saw many fine paintings, engravings and water-colors.

Wanamaker's store was an object of interest covering as it does a whole square, and filled with everything heart could desire. The Academy of Design, and Museum of Art are interesting places of resort. The new City Hall in Philadelphia is near the Depot and is an ex-

ceedingly beautiful structure of white marble.

New York City, July 12. And so this is the metropolis of the United States, with its tall spires and immense blocks rising on every side, and noise without end. We are stopping at the Astor House. This is a very central location near the Post-Office as all the street cars in the City excepting the Belt Line and the Elevated roads circle in here. Where can one find so many lovely retreats, so many short and interesting trips, as around New York?

All night long, under the shadows of the Post-Office, sleep the poor little street wanderers on the hard pavement and in the marble niches, and scarcely for an hour, does the marvelous hum of the city's life grow still. No one can imagine this scene who has not gazed upon it as I have from my window at midnight. Not until then is poverty and magnificence so strangely contrasted. Oh! would that my pen were as gifted as that of Dickens. How would I love to do what little good I could for the little ones struggling along so pitifully on their lonely way. The old gray Astor House gleams like a specter in the soft moonlight, and a thousand spirits seem to lurk about the corners, and beckon to one another from misty crevices. Heaven keep us all and keep us true.

Early Wednesday morning we took an Eighth Avenue car for Central Park to wander awhile through its shade-inviting paths. But when we reached the gate we found carriages in waiting to drive one about the principal ways and leave them at the Museum. So we were seated in one and whirled away. Just at this time the tube-roses were clad in all their snowy purity of heavy blossoms white

and sweet. But at the Metropolitan Museum of Art we stop, and enter the vast building.

But what is this? Heavens, can it be? Here stands Hiram Powers's Greek Slave, the perfection of Art. Can this be a Statue? Surely it lives and breathes. That delicately tinted flesh is surely soft and yielding, but no! And here stands another equally as beautiful, but not so fine a subject, Genevra, fashioned by the same deft hand. Too often a statue seems a cold and lifeless thing, but these are gifted with a subtle charm that lends to them the semblance of reality. There were here many other beautiful subjects. But the Museum is perhaps the greatest attraction. Here is almost everything quaint and curious. Among the Peruvian Antiquities were massive ornaments of silver and gold. Among the Mexican Antiquities there were obsidian knives as sharp as razors which were used in human sacrifice. Glad were we to get away from this unholy atmosphere.

Among the Electrotypes reproductions are many from all parts of Europe and belong to the Middle Ages. Japanese, Chinese, and Turkish art is represented by splendid specimens. The Turkish embroideries are exceedingly beautiful. One could study here for weeks and not be ready to leave. There were so many paintings of all descriptions, large and small, that I cannot describe them. Those of the Old Masters were especially attractive to me. We visited the Museum of Natural History and saw much to admire. Getting very tired we took an Eighth Avenue car to our hotel. The Church Washington used to attend when in New York is just across the corner from the Astor House and is surrounded

by a dismal looking Cemetery.

Just outside the Museum is the famous Obelisk, the companion piece of Cleopatra's Needle, covered with Egyptian hieroglyphics. The next morning we crossed the Brooklyn Bridge, and took the street cars for Greenwood Cemetery. When we reached the arch that led into the sacred enclosure, we found carriages waiting to take passengers around the yard. We took one, one dollar for an hour's drive for the four. We were well repaid for one might walk half a day and then not see some of the most notable graves. One of the first the driver pointed out was that of Horace Greely, a very simple but elegant monument not far from the gateway. The yard is beautifully laid out in little streets and avenues, each of which are named, appearing like it is a "City of the Dead."

There are many high hills embraced in the enclosure, out of the sides of which project the marble and brown stone fronts of tombs with little gardens ofttimes, in front of the doors, and small iron palings so that they look like tiny homes. Often these lovely tombs circle about a little valley in the midst of which is a cool fountain tossing up its silver spray. The Scribners have a beautiful vault, and the Harpers a magnificent tomb. The Astors are also represented, and James Gordon Bennett. Samuel Morse, the inventor of the Telegraph rests here; and here are the plain unpretentious monuments of Alice and Phoebe Cary, as pure and humble as their own sweet lives, but how great the contrast between theirs and the famous French horse-woman's yonder who was thrown from her horse in the arena and killed. Her

father took all her ready money amounting to \$35,000 and put it into a monument for her, and now the whole family sleep here together, amid a wilderness of marble shafts and sculptured angels. One of the finest tombs is that of a New York brewer whose name I have forgotten. It cost forty thousand dollars. There is a large receiving vault extending through from one side of a hill to the other, which will contain 1,500 bodies at a time. No one is buried here in the winter, therefore there is need of this immense receptacle. There are twenty-five funerals a day on an average at Greenwood. The lots cost at least \$800, and the average price is \$1,000.

Leaving Greenwood we took the observation cars for Coney Island, about thirty miles away. We sped along like lightning. Handsome suburban villas, gay little hotels and restaurants flashed before us and were gone like a "dream that is told" and then on we went through a lane of beautiful trees, the sea breeze growing stronger and stronger, until at last we dashed up to the pretty Station on Coney Island beach, and caught sight of the grand "Old Ocean," wrapped in its peaceful blue.

Thousands of flags were flying from the many hotels and indeed there are very few private dwellings there. In the beautiful white sand many ladies and gentlemen were sitting down in their silks and broadcloths, and we wondered at their indifference to the sand, until they arose and with a slight brush swept it from their clothes. The little children seemed to be very happy as they filled their tiny pails and built little hillocks in the sand. But the center of attraction, was the bathers, as they ran down the inclined plane from the Dressing Rooms, and dashed

into the cool waters, some of them meeting the incoming waves with easy grace and dexterity, while others flopped about with equal awkwardness. Some of the ladies looked so lovely in their pretty suits. But actually, I did not see any more of fashion at this famous watering place than we see in every large place.

There was fine music at most of the hotels and a Theater at the Iron Pier, while shows, lotteries, and gambling houses as usual opened their doors to their infatuated Satellites.

I think, one might spend a month here very pleasantly, yet I should not care to be the one to do it. In the evening we took a steamer, the "Caledonia" back to New York, sailing up through the Narrows past Forts Hamilton, LaFayette, and Franklin, catching sight of Blackwell's Island and Castle Garden. We reached our hotel about six o'clock walking up from the Pier, that we might stop at the Battery, with its shady Park. About seven o'clock we took a car and rode with considerable curiosity through Third Avenue one of the worst haunts of the City, and down to the "Old Bowery," which was formerly a perfect hornet's nest of robbers and thieves, but is now quite a respectable-looking place, however it may be with the inside. Cooper Institute is also on this route but we did not visit it at this time.

July 15. We saw where the Independent was published, and the Tribune, also the Century and Harpers and almost all of the finest publishing houses on or near Park Row.

We took a car down to the Great Union Depot, and from there walked over to Fifth Avenue, and prom-

enaded by its elegant mansions and famous Churches. The Fifth Avenue Cathedral is something truly grand, built of pure white marble with many graceful spires and gables and covering a whole block. The Vanderbilt houses are also on this Avenue and are built of marble. They are very large and beautiful. A great many of these fine dwellings have their lower windows barred with iron and look like jails. I do not believe I could be happy there.

We went back to our hotel by way of Broadway with its palatial banking and insurance houses.

July 16. Sunday father and mother went to Church at the John Street Methodist Church, and seemed to be very much pleased with the sermon on the "Death and Burial of Moses," and said the Church looked odd with its old fashioned galleries and memorial tablets. I chose to take the privilege of a day of rest in the quiet of our rooms.

July 17. Monday morning bright and early we took the cars for Boston, stopping on our way at Holyoke to visit with mother's cousin's family. Here I enjoyed with this lovely family a stroll on the banks of the quiet Connecticut, so like our own Rock River, at Sterling.

We also spent one of the pleasantest days of my life on the summit of Mt. Tom. (We started for Mt. Holyoke, but found the ferry boat not running.)

We found a fine Telescope at the hotel, so we had command of a beautiful view, and indeed I do not exaggerate when I say the surrounding country looked like some enchanting fairy-land and over yonder Mt. Holyoke, the city of Springfield, Northampton, Holyoke, Chicopee,

Amherst College and Mt. Holyoke Seminary, can be seen from the summit. Many fashionable people resort here to spend a week or two. We walked leisurely down the mountain eating berries and gathering flowers and ferns by the wayside. The Laurel and wild Clematis growing down the pathway, I had never seen before and it is very beautiful. It will be long before we shall forget our charming visit with these friends.

July 20. Thursday morning we reluctantly left them and went to Springfield where we caught our last view of Holyoke from the dome of the United States Arsenal. Springfield is a lovely place to live in. There are so many large shade trees here that the name "Forest City" is sometimes accorded to it. At eleven o'clock this morning we took the train for Boston and reached there shortly after five o'clock p. m. We soon found rooms at the United States Hotel, and after tea we found our way over to the Boston Common, that famous spot for historical associations. Here were fine old trees with rustic seats beneath them and fountains and monuments and fashionably dressed promenaders and here each night the band discourses sweet music. Just back of us is the grand old State House with its bright gilded dome that can be seen for miles on every side. To our right is the Public Garden a pleasant place for an evening walk, and to our left the Old South Church and Cemetery. Four signers of the Declaration of Independence lie buried here. About eight o'clock, we took a street car for City Point and Bay View.

It would be hard to find a more inspiring scene than Bay View and the Harbor by moonlight. Hotels were

crowded with guests, and ornamented by every conceivable device. The Bay was covered with hundreds of gay little sail-boats, and tiny skiffs, and row-boats, while merry song, and ringing laughter, came back, over the quiet rippling waters, and Electric lights flashed out over the Bay their wondrous glow. It is certainly a fascinating resort, and it was with regret we left it, at about ten o'clock, just at a time, when the City's hosts were growing denser and denser, and one would think that all Boston was seeking a bath by moonlight. When we reached our handsome rooms we retired tired but happy. The marble mantle was a marvel of taste and beauty. Each table was furnished with "A Guide to Boston" and a Bible.

July 21. We arose early, and took a car for the Charlestown district to visit Bunker Hill Monument, and at length stood on that noted spot. And here our brave Warren fell! It seems strange to me that his Monument is not here as well as Prescott's.

Boston is lovely, so much like Washington, and reminded me of Chicago more than any other Eastern City. The streets of Boston are not so narrow as some suppose, having been rebuilt and widened since the fire, and in the new part of the city. We did not have time to visit many of the Art Galleries. There are many of them for Boston is the Art center of America as well as the Musical and Literary center. Beacon Street and Commonwealth Avenue are the most fashionable streets. The Vendome, the Brunswick, and the Windsor are the *grand* hotels. The Art Museum is situated near the Vendome. We visited the Conservatory of Music on Franklin

Square; it is a handsome building of red brick with white trimmings. All of its appointments are rich and beautiful. I have thought some of going there to perfect myself in Music and the Languages, but it is a very expensive school. There is a Piano in every room, or Organ as the student may desire. We were delighted with Boston, but could not remain there as long as we would have liked. About four o'clock we left the New Eastern Depot, and after passing many pleasant places of interest such as crossing Charles River, and Charlestown Heights, Chelsea, the Massachusetts Soldiers' Home, Revere Beach, Lynn with its great brick shoe factories, and High Rock beyond where many an infatuated fool has sought for treasures hidden, we rolled into the Depot at Salem, a splendid granite building. "This is the Mother-city of Massachusetts," the scene of that strange superstition, "Witchcraft." Here Roger Williams was persecuted, and the Bradstreets, the Winthrops, and the Endicots had their homes. Among the great men who were born here are Israel Putnam, Prescott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Pickering and Bowditch. Here also are the magnificent collections and institutions of George Peabody. This place has about 25,000 inhabitants. We pass Hamilton, where dwells Gail Hamilton so well-known to lovers of New England literature. Then on towards the Merrimac, where we halt at Newburyport, with its charming legends and interesting associations. Here also is Laurel Castle, the summer home for many seasons of Sir Edwin Thornton; stately Hawkswood, the Indian Hill mansion of Ben Perley Poore, and the quiet Quaker home of John G. Whittier, the beloved poet of the Merrimac Valley.

Louis Philippe, Tallerand, Lafayette, Washington and Longfellow are among its noted visitors. Lloyd Garrison and John B. Gough, lived here, and Bishop Whitfield lies buried here in one of the Churches.

But on we speed until we reach North Conway, the center of nearly all White Mountain travel. From here the Presidential Range is pointed out to us by the conductor. Soon we reach Glen Station where coaches are waiting to convey passengers to the Glen House and to Jackson but we fly on past Iron Mountain and the vast terraces called the Giant's Stairs, and we soon enter Crawford's Glen. The sun is beginning to sink on the western horizon, and the old gabled mansion of Dr. Bemis gleams wierdly upon us. Mounts Crawford and Resolution are crowned with a bright rose-wreath, and now we dash upward at the rate of one hundred and sixty-six feet to the mile, with the lofty Frankenstein cliff looming up ahead. But what is this? A crown majestic of varying hues, breaks upon our enraptured vision away on the right, all bathed in rosy gold, the monarch of Ages, the glorious Mount Washington. It is seldom that this view can be obtained from the cars on account of the vast fog, but we were very thankful to have seen its sunset beauty. As we crossed the great iron tressle the conductor had us raise our windows and look down beneath at its immensity, five hundred feet long and eighty feet high. And now Mount Willey rises with slender peak above the woods, and crossing Brook Kedron we catch sight of the Willey House in the valley far below, with Webster to the right and Mount Willard in front.

Soon we put up our windows again to gaze down at

the famous Willey Brook Bridge which spans a gorge much greater than the Frankenstein Gulf. Now we have Mount Willard to our left and do not wonder at the terrible avalanche that engulfed the ill-fated Willey family but left their lonely home robbed of its inmates. Above us is the Devil's Den, and far below the dark waters of the Dismal Pool upon our right. How gloomy the great gorge looked in the gathering shadows. And now we pass the Flume and Silver Cascades and enter the Great Cut with huge rocky walls rising far above us on either side; and soon we reach the Crawford House, a happy resort, we should judge by the gay crowds about the Hotel. But our destination is further on and as we have not had our supper we are very glad to reach the Fabyan House, which is an elegant resort, We got our supper here, which was elegantly served. Many of the waiters here were students from various colleges, turning their vacation to account. The parlor covers 3,500 square feet and the dining room has an area of 6,000 square feet and contains thirty-two tables each of which will seat as many as twenty people. The parlor is elegantly furnished, and a fine band accompanied by piano and organ is stationed in the parlor, where it discourses sweet music during the evening. It was considerably more like December up there than July. It was very cold, and as we had sent our trunks through to Lawrence ahead of us, consequently we made our stay a short one here, and started for Lawrence ourselves. When we reached Wells River we found we must wait several hours to make connections, so we settled ourselves in the Station house to make the best of it. Papa went out

and hunted up some railroad ties and built a fire in the stove so we had it very comfortable but I was never so tired waiting for a train in my life. A young couple were also waiting for the cars. They were from the country near by. The wife was going away somewhere, the husband was not and he wanted her to let him go home and she wait alone, but she would not let him go, so he stamped about, and went out on the platform about a dozen times. He was a pretty rough looking customer, and at last, tired out, he came in and exclaimed:

"Mary, I never was so sleepy in my life!" and with that he dropped down on the floor, his head fell on her valise and he was asleep in a second. Presently their train came in, and she roused him up. He jumped up rubbing his eyes, caught up her valise, and caught hold of the door-knob, but the door always opens very hard and sticks, so he pulled for some time and at last started to swear, when she checked him, and, he spurted out, "Well, I've tugged at that door enough to-night to kill one man," and then he vanished into the night, but no! he left something of his and came back after it, and there lay mother on a seat, laughing. He gleamed at her savagely, and then took his departure, and I suppose went home, unless he fell asleep by the way. At four o'clock a. m. our train came, a nice comfortable coach. Montpelier will be our last stopping place until we reach Lawrence where father has three brothers and two sisters, and at Potsdam, St. Lawrence County mother has several cousins living where we shall visit about four weeks, and then pursue our journey homewards by way of Niagara Falls. Before we reached Montpelier the

Green mountains could be seen afar off, and a good many rocky ridges rose up near by.

When we reached Montpelier we were informed that our train had just moved out of the Depot, so we went to the Hotel and made ourselves comfortable until four o'clock in the afternoon, and made the most of our time, in making up our much needed rest. I was greatly disappointed in Montpelier. I had thought it was a much prettier place. A short distance beyond, Camel's Hump and Mount Mansfield can be seen off to the left. At six o'clock we reached St. Albans, where we had supper, a very pretty place. Near by are the beautiful Aldis Hills. And now as the sun is setting we cross Lake Champlain gazing down into its deep blue waters. Some were afraid, but I love the water. It was quite dark when we reached Rouse's Point, but we caught a glimpse of the great Chatauquy Chasm grand and gloomy in the darkness. Malone and Brasher Falls were our next stopping places. We soon reached Lawrence, a little one-horse town where we had to wake up the people at the hotel as it was midnight. Early next morning we hired a carriage to take us out to Uncle D's. We met Uncle D. and daughter C. on their way to Church. He told his daughter "That gentleman looked like H. but it was not his folks, he had two girls with him." I think that was quite a compliment to mother. After Uncle D. and Cousin Cora came back home they were greatly surprised. The first thing I did was to fall in love with Aunt Lucinda. We visited in Lawrence, Parishville, Potsdam, Canton, Colton, Brasher, Lisbon Center, and Port Leyden.

August 20. Potsdam, N. Y. Here I am sitting under an ancient Tamarac tree, on a big mossy stone, veritably at ease and contented, I do so enjoy these country rambles, and just at this time too, when the red raspberries are so luscious and ripe. Everywhere, right and left is berries. Uncle Will took me out to the St. Regis Indian Reservation which was the first Indian village I ever saw. Then I had the pleasure of spending a day in the Adirondacks. Some of our friends were going to camp out there for three or four weeks, and wanted us to stay with them but the inevitable said "we must go homewards. Oh, the lovely mosses I have packed away in my trunk to take home with me to Illinois, my Illinois! I would not change my home for this land of upturned stumps, and rocks and corduroy roads, No never! I am an Illinois girl and I am proud of the State of my birth. I actually got up one morning early enough to go with Uncle H. and Cousin Della when they took their milk to the big Cheese factory. A few days ago I saw the first oxen I ever saw yoked together. And yesterday I had my first ride on a load of hay with Cousin Della. Ain't I doing as "Romans do?" Well, I don't have time to put much down on paper these days. But the time is hastening on when the inevitable "farewells" must be spoken, and bearing with us many pleasant memories of dear friends who have made our visit so delightfully happy, we must journey homewards. .

On our way to Niagara we passed Syracuse with its great salt-wells, Utica, Rome, Lockport, Rochester and other cities of which we have often heard. It was a pleasant ride.

August 23. Niagara Falls. Arriving at the Depot we were driven at once to the International Hotel, and as we drew up before it, light, laughter, music and mirth, seemed to reign within and without. The arrival of two large excursions the same day had filled the hotels to overflowing, one being from Scranton, Pennsylvania. Hundreds were seated on the great portico in front, where the band sent forth its stirring strains, and promenaders thronged the broad walks. We were late in retiring, and rose early next morning. We had not slept much, for the never-to-be-forgotten roar of Niagara rang its deep-toned music in our ears through all the night. We hired a carriage and driver and away we whirled to the new Suspension Bridge from which we caught our first view of the Falls, their silvery water plumes tinged above with softest green and curling below in snowy wreaths, leaping with thundering rush into the seething cauldron below, sending up clouds of shining spray like the "smoke of a mighty conflagration." But these glories our driver reserved for another time and drove us down two miles below to the famous Whirlpool Rapids, where we descended an inclined plane on an elevator and passing through a curiosity shop we descended some stairs, and at length stood amazed at the wonderful force that moves Niagara. There the great waters leap madly in all directions, whirling and plunging in insane fury as if impelled by a thousand demons. And here it was the infatuated Webb lost his life, having dared to cope with unseen powers. But indeed, the Rapids are fascinating. After we had feasted our eyes upon these wonders we drove to the Dressing Rooms be-

yond the Clifton House where we donned the queerest looking attire ever invented, preparatory for a passage under the Falls. Thus equipped we looked very much like Exquimaux without any furs, too ridiculous to exist.

Making our way down the long narrow stairs with a guide we passed over Table Rock and went as far as we could under the Falls. The spray blinded me so I could not go very far, but the best view of the Canadian Falls is obtained from here, and only here, can one realize the height of the precipice over which this great mass of water leaps one hundred and sixty-four feet downward. Through the great Whirlpool Rapids only one vessel ever passed, and that was the staunch little "Maid of the Mist" with her brave commander Robinson, who took this novel and dangerous way to escape attachment, and only one ever went safely over the Falls and that was in time of war when fleeing from the enemy. After resuming our ordinary clothing, we crossed the beautiful bridges connecting Table Rock with Cedar Island, and that Island, with the Clark Hill Islands. Just above the Falls about a mile, and near the head of the American Rapids is the Burning Spring. The water of the Spring is highly charged with sulphuretted hydrogen gas and gives forth a lambent blue flame when fired.

The American Rapids are very grand, as the water runs at the rate of forty miles an hour. The battle of Chippewa was fought near this spot on the fifth of July, 1814. Again recrossing the bridges we drove along the Canadian Side to the new Suspension Bridge, the largest Suspension Bridge in the world. It is built 190 feet above the water, and has a roadway 1,300 feet in length.

Its cables are 1,800 feet in length and its massive towers are 100 feet high. Going back to the American Side we crossed the handsome Goat Island Bridge which is notable as having a double carriage way, while on most of the bridges two carriages cannot cross the bridge in a different direction at the same time. Taking the right hand drive we drove down upon the point of the American Falls. Here had we chosen to dress in rubber again, we might have visited the Cave of the Winds, but that, together with Luna Island we leave until some other time and return to our hotel for dinner. After this we went over to Prospect Park where we went through the fine Art Gallery, and standing on Prospect Point gazed down upon the seething, wreathing waters upon which you may place your hand as they rush over the precipice. The great cliffs rise up on either side with rocky brows, like stately scions of ages past, safely guarding the imprisoned beauty of the Falls and cradling the beautiful rainbow painted by the sunbeams on the dashing spray below. We visited several of the Bazaars and bought some transparencies and other trifles as souvenirs. Here mother bought me a beautiful inkstand and holder, with a lovely looking-glass attached, all made of olive wood, for a birthday present. We were not where we could obtain any such thing on the sixth. It is very beautiful and I have made good use of it since I got home, in writing up my visit. In the evening we took a walk in the Park to see the Fountain when playing under electric lights shining through colored glass. These lights were also thrown upon the Falls, but even lovely as they are, I prefer Nature and the soft entrancing moonlight. At

ten o'clock the Omnibus came and we repaired to the Michigan Central Depot, bound straight for home, with only a short delay at Detroit. We enjoyed our ride through Michigan very much. It did seem like home when we caught sight of Chicago.

CHAPTER V.

HOME AGAIN—FROM DIARY.

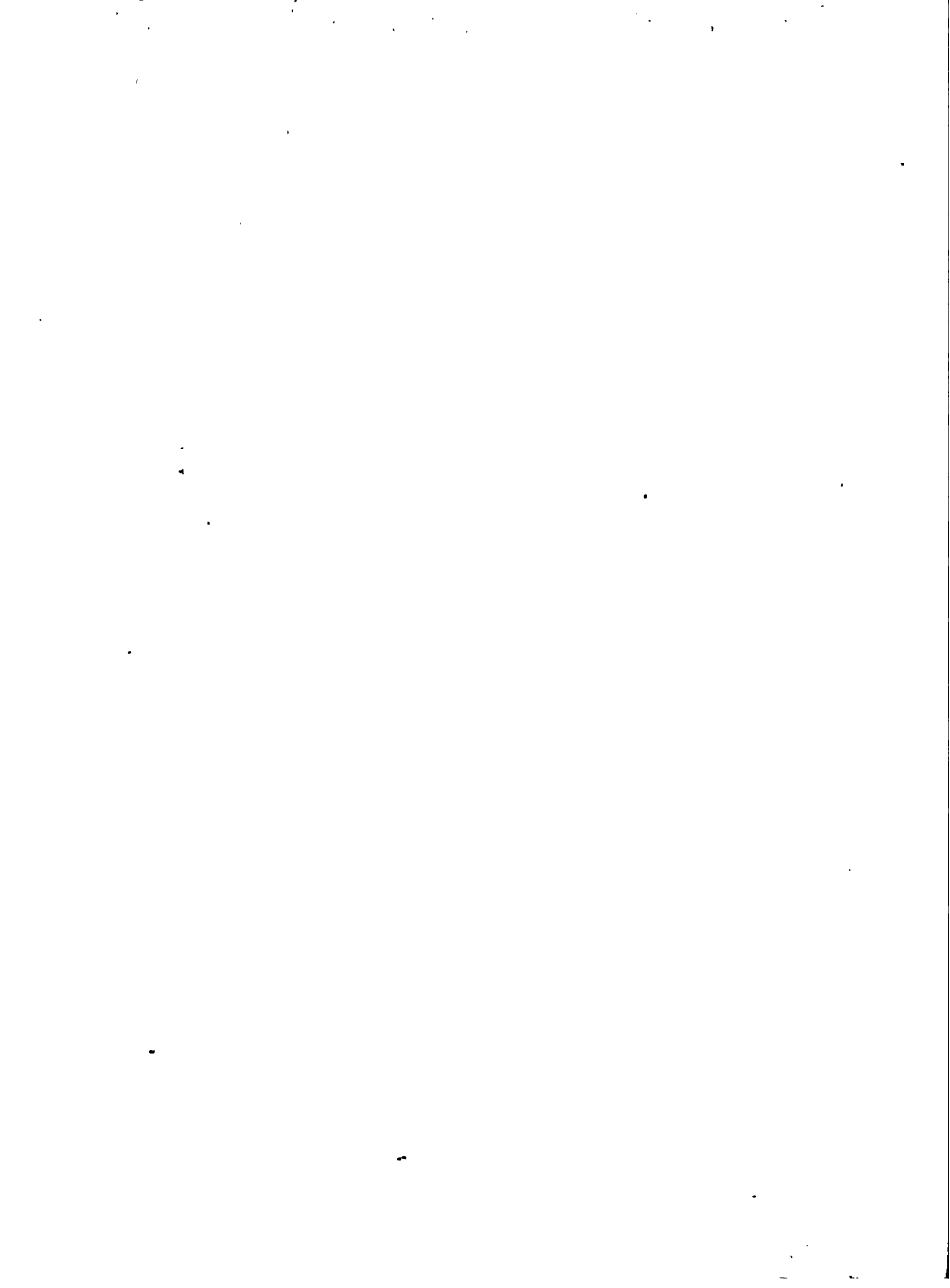
1883-1885.

August 24. Home again! Lake Michigan, and Chicago did look so good, with its broad, well-lighted streets as we rattled through them in an Omnibus, over to the Alton and St. Louis Depot. We arrived home safe and jubilant at nearly midnight. We found the weeds and grass grown so high we could scarcely see the walks, but everything inside the house was just as we left it, only with a coating of dust. I have decided to resign my position in the High School, mainly on account of the extremely low wages paid for teaching the higher branches. I have thought seriously of entering the Conservatory of Music at Boston, and perfect myself in a musical education; but strange as it may seem, I have changed my mind. I am going to study Law with a prominent firm in Joliet, for two years, when I hope to be able to graduate from some one of our Universities. Ann Arbor is my first choice. So here I am for life a Law Student. I believe I can do more to help humanity and the world in this profession, *God*



THE HOME RESIDENCE, JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

“HOME! SWEET HOME!
NO PLACE LIKE HOME FOR ME.”



helping me, than any other. I love the research it will make possible, and I love logic and reasoning.

December 17. Alas! these are indeed troublous times in the political world, and how strange that these very men who prate of England's cruelty and low wages, attack the tariff, that one safeguard we have against England's greed. It is not a higher idea of life that actuates these men; their creed is Mammonism. This "golden hoard," their victory feast. How much easier to destroy than to build up. Let these men think of this and beware. Could falser words be written in America, than that Nihilistic production: "Ye have shorn and bound the Sampson, and robbed him of learning's light." Not a man breathes in America who can not have an education. Where are our old heroes that our parents taught us of? Abraham Lincoln—who strained his eyes to read by firelight. Every evening finds these men to some low dance or the grog-shop; yes "*we*" rob them of "learning's light." I do not know why I say "*we*" for I have little of this world's goods; I must work for my bread, but so must the greater part of mankind. Rich and poor there have always been, there always will be.

December 31st.—

Upon the threshold of youthful Eighty-four,
I turn to gaze adown the years, to catch one glimmer
more,
Of all the joys, the happy hours, that live in memory
long,
The pressure of a friendly hand, the essence of a song.

The love that gave ambition birth,

The love that fed the flame,
The voice, the first to utter praise,
The last to utter blame;

The days of sunny travel,
The days of mad despair,
That saw nor gleam of sunshine
Nor gladness anywhere.

The living, longing, yearning,
Alas, how sadly vain,
Blinded by stern necessity,
By anguish, and by pain.

Ah! well, for good or ill,
Thou'rt gone forever more—
We welcome now—who knows the end?—
The dawning Eighty-four.

February 1st. I have just finished reading one of the clearest, brightest books it has ever been my lot to peruse, "The Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney." Letting alone the remarkably pure and perfect character with which the author has to deal, the style of treatment is exceedingly graceful. I think Carlyle would call it "pure white sunlight." Whether he would or not, it is worthy of the name. Some words of his struck me very forcibly: "Look into thy heart and write." Vain all the knowledge, vain all the philosophy, vain all the powers of reason combined, if they be not lit up by the vital spark, if the stream of thought be not warmed and set aglow by the heart's swift flood," and many others, of which only a sweet memory remains, stowed away in

some corner of my brain. Charming, indeed, to the satiated world-weary readers of the century at hand. For some reason I did not become particularly interested in "Hudibras," I am now reading Taine's "English Literature," ever a favorite of mine, and the "Essays of Elia."

March 2nd. I have finished reading "Studies of Irving." Everything concerning this morning star of American Literature has in it a subtle charm, and reading his work is like gliding along on the bosom of some quiet river listening to the warbling of birds, the rustling of trees, and noting the pleasant nooks and inlets along the route. He seems to have realized the apostrophe of Denham:—

"Oh! could I flow like thee! and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage; without o'erflowing, full.

* * * * *

The "Conservation of Energy" is a theory of growing importance. It seems to me of all things, to be an undoubted proof of the immortality of mind as well as matter. I confess myself to considerable faith in it.

April 20th. Time flits on with strong and steady wings, and brings its usual building of crime, and its tale of hap and mishap. I am reading Creighton's "Age of Elizabeth." I am also reviewing my "Ovid" lessons. I like to keep them fresh in my mind. Papa still talks of going to Washington in the spring. I hope that we shall, unless it is very sure that I can go to Ann Arbor. I prefer to graduate from that University.

June 3rd. A month ago last night mother was taken

very sick. I have taken most of the care of her, day and night.

My Mother! How the name, clings to my lips,
Like dewdrops to the petals of the rose.
Without her, what were life? A bubble!
Tinted brilliantly, it may be, with
Prismatic hues, and yet a shell, the heart
Of which is gone. No other hand so kind,
Shall ever press my brow, nor other voice
Bespeak such tender comfort, when the cares,
And woes of earth-life bind me down, nor yet
Shall chide so gently, when love's sweet warning,
Is most demanded, by her wayward child.
Alas! how little may that child, for all
That hand has lavished, make return,
Of even the poorest metal, so unalloyed—
So true, so pure, has been the affection poured
On this unworthy object; but if a life's
Dear gratitude, can bless and crown her lot,
With aught of joy, oh! angels fair, bear witness,
This life shall be that crown and blessing.

Since mother has been sick I have received an offer from the Granville, Ohio, Female College, to teach Latin and Literature in that institution, but declined to accept. The salary was too low. Last Saturday I was examined in Chicago for the Civil Service at Washington. I have not yet heard how I stood but did not think the examination very hard. I have finished reading Hawthorn's "Scarlet Letter," and am now reading Schlegel's "History of Literature," and Chitty on "Pleading." If I

can get a place in Washington, I can study Law at the same time in Howard University, but I must not anticipate yet.

June 29th. Another month! We may flap our wings in the face of Time as we will, but Time is strong, and steady. Mother is little if any, better, and has not yet regained the use of her arm, and has to be dressed and her hair combed, but it is a great pleasure to me to be able to do these little things for her, she has done so much for me. I am now reading Story on "Equity Pleading" and Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras." I believe that I appreciate this man's poems as thoroughly as anyone living. Many of his sentiments are not mine, but after all the very earnestness of his declamation seems mine when I repeat them. I do admire and appreciate their strength, but for the man who wrote them, I am sorry. He cannot be a happy man. Let others tell of Bryant and Lowell. When, on a summer's day I lie by open window and gaze on cloudless sky, their poems come stealing into my mind with wondrous paintings of Nature and its beauty, but when the storm-cloud gathers, and the woes of a world surround, give me Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte. Theirs is *life*.

July 12th. Having decided that mother could not be cured in Joliet we determined to bring her to the Sanitarium for treatment at Palmyra Springs, Wisconsin. Accordingly, we started Wednesday morning on the Alton and St. Louis road; were obliged to wait two hours in Chicago for the Prairie du Chien division, and were belated half an hour at Milwaukee. We reached Palmyra at five o'clock.

July 28. Oh! this is such a lovely place. I enjoy myself so much, although when I get a letter from father that makes me homesick. A week ago we went out to the Guyser Spring which is about two miles from here—just a pleasant drive. There were eight of us went out together. The spring is a beautiful thing, thirty feet deep and as clear as crystal, with the white sand at the bottom sparkling like diamonds, fishes darting about like miniature rainbows, and the ice-cold waters boiling up from the depths like a choir of furies, confined only by Nature's boundaries, exhibiting that acme of beauty which *her* wildly gorgeous hand alone can give. Only a rough platform is laid around and there it lies, a thing of beauty in the midst of a low, uninviting marsh, like an oasis in the desert. There is a picture of it in my mind so vivid that I doubt if years can ever erase it.

Earthquake shocks have been severely felt recently in New York City, New Jersey, and in Philadelphia. These earthquakes and cyclones, make one feel so helpless. Alas! what a mite is man! What mystery in the might of God!

August 5th. I am more and more in love with the Sanitarium. Colonel Davidson is the proprietor. He and his wife are both very pleasant people. The Doctor and Mrs. Davis are so attentive they make everybody feel happy and contented at once. Prof. M. D. Fry, of the Wesleyan University, Bloomington, is also here. I like her so much. She is a sister of Colonel Davidson. I can gain so much in knowledge from her companionship. She is indeed a lovely woman. We heard from papa today. I passed the Civil Service examination successfully. We

have lovely singing here. I really think the mineral waters are stuffing some grit into my vocal organs. I have truly managed to learn "Flight of the Birds" and the "Clang of the Wooden Shoon" to play and sing without the notes.

August 17th. Received a letter from Cousin Jennie. Poor Jennie! Her letter had such a hopeless ring, I know just how she feels. "Slow rises worth by poverty oppressed." But it *does* rise, if we do not always see the rising.

I see I have some time skipped a couple of pages here, so I will fill them in with a story Miss W. of Chicago told us here at the Sanitarium, concerning herself and a Captain who was once a very smart man, but at the time of which she spoke he had taken to liquor too freely. He was an old friend of the family and often came in. One morning when he came, she perceived that he was under the influence of liquor. She was all alone in the parlor, the other members of the family being in the back part of the house where she could not make them hear. After greeting her, he stepped forward very familiarly, and jocularly said he was going to have a kiss now. She stepped hurriedly back but he followed her. Then she ran round the center table, a very large one and he after her. She then drew, or rather kicked up chairs, to make the distance longer as she went round, and still he pursued. Then she kicked the folding door every time she went around to make some one come if possible, and, said she, it was a hot July day, and her hair came down, and she was in a sorry plight. Protestations were of no avail, and her screams and kicks brought no assistance.

Finally the folding doors opened, and there stood her sister gazing sternly in. "What's all this?" she said, "You just get out of this house, sir, Leave!" The Captain folded his arms, just stopped an instant, grinned a little and said: "Shoofly, Don't bother me. Come Mary, let's proceed to business." Which business was, said she, flying around that table. But Mrs. K. ran to the door and screamed for the police, and finally the Captain was persuaded to leave.

How often I have thought of little William Penn Nixon, and wondered if he would be half as cute twenty years from now. He is one of the sweetest children I ever saw. The Hotel is filling up every day. Captain Perigo and wife, of Galena, are here, also Mrs. Valentine, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. King and others from Chicago. There is to be an entertainment of "Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works," this week in the Hall.

August 20th. Mother has almost wholly recovered her health, for which we are so thankful. Many thought she would never use her arm again. Tomorrow we take our departure from this delightful place, carrying with us many pleasant memories. We should remain here a little longer, but mamma's friends are coming from the East to visit us and we wish to see them.

August 24th. I have just received a letter from Mrs. Baker. It seems she left Palmyra on Friday of the same week we did, and Miss M. L. and Miss H. M. on the same day she did. She writes that they gave Mrs. Fry a pin set with precious stones, the initial letters of which spelled the word "Regard," the last stone being a diamond. Well, I knew of it before I came away, and

had the pleasure of contributing towards it. While I was in Palmyra I made two very pretty mats, and started a lovely scarf for the neck, but could not match the yarn to finish it. I have my crocheting, Miss M. taught me, finished.

August 28. We have had such a nice quiet rain this morning. It makes the trees look less forlorn. I thought the other night as I went down Clinton Street, that I never saw such a drooping lot of vegetation; now it is all changed. I have read this morning in Washburne's "Real Property" one hundred pages. I also practised my singing lesson to-day; have been learning a new song: "I Am Content." Wouldn't it be nice if I only were? I would be if the future looked clear. After dinner read a little in "Nicholas-Nickleby," wrote a little and read twenty-seven pages in Jevons "Logic." I have read part of "Trench on Words." That is not altogether new, but I think it will prove intensely interesting. Everything, nearly, that deals with arguments is pleasing to me. Practiced dumb-bells three times, crocheted some, and after tea took quite a long walk with mother. The Cholera still continues to ravage the South of France and Northern Italy.

August 29th. Walked with mother up to the artesian well before breakfast, air was fresh, dust laid, and the sun shining gloriously. After breakfast practiced dumb-bells, then read forty-three pages in Jevons "Logic," which I like better and better. Then I practiced my singing lessons, an hour in all, made a large bouquet and sat down to read "Nicholas Nickleby." Neuman Noggs, poor fellow—how many poor, wretched down-trodden.

shipwrecked beings like him, we might find in this world of ours, if we only knew where to look for them. And I think I have seen "Ralph Nickleby," or someone else that might have set for the portrait, with a magnifying glass turned on into the bargain, and surely a distant relative of Squeir must be the manager of that Home (?) (what a vile thing to which to apply that sacred name!) lately ferreted out in Chicago where helpless children are locked up, beaten and starved. I shall have something by and by to say about the women of Dickens. After dinner practiced dumb-bells again and then I read in "Nicholas" for a short time, after which mother and I went riding out on the Manhattan road. We had a charming drive. The quarries did look so lovely, and the men looked so much more comfortable working under the shade of trees than out in the burning sun, as they do north of the city. After we got home Mrs. F. and Miss J., of Chicago, called. Miss J. is coming to stay with me next week. It is too comical to see the policemen going round from house to house to see if anyone has an unlicensed dog. One came here. Katy was rather abashed at the appearance of this blue-coated, brass-buttoned individual, but managed to gasp, as if it were a very mournful thing indeed: "We haven't any dog at all." "Not any dog!" exclaimed the city protector incredulously. "No sir," stoutly reiterated the maid. He gave a penetrating soul-scearching stare, straight into the depths of her heart, surveyed the entire premises with the eye of a practical engineer and then disappointedly turned around, with a scornfully majestic smile on his bearded face, as much as to say: "I bet

you've got him secreted in the cellar." Nevertheless a dog is not our property.

August 30. After practising dumb-bells, read something more than fifty pages of "Logic," then practised an hour or two on my music. Learned "Bird in the Hand," then read "Nicholas Nickleby" until noon.

September 6. Have read one hundred pages of Washburne on "Real Property," and a little "Logic," practised dumb-bells and my singing lessons as usual. In the afternoon Amelia J. came to stay a week with me from Chicago. She brought some nice music with her. We sing half of the time for we both love music, use dumb-bells together, play croquet and ride. It is so extremely warm that we don't try to do much, but we talk over old times, and take a glance at the future once in a while.

September 23. Have practised with dumb-bells three times to-day and practised singing an hour or more; read seventy-five pages in Parsons on "Contracts;" worked on my scarf awhile; spent some time cutting out bits from the *Washington Star*, saving scraps to which I might some time wish to refer; now I shall have a job pasting them in my book. Have digested about eight pages in my German grammar since supper. Have also been reading the "History of Philosophy." I find ancient philosophy much more interesting than modern. There is some excuse for men in the Cradle of the Ages who invented and explored theory after theory without coming into the broad sunlight of Truth, but when in the wisdom of centuries men still strove with theories instead of drawing conclusions from the history and experience,

and observation of other cycles of Time, and of their own. their philosophy becomes the foot-ball of Folly. My reading this summer will be mostly Law, and History, French and German, and some biographies of lawyers and orators. I am profoundly grateful for our Public Library.

October 30th. As was expected Mrs. Logan accompanied her husband here. We thought her very nice looking. But I cannot quite comprehend her writing that she thought it was the desire of all true American women to shine only, in the light of their husbands. Now it is my opinion that the vast majority of women wouldn't shine much if they depended upon their husband's reflective powers. The light would be rather dim. I could not marry a man who was so generous of his own greatness, that he could not accept a share of mine, as well as I of his.

November 2nd. I am reading "Reminiscences of Daniel Webster." The biography is very pleasantly written. So full of anecdotes and those little incidents, and sketches, that reveal the real character of a man far more than any number of lavish encomiums, or laborious criticisms. How strange and far away these things seem. Whatever philosophers say, each aspirant for fame must carve out his own path. True it is, it takes "a diamond point to tunnel through rocks." Is it wrong for a person to believe that they have talent? Books so often speak as if great men were always unconscious of their remarkable talents. Such a thing is incomprehensible to me. It seems to me incompatible with the high cultivation of any power, because it would seem foolish to go on as such

men do, to develop that which they did not believe themselves to possess. That they do it altogether for others, is again more difficult to conceive, for great men, as a class, are to outward appearances selfish, however much good they may have at heart.

December 15th. On Saturday evening the news reached us that a dear friend, Mrs. R. B. C., had passed away. She knew on Wednesday the end had come. Rev. L. read to her some beautiful and promising passages of Scripture and she exclaimed, "How blessed! How precious!" Rev. L. preached such a comforting sermon. He truly believes in the sufficiency of the Word of God, and he is right. I never heard a better service. He uses poetry so beautifully in his sermons, seeming always to find something just adapted to the circumstances. I think a poet, would love to have his words, fall from the sympathizing lips of such a man.

December 25th. We are all alone, father, mother and I, this lovely Christmas. We expected sister and family, but they probably thought it was too cold to ride so far. Papa gave me three new pieces of music, and songs, the subscription to two papers and a book. Mamma gave me a new black Cashmere dress, and blue velvet for a new house jacket, and a frame for her picture. So I think I fared very well.

December 31st. The last chapter of old '84 has been read, the last leaf turned, I wonder where I shall be and what I shall write a year from to-night. How thankful we ought to be that ours, though a small, is yet an unbroken band.

Goodbye, Old Eighty-four, goodbye,
Nor look behind, nor sigh will we;
Whate'er is past, is past for aye;
What's in the future, who shall say?
I'll work for good, perhaps I'll win:
Come in, fair Eighty-five, come in.

January 25. So the New Year is nearly a month old. Father and I went to Church this morning. Rev. Hollister preached. His Sermon was an able exposition of the difference between morality and Christianity. Morality is a very good anchor as far as it goes, but it don't go far enough. What a pity that while a man performs so much that is good, he should fail to take the one step that will land him safe on the rock of Christ's salvation; should fail, for lack of one virtue, Faith, to cast his anchor in the safe harbor of Christianity.

February 15. I think Whittier must have had such a day as this in contemplation when he wrote "Snow-bound," for I know of no other word that so aptly expresses the situation of to-day. And nearly all the roads are blockaded. The papers are full of the various dynamite plots in the big cities. This business ought to be crushed out at once, but No! that would take a little moral courage. It wouldn't be policy! It will be easier to root them out when they are 3,000,000 instead of 3,000. Meanwhile the worm is gnawing insiduously at the trunk of civilization's tree. Thursday evening, the twelfth, father and I attended one of the pleasantest entertainments ever given in Joliet, the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday. It is the first celebration of his birthday ever

given in the United States, and our Lincoln Club has the honor of originating the style. Richard J. Oglesby, was the orator of the evening. He kept the audience roaring with laughter. He told the anecdote of Lincoln's sewing together the hog's eyelids so that they could not run away again.

March 10. Well, the inauguration had a propitious day, and now it is all past, and the President's address has been pretty thoroughly talked over and commented upon. Well, one cannot find much in it to find fault with, nor much to admire. I am glad that the President is inclined to tackle the Indian and Mormon questions. I am afraid Logan will get beaten.

March 30th. Mrs. L. complimented my Essay on "Woman's Work for Women." I don't believe I am vain, but I think a great deal of what Mrs. L. says, for I know that she is considered by everyone to be a woman of excellent sense and judgment, and these kind words that cost the speaker so little, are so encouraging, to one who receives so few of them. I sometimes smile to myself, as I think of Carlyle's years of unrest, and find myself in nearly the same predicament. The lives of great men and women are oftentimes a comfort to young people like myself who are so very ambitious, and who do not see the way clear to reaching their goal.

April 18th. The Democratic lion is showing its claws. I am about disgusted with the appointees made lately. So many are old Confederate officers, that have been put in. One was put in, in place of a wounded Union Soldier. Oh! it makes one feel indignant.

April 27th. What an exquisite day, a gem in a

golden setting. The sky is radiant, the birds jubilant, and old "Mother Earth," robed in mellow green, rejoices at her renewed fertility. How hard to think that to many a man in America to-day its glorious beauty seems a fantastic dream or mockery; work only half of the time, low pay, the scorn of the rich, the loss of independence and self-confidence, what has he to look forward to? But two paths lie open, he may become desperate, fling himself into the arms of vice and crime, and wreak out upon the world, so pitiless to him, some meed of vengeance—and find swift refuge in a dishonored grave; or he may heroically summon his faltering courage, put forth one more great effort, continue the unequal struggle, until mind and body refuse to longer bear the strain, and then lie down to dust. The world may write at last upon the tomb "Success," but at what a fearful price has it been gained! But 'tis worth it. But I often wonder what so many of these men remain in the city for? Why, they would be better off in the woods, with a tent and a gun.

May 17th. Father and I went to Church this morning. It is mamma's birthday. I gave her a hob-nailed glass celery boat, and papa gave her a fruit and flower holder for the center of the table.

June 15. It is now decided! I am going to Ann Arbor, to complete my Law studies. I have finished all the Law reading that is necessary before entering the University. I have been giving my eyes a good but enforced rest. With my dreadful bashfulness, which age seems very little to banish, I realize what a trial a course in the University, in a large class with few, if any, ladies will be, but I guess grit will conquer shyness, for I feel

that I can really make a successful lawyer let me once get admitted to the Bar. But oh! how I dread the preliminaries. I expect to read Blackstone once more before I go; I mean to have the foundation well laid. They are planning a grand pageant for General Grant. Now that is just what I don't believe in. No vain show of this world, can add to the fame, the honor, the love or the happiness of General Grant. "Alas, the rarity of Christian charity." True charity, true benevolence, begins in the plains and rises to the mountains, only when there are no longer any plains to be found.

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A SERIES OF STORIES WRITTEN IN 1883.

CHAPTER I.

OUR BABY AND OUR MINISTERS.

No wonder everyone loved her. She was such a tiny, laughing, dimpled lassie with great surprised blue eyes and soft, fair hair, with stray ringlets clustering about her snowy temples, and long eyelashes sweeping cheeks of mingled rose and pearl. Grandma could not bear to have the wee witch for a moment out of her sight, and grandpa, old and rheumatic as he was, seemed happiest when racing with our baby up and down the garden paths.

Papa, stately, dignified papa, threw kisses back to the winsome maid as long as he could catch a glimpse from the village street of the pretty face pressed against the cottage window; but who can express the mother's love, or the many brilliant hopes concentrated in that dainty bit of baby beauty.

All the villagers petted and spoiled her, and, indeed, our Mabel made friends with everybody but our ministers. Someway circumstances were always unfavorable for her being a favorite with clerical gentlemen, and she seemed most mischievous when in the presence of these exponents of decorum.

Well, it happened one day, when Mabel was a little more than two years old, that our good pastor called, and

noticing the bright child-face, asked why we never brought our baby to church.

Mamma smiled; "I am afraid you would wish we had left her at home," she said.

But he, not knowing the mischief in that little pate, spoke of his love for children, while wee May, with wide-open eyes, and all-hearing ears, listened quietly, no doubt, intent upon some wickedness at that very instant.

We did not think much of what the good man said, but Mabel did. When Sunday morning came, nothing would do but Mabel must put on her delicate white frock, blue satin bonnet, and tiny blue boots, to accompany grandma to church.

Some looked pleased when they saw the sweet baby-face beside the wrinkled aged one, like the promise of a new youth, but when they reached that part in the service where the choir, after each line repeated by the congregation, sang, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord," Mabel's wonder increased every minute, and pretty soon she exclaimed:

"Why don't they keep still and let Dod answer them grandma? is Dod deaf like you?"

Papa looked daggers at Mabel, Grandma told her that was a part of the service, and she mustn't talk aloud in church. Everybody else but the minister smiled, and the young folks were convulsed. Mabel was quiet after that until she grew tired of the sermon, then she became uneasy; she pinched grandma and punched papa, and said she wanted to go home, but getting discouraged began to cry softly. At length a bright thought struck her.

"Grandma," she said loud enough for the minister to

hear, "don't you suppose Mr. H. wishes I was to home?"

It is needless to say that in spite of the good man's protestations to the contrary, Mabel carried the day, and nothing more was said about our baby's going to church.

About six months later a new rector came, a young and rather handsome man, who used to come often to the house to see Mabel's Auntie Lou. One day while these two were chatting with other friends in the parlor, our baby who had been busily engaged with her pencil, demurely walked up to the young minister, and holding up her slate, said:

"I made this picture for you Mr. B., but it don't look much like you, so I'll just put a tail on it and call it a dog."

Mr. B. looked slightly embarrassed, and hardly pleased at first, but concluded it was a good joke and joined in the laugh with the rest. But to clap the climax, a few weeks later, an old-time school friend of grandma's, a venerable, bald-headed clergyman, was visiting at our house with the young rector, enjoying their recollections of days long past. That morning Mabel, having burned her hand, had for the first time learned the use of sticking-plaster, and was quite delighted with the little black patch over her knuckles. No one of the happy group in the library was thinking of Mabel, for mamma supposed her safely taking her afternoon nap, but no! The aged clergyman sat near a heavy window drapery in which, it seems, our household divinity was snugly ensconced, with a large piece of black plaster which she had extracted from her mother's drawer, and was most busily engaged in getting it ready

to cover up that great white spot on the top of the old gentleman's head. When Aunt Lou, discovered the little mischief, she was standing on tip-toe just ready to clap the plaster on the unsuspecting head. At a gesture from Aunt Lou, the old gentleman turned, when Mabel, not at all abashed, said coolly:

"'Twon't hurt; make it all nice, like the rest," and would have proceeded with her operations had not the reverend vacated his seat, not appreciating the situation, to her evident dismay and disappointment, and the intense amusement of the company.

However, since this last escapade, when the minister comes into the front door, Mabel, our mischievous baby, is ushered up the back stairs to the nursery, where she remains in watchful charge till his departure.

CHAPTER II.

PEARL WAVERING.

What a glorious morning it was! It had rained steadily the day before, until just at night it turned suddenly cold and began to snow furiously. But Friday morning the joyous sun came out, sending its bright beams striking along the world, and every tree and bush and fence gleamed with wondrous beauty as they shot forth gay prismatic hues from their ice clad surfaces; and the great icicles glittered like diamond pendants from every branch and beam, while the snow crystals, wove by pencil fingers into fairy forms of surpassing grace, clung in pearl-like clusters to the sparkling ice. The snow-drifts were like small mountains robed in shining crust and here and there a bit of loose fleece fluttered about, blown like a feather whither the wind might list, and the fair little City of Clairville gleamed like a mid-night star among the purple and snow-crowned hills, Rock River, that winds its silver stream around the northern part of the city, was frozen over and boys were already working briskly to clear away the snow, to have a good place for skating, and the ice cutters were also busy as they made ready to cut those great cakes as pure as melting steel. As little Pearl Wavering put aside the dining room curtain and peeped out into the

frosty street, she clapped her hands excitedly and exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, see, there are little fires burning all over the trees! and look how the little flames dance and play!" Pearl's cheeks, ever rivals of the roses, grew brighter still, and her great surprised blue eyes opened wider and wider as she gazed with intense admiration out into the beauty of the morning. Mrs. Wavering came to the window, and put her arm around her daughter as she said: "It is only the light of the sun reflected from the ice, darling." But Pearl shook her golden curls vigorously. "No, no! mamma, look! the little flames are red and green and purple and gold and blue, like the tiny wax candles all over a Christmas tree! and see the popcorn strings all over! I know, I know, these are God's Christmas trees!" Mrs. Wavering smiled looking down into the happy little face so dimpled with glee. "That is the snow clinging to the branches; but yes, you are right dear; these are God's Christmas trees; but it is now time for my little Pearl to scamper away to school." So the snug red hood and mittens, and warm brown waterproof were brought out, and Pearl well bundled up, kissed mamma, and trudged merrily off with her shining dinner pail on her arm.

On her way she was joined by other children; and gayly they plunged together into the snow and climbed over the great drifts. What cared they for the snow with their leggins and rubbers. On they went, laughing, tumbling, running, sliding, and naming the highest drifts as they went. There was Libbie Mountain and Pearl's Peak, and Martin's Valley, and Mount Tom, and Anna's Peak, and one drift, the largest of all, they honored with

the name of "King." They stopped on the pond just in front of the schoolhouse gate to slide and skate, awhile, and when at last the bell rang and they reached the pleasant school-room with their happy faces all aglow, they were a sight to gladden the heart of any teacher, and kind Mrs. Craig felt that a wealth of sunshine flooded her heart as they entered the door. Mrs. Craig was such a wee little woman with dark hair and staring brown eyes and the sweetest of smiles. The children all loved her, as she was such a motherly little soul.

This was the last day of school, but there were but few visitors to the examinations, as it was so very cold few cared to leave home, but the children all did nicely. About noon it began snowing again, but most of them had their dinners, and a merry time they had of it.

The schoolhouse was a large building, three stories above the basement, built of red brick with trimmings of the whitest, purest Michigan sandstone, and away down in the basement, where the great furnaces for heating the whole were placed, was a large room extending under half the school, with walls of bright red brick, and long benches all around the outside of the room, and it was here the happy children used to gather on days when it was too unpleasant to go out of doors, and have what they called a "winter picnic," for oftentimes they would all put their dinners together on the great long table, for some of the older girls, from up-stairs, knew where in a certain mysterious cupboard they could find a large tablecloth that the janitor always kept clean and ready for these occasions, and they would take charge sometimes, using the dinner pail covers for plates and setting it all

out so nicely that the little people used to imagine that they were all one great family.

So it was that when the announcement was made on this Friday none looked very sorry, because they were to eat dinner in the "children's dining room." How cheerful they all looked together! There were all sizes from number one to number ten, and after a gay dinner, made delicious by sunny smiles and ringing laughter they all joined in a game of the "Needle's Eye That Doth Supply," the older ones looking on. After they were tired of this they changed to "King William" and Pearl caused considerable merriment by asking one of the older girls if King William ran on the race course over at the fair ground. Most of the scholars laughed, and Pearl pouted her little red lips, so Minnie King tried to explain to her, but she insisted that she believed she saw him, "for there was a big man all dressed in purple and gold, and he wore a star." A short time, and then the great bell in the tower sounded one, two, three, and quickly and quietly they all fell into line and marched away to their separate rooms.

It was storming fearfully outside. The snow came down in great masses, softly and silently, and the wind tossed it and whirled it and flung it in great banks against the roadside; it had grown very cold, and the raging wind whistled wildly about the corners of the houses and beat back the advancing traveler. The pupils wondered how they were all to get safely home, but the closing exercises, dialogues and singing soon took up their attention, and they forgot all about the weather outside until Mrs. Craig wished them all a happy vaca-

tion, and the great bell in the hall sounded again for dismissal. Then the monitors brought in their cloaks and hoods that each might wrap up in the warm room, after which they marched all in perfect order to the gate. There were sleighs waiting for many of them.

"Where is Pearl?" said Annie Leighton, as she jumped into their sleigh, she will go with us, papa. But she was not to be seen. "I saw her, I'm pretty sure," cried Tom Frazier, "getting in with the Warners." "Oh, all right then," said Annie, and they drove off. The few bob-sleighs were soon filled, and in a few moments no one was left, but the snow came down faster and faster. Very soon a little figure came down the great stone steps, and seeing the last sleigh disappearing around the corner, she cried, "Wait, wait for me!" but no one heard. It was Pearl. She had gone into the basement without saying a word to anyone, to hunt for her dinner pail which she had forgotten at noon, and now here she was left all alone. At first she thought she would go back to the school house and wait until some one came for her, and then she thought how soon it would be dark, and if no one should come she would be afraid. She did not think of the janitor's house, but looked out over the great drifts despairingly, and said to herself: "It's seven blocks around and only five down the alley, and I can't see the sidewalk anyway, so I'll go down here." And brave little maiden that she was, she started down the alley in the blinding snow.

Poor Pearl! how small she looked with scarcely more than her red hood visible through the storm, and how much of her frail strength every step required, how

long every block seemed, and the wind was so unmerciful. Again, and again, before she reached the second block, she was obliged to stop and breathe. Strange that no one saw the little wanderer; but it was such a fearful storm and few were out. Then at the beginning of the third block the wind whisked her tiny dinner pail out of her hand, and played havoc with the little red hood. The cover of the pail rolled away back over the snow, and unfortunate Pearl with her little red lips quivering faster and faster toiled back after it, for some way she felt a strange tenderness in her loneliness for everything belonging to her, and then with half-frozen fingers she tried in vain to right the pretty snow-spotted hood, and then on, with a sense of weariness, making slow progress, until she fell to dreaming, and wondered if the trees in Heaven were as beautiful as those she had seen in the morning, and she remembered that her mamma said it was only ice and snow, and then she wondered if this ice and snow was like that and if the little fires were burning yet? And, if so, wouldn't they keep her warm; and then, she was just at the end of the fourth block—she sat down, and the snow covered her around, and folded her about, and tended her gently as with angel hands. An hour passed by. Suddenly the wind went down, the snow ceased, and the great quiet stars came out and gazed serenely down upon the earth robed in its mantle of purity. But the River was not gay to-night with the mirth of the skaters, while up in the village was heard an anguished cry: "A child lost! Pearl Wavering's lost." Vainly they searched the street all the way to the schoolhouse, and also several adjoin-

ing streets into which it was thought she might have wandered in the darkness, until at length Tom Frazier, who was half wild thinking he had been partly the cause of her being left, exclaimed: "Perhaps she went down the alley. We have often "cut the way short." Then there was a rush for the alley, and there in the silence of the evening they found her, buried in the soft snow just in sight of home, and tenderly they raised the little form and bore it to the house; and after hours of anxious waiting, the great blue eyes slowly unclosed and the pale lips murmured: "Mamma, there were little fires and they kept me warm," and then they closed again and Pearl slept. "Safe, thank God!" they said, but the roses that bloomed on her cheeks were snow, and never again did the tiny feet battle with the storm, for henceforth Pearl Wavering, the pet of Clairville, was a cripple.

CHAPTER III.

PEARL WAVERING'S CHRISTMAS.

There had been great preparations for a month past in the Clairville Congregational Sunday School. Christmas was approaching, and many were the surprises and good things planned for the happy occasion, so that the eager children could scarcely await the day so busy were they with their glad expectations. And yet, as they gathered in their cozy Sunday School rooms on the bright Sabbath afternoon before Christmas, a sudden hush fell upon them, and sorrowful were the thoughts turned to little Pearl, whose vacant seat was most conspicuous, and whose bright face was sadly missed. But then and there, with the connivance of the good pastor and superintendent, they formed a conspiracy to chase away the shadows, and help give to Pearl and to themselves a Merry Christmas.

Judge Wavering's mansion, just at the end of Pleasant Street, was built of stone, with wide, old-fashioned porches and Venetian windows opening like doors. It was a very hospitable looking old house, and appeared all over to be saying "Come in." For the present the large south bedroom was given up to Pearl. It opened with great, folding doors into the library, so that from the bed she could gaze upon the long rows of

books in their brilliant covers of red and green, and gold and blue and brown, and with what awe she regarded, those immense leather bound volumes of Law, over which her father spent so many hours, for some way she thought they constituted the whole government of the Universe! It was not yet a week since little Pearl was brought home half-frozen, but how long, in spite of the tender care she received, the time seemed. It was the Eve before Christmas, and for some strange reason the great doors had been closed all day. Pearl was very lonely, for she loved to watch her papa at his writing, and after she had her supper, and papa and mamma went down stairs to have theirs, she lay looking up at a great picture opposite. It was an exquisite landscape, having at the right a ruined tower, with delicate mosses and vines clinging to its time-stained surface. In the background were the grand purple and snow crowned mountains and blue sky, while in front was a silvery pond in which stood a pretty brown and white cow. Pearl used to feel great sympathy for this meek-looking bossy, and wondered if the poor cow was as tired of standing there in the water as she was of lying in bed. And so wondering, she fell asleep, and did not awake until Christmas morning dawned, as bright and beautiful as the day ought to be which welcomed Christ, and brought "Peace on earth, good will to men."

But Pearl could scarcely smile when the usual greeting of "Merry Christmas" was given. It seemed to her that she never could be happy again. But there were beautiful cards and mottoes from Mrs. Craig, and books from papa and Will, and dolls and pretty toys from mamma,

everyone tried to make the day as gay as possible. Her cousins, Annie and Libbie Leighton, came over and Mrs. Wavering said, that leaving out all the trouble, the Christmas dinner should be set out in Pearl's room, and so the large dining room table was brought up-stairs, and the servants laid it with snowy cloth and delicious viands, until Pearl really grew ashamed and thought how much she had to be thankful for, and how much worse it would have been if she had been poor. After dinner it seemed a very little while until the evening shades began to gather around and they heard mysterious sounds from the Library. Pearl teased in vain to have the doors opened so that Annie could play on the grand piano, but suddenly, as they were sitting in the twilight, a great chorus of voices broke upon their ears in the swelling joyful strain: "Jesus is Born, Christ is the Lord," and then the great doors swung open, and a blaze of light from hundreds of wax candles flooded all the room and there appeared before the eyes of the astonished and delighted Pearl a beautiful Christmas tree, adorned with shining and costly gifts, and surrounding it were hosts of lovely children whom Pearl first imagined to be angels, but soon recognized to be her own Sunday School friends and schoolmates. Happy Pearl! she could only clasp her little hands oh! so tightly, and listen with rapture to that glorious anthem. Just after, the minister stepped forward and greeted her, and her little friends gathered around her with a Merry Christmas from all, she noticed a crimson curtain over a little stage, and wondered what there was behind it, when a little bell rang, and a young man stepped forward, and said, they had arranged to

show the children the contents of a picture gallery, and announced the first picture to be, "Beatrice," and the curtain was drawn aside displaying a magnificent golden frame, and there sure enough, was "Beatrice" as you have often seen her in pictures, with her great dark eyes and her robe and turban so gracefully arranged, only she was very life-like, and if you had not heard Tommy Frazier's exclamation: "Why, that's Minnie King, sure's I live!" you might really have thought the picture was hanging on the wall. Then the curtain was drawn again, and the little people clapped and chatted merrily. Pearl was enjoying it all hugely, yet once in a while the thought would steal in of that terrible night out in the storm, and a sense of loneliness crept over her, even amid all this light and beauty. Several times she sent her father to see if any one was standing outside, and when he found a poor little paper boy and brought him in she was very glad and forgot her sorrow, growing very joyful again. "Our Treasures" were shown; a lovely group of four children, with arms intertwining, and looking so fresh and loving.

After "Queen Elizabeth" and "Miles Standish's Courtship" and many other pictures had been shown, they sang their sweet Sunday School hymns, and then a veritable Santa Claus, in furs and bells, came down the chimney and stripped the splendid tree of its gifts, while the little shrieks of joy and laughter told how many a heart rejoiced. But Pearl's gifts were so different from other years. There used to be sleds and furs, and hoods and cloaks, but now instead, there was a beautiful invalid's chair, and books and pictures. She knew it meant that

she was never to run and play any more, and looking around she saw widow Greer's little daughter, who had no presents but a little cup and saucer given by her Sunday School teacher, and then she called her mamma and said: "Mamma, please let me give my cloak and hat to little Lucy Greer. I shall never need them, and see, she has nothing but a thin old shawl." The tears filled Mrs. Wavering's eyes, but she only bent and kissed the little one and went away, and soon Santa Claus called out: "Here's a bouncing cloak for Lucy Greer, and I declare, here's a hat too," and if you could have seen Pearl's face as she noticed the surprise and joy of little Lucy, it would have done your heart good. She whispered to Libbie Leighton: "I believe I can do some good if I am a cripple. I can give what I would have spent for clothes to the poor." "It was so kind of you, Pearl. Look! the presents are almost gone, and they are going to give us the candy and nuts, and pop-corn. And so there was a merry scramble after the candy-bags and pop-corn strings, when Tommy Frazier holding on to Santa Claus' great fur coat exclaimed: "Oh! it's Mr. Drew, the minister, and then there was great confusion, everyone talking at once. Of course the older ones had known all the time, but some of the little children had been rather shy of the fur-clad stranger, but now they all crowded around him with a siege of questions such as "Wasn't it rather hot up in the chimney?" "How did you get away from us and come down there?"

But careful people began to see that little Pearl was getting very tired, so Santa Claus took off his coat, and turned into a sensible man again, although I doubt if half

so acceptable to the children. Then they all sang the hymn "The Light of the World is Jesus," as only sweet young voices can sing, and one by one they left the Judge's mansion, until at last all the "goodnights" were said, and the brilliant lights were extinguished. Annie and Libbie Leighton were the last to leave. "Have you not had the loveliest time, Pearl?" said Annie. "Oh! yes, it was all like a lovely dream, I wonder if the angels can sing any sweeter than *they* did when they opened the doors. O, Annie! I thought it was Heaven." Then they, too, said goodnight, and Mrs. Wavering leaning over the tiny pillow, talked a long time with her darling, until the tiny voice could babble its joys no longer, and the bright eyes closed. So Pearl had a Merry Christmas after all.

CHAPTER IV.

LEGEND OF THE ELDRIED HOUSE.

Wander out through the smiling suburbs of Loftus, and in the northwestern quarter you will find yourself surrounded by the blooming flowers and fruitful gardens of Germantown, a quiet antiquated settlement where the faces you meet and the home-like air of rest invite to linger. This is the enchanted spot chosen by a thrifty, sturdy race of Germans who have sought their fortunes far from their fatherland, and have built up their pleasant homes and cultivated their soil till it teems with fruitage.

But there is one house, almost buried beneath the clinging roses and grapevines, small and square, built of stone, and the oddest little windows, sixteen paned, and sliding back into the sides away out of sight. Tall old-fashioned hollyhocks, marigolds and poppies with their wealth of warm rich color, stand like a line of trusty soldiers along the garden fence. There is a desolate look about the place as though the ancient garden had grown to weeds, and the careful hand of yore had grown feeble, and when the wide low door opens and a kindly wrinkled face beneath a crown of snowy hair, smiles upon you, and a sweet tremulous voice bids you welcome, as you enter the shady parlor with its low ceiling and walls painted a

deep dark blue, you feel that you have stepped back into a bygone age. But surely this strange old place has a story, and good old Alinna will tell it too, as she pushes back her silver locks, and folds more tightly about her breast the shawl of ancient plaid.

The fabled Rhine as it rolls along in quiet majesty washes the precipitous sides of a lofty rock; surmounted by an ancient castle, now little more than a mass of stone and weeds, but then in its balmy days, with wonderful ivies clinging to its massive columns, roses climbing up to peep in my lady's bower, and quaint, blue blossoms peeping through the dark moss that veiled the old north tower, still fit for man's dwelling, beautiful in its age and soon to be numbered with the countless ruins of the Rhine.

Here the aged Baron Von Eldried dwelt in haughty seclusion, with his two beautiful daughters, Elda and Una. Men whispered that the old Baron's fortune was failing, and that his pride would not allow him to mingle with the world which he had formerly entertained with unwonted magnificence, but the younger ones said that he guarded his fascinating daughters with jealous care from the snares of fortune seekers. But the facts remained the same, and access to the castle could be gained by few. A strange looking man perhaps young, perhaps old, (for his was one of those faces which ages prematurely) used to haunt the river below the castle in a tiny skiff, and at hours of silence and slumber, anchoring near the moat, stole softly up the garden lawn, swung himself up lightly by the swinging ivy vines, and at the ledge of my lady's window hidden by the wealth of dark leaves,

would gaze in for hours upon the lovely sleepers, quiet and harmless. If any one saw him, he would instantly disappear, and his skiff would glide rapidly down the river, nor did any efforts avail to discover his identity or his whereabouts.

One night Una awoke to see in the moonlight a strange form by her bedside gazing with intentness upon the pale face of the sleeping sister Elda. The face did not seem to her to be one to be feared, and the lips were half smiling, but the face was ghastly white, and the form weak and emaciated. Turning, he beheld the eyes of Una bent full upon him, and swift and silent in a moment was gone. Una felt as if chained. She was powerless to scream, but in a few moments regained her control, and aroused the whole household with her shrieks. From that night the sisters slept with barred windows, but strange as it seemed, the Baron made no search for the ruthless stranger.

Una, the elder sister was a woman to be either loved or hated. Her hair was wound in loose coils dark and shining, her eyes of that rich brown which with their sparkle and glow seemed to penetrate your very soul, eyes that could open oh! so wide in sweet surprise, or droop languidly in tender mood, flash in haughty indignation, gaze in scorching scorn, or calmly, coldly, and unfalteringly look upon the agonies of all mankind without a tear of pity; her forehead was high and broad, like a marble tablet upon which her virtues might be written, and almost transparent in its whiteness, the lower part of her face small, and her lips stern set and hard, except when parted in a smile which cast a mild, sweet radiance

like the rainbow tossed across a cloudy sky, over her features. Was she beautiful? If you could loose sight of the policy in every movement of the great brown eyes, every toss of the shapely head, every shadow of a smile, and every movement of the delicate hands. Yes. She was faultless in attire, and what won for her friends without number, she never spoke ill of anyone, nor spoke an unkind word. She assumed a wonderful humility and won the praises of men without ever appearing to desire them. When the handsome young rector came to take charge of the chapel, she immediately became very religious. It was her humility alone that kept her from the altar. When the stately German professor came to give her lessons, she grew immediately classical, although her spare moments were given to reading novels. But all this beneath a smile so sweet, and a face so sunny, a tone so lofty and above reproach, a word of sympathy for everyone, that artlessness seemed the very element of a nature that was at heart cold and calculating.

But Elda, thoughtless impulsive Elda. Curls of the richest auburn fell to her waist rippling, and waving and wayward; grey eyes, calm and quiet in repose, but warming and kindling into fire when excited, eyes that grew soft and moist with frequent tears; a Roman nose, and lips sweet and quivering, with a voice sweet as the tinkling of bells. Fond of riding, boating, painting, music and literature, and full of the enthusiasm and freshness of youth. Her blooming complexion gave evidence of her healthy exercises.

One evening shortly after the scene noted above, Elda stole softly from the house down into the castle

garden with light satins and laces floating about her in fleecy folds. She passed by the fountain, and by moonlight brightly lighting up the waters, gazed sadly and pensively, into their shining depths. As she stood thus lost in silent reverie, a hand was suddenly laid upon her shoulder, and turning quickly she beheld the same strange man who had sought so often this castle garden. She would have turned from him, but a pleading look in his eyes detained her. Gathering her shawl more closely about her, she was about to speak when he interrupted her: "Stay, lady, I beseech thee; I would a word with thee." Half frightened she stepped back, but made him no answer. "Fear not, nor have a thought of harm. 'Tis with far other thought I seek thee. There is one Harold—ah! you start. Thou wouldst have news of him?"

"Aye! would I not? Good stranger, speak! Say what thou knowest of him!"

"And would you then for his sake come over to the lonely island in the river to the tower where Harold, sick and wounded lies?"

Elda shuddered. The stranger was so pale and agitated, and his eyes gleamed wildly from beneath the folds of a thick cloak thrown over his head and shoulders. She glanced toward the castle. All was still. The moonbeams played softly with the dusky ivies, and threw strange figures on the soft grass. And what if Harold were sick and wounded, and alone, and disinherited, should she go to him? But she thought of her father's curse; when two years before he turned her cousin adrift, and of the words he spoke when once the impulsive Elda took his part: "If you ever breathe his name again,

mind ye, girl, his fate is yours." And then the fears crept in, "what if this man be false and would lure me thus to destruction;" and yet she loved Harold with all the love of which her proud nature was capable. Silently the stranger with a curl on his lips awaited her reply. Was there pity there or love? It came: "The Baron, my father, needs me to-night," and she was gone like a shadow.

Sick at heart the stranger was turning away with a sigh and murmured low. "So they will leave him to die alone; poor Harold." Suddenly there was a rustle in the bushes, a flutter of silk and lace, and Elda, with rippling waves of hair streaming over her shapely shoulders caught his arm wildly. "Tell me, tell me sir, is Harold near? Is he sick and dying?" Involuntarily the stranger grasped the small hand upon his arm, and a tender light came into his eyes as he looked at the sweet face so white, and sad, and frightened.

"Yes, fair lady, and Heaven help him if he finds no pity here."

Did Elda hesitate? She disappeared, and returning in a minute enveloped in the folds of a heavy shawl, and with a small basket upon her arm, exclaimed: "Row me quickly to the tower; my father, the Baron, returns at eleven; it is now eight."

"God bless you; you may be the means of saving your cousin's life."

When he handed her into the tiny skiff, she sank down white and still. Strange fears came over her. This lonely tower had been for years a mystery. Its owner, a strange white-haired old man was said to live

there all alone without servants or friends, and it was whispered that strange forms were seen flitting about in the moonlight from window to window, that the ghosts of other days haunted the aged occupant. Then to be alone with that mysterious man who had so often climbed at midnight to her window, and wandered of nights about the castle garden! Why was it that no one followed him, why that he always disappeared so near the island, and no one ever went to seek him there? Was he the strange occupant so unearthly of that ancient mass of stone? But he's not old, nor is his hair white, nor his form bent and aged. And Harold, was he waiting all alone for them to come, in that damp unearthly place? With this her courage returned, and she became aware that the stranger was eyeing her intently. She raised her eyes and ventured timidly.

"Has Harold been long upon this island?"

"For three months, fraulien."

"For three months! and did the Baron know of this? and is that why?" And then she paused abruptly. She was about to add: "is that why the Baron instituted no search. Was he afraid of his nephew's vengeance?" when she suddenly remembered that she was talking to the object of that search.

He saw her evident embarrassment and said; "And so perhaps, fraulien Elda, you have wondered why so often at night I sought your garden wall? In vain I have tried until to-night to speak a word with you. The Baron, though doing me no harm, saw to it well, that I gained not audience with his fair daughters."

"And Harold, has he mourned for us? and we so

near?"

"But I hope a sight of you will cheer him; methinks it might restore a dying man." In the moonlight Elda's blushes died away unseen. What a wondrously sweet voice the stranger had, and how white and shapely the hands that grasped the oars, and the dark eyes, how soft and brilliant.

As they neared the island, and the dark grey tower loomed up in the midst of the giant trees, her curiosity was again aroused. "And the white-haired man" she said softly "who lives here alone, and the strange stories that are told of the old tower, are they true?" as she glanced with awe up at the storm-beaten battlements, and noted a feeble light gleaming from one high casement.

The stranger smiled a scornful smile. "Yes, it is true that an aged Parisienne, who owns this retired but lovely spot, spends about four months of the year away from his city luxury rustivating in this quiet rookery with few companions but books and bats, glad to leave for a while the bustle and broil of the metropolis, but he is altogether a jolly old fellow, not at all the wild-looking, melancholy apparition which the neighbors about have conjured up in their disordered fancies. But he altogether enjoys the mystery with which the country folk enshroud him, for did they but know who revels in that quiet retreat, its silence would be too often invaded.

Ripple after ripple of laughter broke from Elda's rosy lips, and echoed over the waters, and brought an eager look into the eyes of a worn, emaciated form lying upon a gorgeous velvet couch in the east wing of the

tower. "It is Elda's voice. Glenn has found her, and she has come!" and Colonel Clavier re-arranged Harold's pillows, and smoothed his rumpled clothes. "But Harold, if the Baron discovers?"

"Never mind the Baron! Colonel, you know my father's will. If I marry Elda, the castle's mine!"

But steps were heard upon the broad stairs, and in a moment the oaken door swung open, and Elda, unmindful of the Colonel's presence flung herself upon her knees by Harold's bedside, while her head sank upon his bosom; and her vagrant curls floated over the silken coverings of the couch, as his wild kisses fell upon her brow and cheeks. "Oh cousin! sweet cousin, how long these two years have been! Thank God you are come." And Harold clasped her hand more closely in his own, but not forgetting his friends he raised his fair cousin, who could scarcely speak between her sobs, and could only murmur, "Harold! Harold!" and presented her to his commanding officer, Colonel Clavier, and his artist friend, Glenn Manfred.

We have already heard the story of Colonel Clavier, and Glenn Manfred was an American artist of considerable fame, but small resources, who, while sojourning in Paris, had made the acquaintance of Colonel Clavier and Harold Eldried and had accompanied these two to the quiet retreat of the Colonel to do a little sketching, while Harold recruited his feeble strength with being near his childhood's home, and the Colonel enjoyed his accustomed rest. The Colonel and Glenn left the cousins alone and retiring to another room, the Colonel spoke first. "Wonderfully fine girl that. Too bad for the

Baron to keep her so secluded. But Harold will arrange matters for him."

"What do you mean?" said Glenn, who had looked on the meeting of the cousins with not a little jealousy, for some way this bright little queen of the Rhine had made a wonderful impression upon his artist heart, while he had been reconnoitering the castle gardens for Harold, and although it was rapture to have her so near, he half wished Una had come instead.

"Do you not know then about the Baron's estate?"

"No," said Glenn.

"Harold, makes me his confidant about most things, and entrusted me with this mission to his cousins, but he has never mentioned his uncle."

"The story of the old castle then you have never heard. Baron von Eldried, father of Harold, and brother of the present Baron was the schoolmate whom I loved best, when we were both sent to school at Berlin, and after he was married and came to reside at the castle—his property by marriage—his son Harold was born, who was his father's idol. His brother, Elda's father, was then in Paris, but when after his marriage he came to visit at the castle with his wife and daughters, he and his brother made an agreement that in case of the death of either, the one left should inherit the property of the other, and keep it so that in case of the marriage of Harold with one of the Baron's daughters the property should descend to Harold, the rightful heir, and still be the property of the Baron's daughters. In course of time Harold's father died and the property went to the present Baron, with whom Harold and his widowed mother went to live. The

mother dying soon after, Harold enjoyed his aunt's tender care, but she too suddenly died, and the three cousins were left alone under the Baron's care. And a kind guardian he proved until, a fear seemed to come upon him that in his old age, he would be left penniless and alone by this talk of marriage, and Harold as he grew older grew more headstrong and reckless. In vain his uncle remonstrated, and at last sent him away to school but he only grew worse, and contracted debts which cost his uncle considerable perplexity and money. Harold being ungrateful and stubborn his uncle at last thinking to end at once the difficulty, and check forever the affection springing up between his daughters and their unworthy cousin, drove him from his door, and forbade that he should again cross his threshold. All this time the cousins were ignorant of the strange will that had been made, and Harold, thinking himself a beggar, fled to Paris, and joined the 10th Huzzars of which I was then in command. Thus thrown upon his own resources he grew steadier, but his health began to fail and he longed for the home whose shelter he had forfeited. It was while lying ill at a wayside inn that he encountered Colonel Holt, who was his father's lawyer, and who, after hearing Harold's story, at once informed him of the terms of the will, whereupon Harold, determined that he would come hither with me, and seek if possible to gain an interview with his cousin Elda, whom he dearly loved, and tell her of the terms of the will. Knowing her impulsive nature, he had not the least doubt of her consent. He would beseech her to become his wife, and thus fulfil the terms of the will. This interview, my friend,

you have kindly brought about, and it is well. He would have lived but a few weeks I think, had not his hopes been realized."

"As the Colonel paused Glenn Manfred's face was a study. Harold was his friend, but was that reckless handsome, stern man, whom he so much admired, any match for this tender-hearted maiden whom he would make his wife. Glenn shuddered. Would she marry him out of pity? She was all merciful. Would she forget her aged father? True he had been severe and unjust, but had not Harold deserved it? And then, Una, loved him? Would she brave her sister's displeasure? But the clock in the hall chimed ten, and Glenn sprang to his feet for the Baron would be home at eleven, and e'er that Elda must be safe within the castle walls, so the Colonel hastily entered the room where the two cousins were engaged in eager converse, but it seemed to Glenn as Elda rose, and drew her shawl about her that something of her happiness was gone, and though she smiled and kissed her cousin lovingly; as she bade him take care of himself and grow well and strong again, when Harold called to her at the door, "Remember, sweet cousin, a week from to-night you give your decision, and let it be favorable, oh! mine own," he thought the laugh and careless "yes" were not spoken without hesitation. When they reached the skiff Elda spoke never a word but sat still and quiet until they reached the castle, and then, as she looked up to him and said softly, "come for me a week from to-night," he saw there were tears in her eyes. "I will be here," he said, and was gone.

As Elda was about to ascend the steps into the castle hall-way Una sprang towards her: "For Heaven's sake, Elda, where have you been? Father has been home this hour, and asking where you were. I supposed you had gone to Harold, but told him you had gone down to the lodge to see dame Vale who is very ill, but I was in a perfect fright because it was growing late, and he said he would walk down to the lodge to come up with you. Here she is papa, so you won't have to go after her." "Foolish child, where will not your kind heart take you next? And how is the good old dame?"

"Better," Elda managed to gasp, half fainting as she was.

"And you—you had better off to bed, puss, or we'll have you under the weather next."

Elda was only too glad to escape so easily, but half shuddered as the Baron bent his head for her accustomed kiss. She had never deceived him before.

When the two girls reached their room, Elda flung herself down upon the velvet tapestry, and remained many minutes silent, while Una unbraided her raven locks, and awaited her sister's story. At length, with a gesture Elda summoned Una to her side and told her all, all but about the will. As Una listened to Elda's story of Harold's declarations of love, she was almost maddened. Why did not she go? Harold love her, love Elda? It could not, should not be. Una held her breath when Elda repeated Harold's words: "A week from to-night you will bring me your decision."

"Elda, Elda, remember our father's warning."

"I do remember, Una, but that is not all, I know

too that Harold is alone sick, and that he has been cruelly wronged.

Little did Elda dream of the heart-ache her every word caused to Una, whose heart was beating so wildly for him whom she loved yet dared not cherish. "And yet, and yet—" murmured Elda, and sank upon her breast.

Should she tell Una of the strange will? She did. Many were the shades of expression that flitted over Una's face as she listened. And what of herself if Elda accepted Harold's terms? She would be a beggar. No, no, Elda would not accept them. So there they sat until the gray dawn of morning crept in at the windows, and outlined the dark circles of grief and care on two faces young and fair. But Una's heart was at rest. Elda was true to her father. A week passed away. It was a day that might have noted mighty deeds, so bleak blew the winds around the castle turrets. All day Elda had kept apart from the rest of the family, alone and lonely. A strange conflict was raging in her heart. She knew Harold's anger when he found her decision. She almost wished that she could marry him for his sake. She was standing in the arbor, pale and with eyes and cheeks flaming when Una sought her there: "Una," she said abruptly, "I am going to Harold to-night—" So this is why she had avoided her all day. Una did not wait to hear more, but turning with bursting heart fled away, fled up into the castle turret, and there gave away to her pent-up feelings.

Well had it been for her, well had it been in all the after years if she had waited to hear the end. Vainly

did Elda seek to find her, but the hour approached when she had promised to meet Glenn Manfred at the cliff. Watching with strained eyes, and face pressed closely against the pane, Una saw the white-winged skiff come gliding over the waters, and maddened at the sight, feeling that Harold was lost to her forever, she rushed down the stairs, and into the Library where the old Baron sat lost in deep musings, and with agonized voice exclaimed: "See, proud Baron! where on the white-cliff your lady daughter flies from her father's house to-night to her lover on yonder island!"

For a moment dumbfounded by the girl's seeming wildness, but recovering himself he dashed by Una, who now would give all the world had she not uttered those words.

Glenn was just pushing off from the cliff, with Elda sitting pale and excited beside him, when suddenly upon their terrified ears fell the voice of the Baron: "Elda, daughter of the house of Eldried! henceforth make your home with your lover, go and return not." Clear, stern and pitiless, rang out the sharp tones, and Elda crouched and shivered and clasped in vain her small white hands.

"Heaven help you, Elda," murmured Glenn.

She answered him not. Cold, still and motionless she sat. He tried to rouse her, but his efforts were of no avail: Like a marble statue sat she there. They neared the island, and Glenn longed for the landing. Harold should rouse her, he said, but as they touched the shore, Elda started with a cry: "No, for God's sake no, not there!" Half-frightened, not knowing what to do, Glenn pushed out again from the

shore. At last the flood-gates of sorrow were opened, and Elda's tears fell in torrents. Glenn tried to soothe her, and begged her to be calm, and to allow him to take her to Harold. Wild was the conflict within her breast. She did not love Harold. She had come to tell him that she could not be his wife, and now, what other path lay open. At length Glenn wrung from her the agonizing words. "No! no! I do not love him, I can not go there, I had come to tell him, No."

A strange light came into Glenn Manfred's eyes as he leaned forward, and said quietly with voice in which emotion was hardly repressed; "Then Elda, be my wife!" It came so sudden. A calm fell upon her like the noon-tide heat; she raised her eyes and smiled; it was such a rest. She did not know before that she loved Glenn Manfred; but she knew it now, and Glenn Manfred turned away from the island and rowed down the river.

Two hours later, in the little village of Bingen they were married. The next morning Baron von Eldried who had paced the library-floor all night unceasingly, stepped out upon the broad terrace and the light breeze of the morning played with locks of snowy white, while rising sunbeams revealed a face as ashen in its pallor as the gray of the ancient marble columns. As he stood there, Una with countenance disfigured by weeping, and a look of unutterable agony stamped upon her pale features came silently to his side and stood there with a look half of pleading, half of fear. It was long before either stirred but the shades that flitted over the face of each would fill a volume. The great golden orb rose higher and higher, bathing the earth in bright beauty,

the storm-clouds gathered in the west, were arched by a bow of prismatic hues. The birds caroled rapturously, and all the face of Nature gleamed with smiles. The Church spire over in the village upreared its shining shaft above the tomb where slept the Baron's best beloved. As he gazed, and fleecy cloud-drifts circled round and round this golden shaft, they seemed to take the form of angels with forms of transcendent brightness, and the birds' songs were their songs, and they were low and sweet and pleading. And as the tide of old affections grew stronger, the Baron's face grew softer, and the hard outlines less stern. Una's eyes filled with tears, the Baron half-turned; Una put out her hand. He took it. Both understood; it meant forgiveness. With a hurried kiss the Baron was gone. He sent men to the tower to carry his message of forgiveness to Harold and Elda. They brought back word that Elda had not been there, and Glenn Manfred had not returned. For the first time the truth dawned upon Una. Elda had not intended to go to Harold.

Vainly did they send word to neighboring towns; no word could be heard of the missing ones, until at last some weeks afterward in the parish records of Bingen there was found the record of the marriage of Glenn Manfred and Elda Eldried, but nothing more. Heart-broken and conscience-stricken the Baron in hope of easing the great wrong he had done, at Una's urgent request, went himself to the tower and removed his nephew, much weakened by his disappointment and sorrow, to the castle, where nursed back to life and almost to health by the tender care of Una, he soon regained his strength, and

forgot, or at least ceased to lament the love of Elda; although to all at the castle there remained a great void, and an aching nothingness in their hearts.

The great objections opposed to Harold by the Baron being removed, the nuptials of Harold and Una were celebrated with great magnificence. Restored to his position of wealth and opulence Harold's old habits began to display themselves, and it took but a few years to reveal to Una her life's mistake. Harold Eldried was false. In a few years he had run through his property and was reduced almost to beggary. Una, worn upon by the loss of her sister and her husband's dissipation, sank into an early decline, and in a few years, the Baron found himself cast out upon the world, without a home, old, saddened and alone. With an old servant of the family and his trusty wife who were coming to America, the aged and lonely man, cast in his fortunes. Over the waters they wended their way and then traveled westward over the great continent until they reached the little city of Loftus where they had heard there were large settlements of Germans, and thought to find a quiet home.

As wandering through the streets of the village in search of a dwelling, they came upon a quaint stone cottage so like the peasant homes of Germany, that they stopped in silent wonderment. Was this home? A little girl of three summers played without the door, a picture of beauty. As they feasted their eyes upon the clinging vines and flowers reminding them so much of home, a sweet faced woman came to the door to speak to the child. The aged Baron's gaze was for a moment riveted. Both raised their eyes at the same time. "My father!"

"Elda, my daughter! may the good God be praised," and in a moment they were clasped in each others arms.

Who shall paint in words the joy of that meeting? Failing to find a suitable recompense for his art in Paris Glenn Manfred with his lovely wife had sought his native land, but far from her home she languished and faded. It became his care to surround her with those things she loved, and so he built for her this little house so like those of her native village, and planted the ancient vines, and there she cultivated the same old garden flowers she loved at home, and once more grew glad and, though never gay, happy. Spending their winters in the great city, here in summer, Elda found the rest of quiet home-duties, and memories of childhood's hours, and here it chanced that reunited father and daughter were laid to rest, the father first, and in a few years the daughter, by the tender hands of their faithful servants.

CHAPTER V.

SENATOR HURDELL'S NORTHERN CAMPAIGN.

Senator Hurdell was a smart man. From his babyhood up people had pronounced him smart. Everything had conspired to make him so. He had a form that women call "splendid;" he was tall, strong and easy with a frank handsome face, and great clear, smiling grey eyes that stole hearts by the dozen, while his own beat on as steadily as ever. Then he was rich, an item not to be ignored in Washington where a gentleman must not carry his own satchel across the street, nor black his own boots, nor brush his own coat, nor hail a carriage, nor anything else that falls within the province of the ingenious darkies that haunt the halls and stairways of the large Hotels. Then, too, he must smoke the best cigars, drink the finest wines and drive fast horses, to say nothing of the dozens of packs of calling cards of costly pattern, the tinted, perfumed regrets, the dainty invitations, the ravishing bouquets, the choice dinners given to gentlemen friends, the theatres, the clubs, and all the whirl of society's wheel.

But Senator Hurdell scarcely thought of these things. He was used to them. He glided through the mazy labyrinth of politics and fashion with a nonchalance most admirable. He could make an eloquent speech on Civil

Service Reform, distance all competitors in a stirring regatta on the Potomac, or lead the belle of the ball-room to the floor, with a grace and aptness the remark of all, and the envy of not a few. He could stroll through the Smithsonian or the Corcoran Art Gallery, criticising and admiring sufficiently to please the most fastidious. On the whole he was pretty well satisfied with himself. Of his ancestry he never cared to enquire, he supposed they must have been properly aristocratic and well to do, or else people would not have taken to him so kindly, neither would they have predicted for him so brilliant a future. His own ability he well knew was ordinary; he had been raised to his present position by the energy of others, not by his own. Of course, he was a good sort of fellow at College, the boys all liked him, thought him a "jolly boy," and thought his father's money was jollier yet; the little county at home was proud of its only son that had so great knowledge and independence, and almost before he knew it he was a Representative from the back district of Massachusetts, where he was born. So popular did he become with his party, that he was soon elected to the higher branch of the Legislature, and then his real career began. His general principles were good, and the main element that his character lacked was the foundation of self-help. He was like those wonderful microscopic organisms, bits of plastic protoplasm stretching out processes in all directions, and blindly catching at some support. But under the direction of others his best talent appeared. In Campaigns he was always one of the foremost speakers, for few could please and persuade so easily as he with his open, winning manner.

A short time before the fall elections, when he was traveling through Northern New York making stump speeches to the best of his ability, he was sent for to "take in," as the good farmer expressed it, the Furnace and Lawrence. Now the young Senator was not exactly versed in the five mile distances between Brasher Falls, Brasher Iron Works and Brasher, nor between Lawrence, North Lawrence, and Lawrenceville, and although he had some experience in Colton, and South Colton, in Potsdam. Potsdam Junction, otherwise Norwood, South Potsdam, West Potsdam, and all the other Potsdams imaginable, he was not quite well enough initiated to understand all the intricacies of St. Lawrence County. Therefore, when promising to appear at Brasher Furnace on a certain morning, and at North Lawrence the same evening, he dreamed not of all the mishaps which might occur. After delivering a rousing speech at one of the various Potsdams, otherwise Pudding Hill, he started at dead of night for Brasher Falls, where he understood he should find a carriage in waiting to convey him to the Furnace. But unfortunately he got to talking politics with an interesting individual not of his own party, who maliciously informed him that he must have been mistaken in what the farmer said for Brasher was much nearer his destination, and he was quite certain that the gentleman mentioned lived in the vicinity of the latter place. Senator Hurdell was considerably perplexed, and too trusting, he decided to go on to Brasher, and farmer Granger waited at Brasher Falls in vain. Having found out that he had been misled, he took it very philosophically, and retired to the little hotel to wait the morning

light. It was nearly nine o'clock before anyone could be found to convey him to his destination and he arrived at Brasher Iron Works, at ten, just as the foundrymen were assembling on the green. To his intense disgust he discovered that he had lost his notes. Fortunately Senator Hurdell never lost his presence of mind. He took a rapid survey of the small crowd he had to address, the dingy, unpainted houses in the neighborhood, the poor little Church at one side that looked as if it had not been entered since the days of Moses, and came to the conclusion that his fine rhetorical periods would have been in this place as effectually lost, as already was the paper upon which they were written. He therefore changed his tactics and gave them a few plain facts with a little persuasive slang thrown in by way of local seasoning. When he finished he was very doubtful whether he had gained much for the cause. There was very little stir during the hour and a half that he spoke, once in a while a little spontaneous outburst of applause, and then a relapse into Sunday silence, as unbroken as the sobriety of the St. Regis, as it swept noiselessly upon its course. The foundrymen shook hands with him mechanically, and moved away like silent spectres, while Senator Hurdell went home to dinner with Squire Colder.

The Squire was a hospitable little man, quite business-like, sharp and quick but not very talkative especially in the presence of his wife, although why this quiet, unobtrusive little woman should nonplus anyone was a conundrum the Senator could not solve. He was glad, however, when the rather formal meal was over, and he was seated in the Squire's carriage, on his way to Law-

rence. It was raining and the roads were in the most disagreeable condition. Through the dense woods they went over the rough corduroy road, bump-bump, over the washed out logs, pronouncing anything but a gentle benediction upon the man who invented such a miserable apology for keeping out of the mud, then down into a black hollow through which the team struggled splashing the carriage occupants with water and mud. But the woods were rich with ferns and homely brakes; the wintergreens with ripe red berries hid close to the earth, and blue-berries held their royal branches temptingly aloft, while pine and fir, spruce and hemlock made all the air sweet and fresh with their spicy fragrance. Strange wild growths of ivy, clusters of bright pin-cherries, and the dangerously beautiful blue Cohush brightened the way, running over the fallen trunks, and peeping out from behind them and under the shadowing brakes.

It was a lovely sight in spite of dampness but bump, bump, and the Senator nearly went out of the carriage. After that he let his philosophy of the beautiful subside, and endeavored mostly to preserve his equipoise. Only three miles of this and then they came out into the clearing, low and rough, with long stretches of charred and blackened stumps, and huge boulders, the remnants scientists say of the old glaciers. Great fires had burned and smouldered, and their tracks had marked the fields with scorching lines, till naught of use can flourish, and that terror of farmers, the audacious Canada thistle reigns supreme. Once in a while in a little spot redeemed from the wilderness, the soft sweet little buckwheat blossoms gladdened the sight, too tender, too lovely for

their meagre surroundings. A few desolate log huts, a few scattering board shanties were all the dwellings they passed, and they had been riding for two miles without seeing a habitation of any kind when they came to an odd sort of a structure partly of logs, partly of stone, with the sparsest field of corn and potatoes back of the house, and the queerest fence of stumps uprooted, and the roots all turned branching upwards. The Senator, greatly amused, was actually beginning to enjoy the novelty, when as they approached the entrance to another wood they beheld before them a great plain of water. Alas! for human calculations the creek had overflowed, the woods were impassable. Nothing could be hoped for from retreat, for the woods through which they had already passed would by this time be in exactly the same state. It was inevitable that they should turn back to the queer little house and remain there for the night, and no one could tell how much longer should the weather continue as at present. Novelty ceased to be novelty, and as they laboriously wheeled about, everything was most despicably old and black. Farmer Quirk had seen them go by, and came out with a curious grin on his wrinkled face, gruff and kindly.

"Goin' down ter the city were ye? Wall I kinde guess yer'll have ter stop erwhile, onless yer an ordinary swimmer and wader." The Squire smiled grimly, and the Senator fairly fumed.

"Ye may ez well take it just ez it comes gentlemen. Tharse no use to fightin' ther weather, and I ruther guess my Sally'll make yer kinder cumfurtable, tho' we're not much like what yer used to," with a glance at

the Senator's aristocratic face.

"Better this than the huts back there" said the Squire aside to Senator Hurdell, "and then its just so much further on our way." So the horses were fed and housed, and they sought the quaint living room, low but papered with a light cheerful paper, and an old-fashioned fireplace not at present in use, and some home-made furniture covered with chintz.

Aunt Sally was a very sober but good old lady, and much in awe of her fine visitors, but she brought them water for their hands, and insisted on sponging their coats that were considerably bespattered with mud. The outlook was discouraging, the stumps horribly suggestive, but the Senator had in his pocket a case of cigars, his usual solace, that soon banished the gloom. While he and the Squire sat in the gathering shadows enveloped in the smoke of their fragrant Havanas, and Aunt Sally was putting on her tea and setting out her humble meal, they heard a great splash accompanied by laughter and exclamations of consternation. They rushed to the door and seeing that the sounds came from near the creek, at once rightly judged that some one in the cloudy evening had driven into the water before they noticed its rise. Through the clinging mud they waded down to where horses, carriage, coachman, gentleman and daughter were most hopelessly stuck fast about half way across what was once the creek, but now gleamed wierdly like a lake of evil omen under the flashes of lightning that streaked the clouds. Finally, with considerable floundering, the horses were loosened from the carriage, the old gentleman and his daughter each

mounted one, and rode back to the farmhouse. When the mud-bedrabbled party got back to the house they were in sorry plight. But a fire was soon built in the ample fireplace, and by the mingled light of flames and an old-fashioned tallow candle they began to get acquainted. And how easy that important art is accomplished in such a spot, out of the way of the world's formalities.

Senator Hurdell had admired the face of the young lady, before she removed her gossamer, and all he could see was two eyes like twin stars, and peachey cheeks over which the dimples of merriment chased each other as she realized their ludicrous situation. But now that this was laid aside, and she sat carelessly stroking Aunt Sally's pet cat, he mentally decided that she was handsome, not of the blonde type, but tall, stately and with the softest, glossiest raven braids, and a certain proud little toss of her shapely head, and a bright flash from her splendid eyes that spoke volumes. No doubt she, too, looked the Senator over most critically, but, if so, he never knew it. When they sat down to the quiet tea, their tongues were loosened, and great was the Senator's surprise to learn that this gentleman was also a speaker expected at Lawrence. He knew others beside himself were to be present, and thought nothing more of it. The gentleman's name was Chester. It seemed to Senator Hurdell that he had heard the name before, but he could not recall in what connection. A few more words might have caused a revelation not altogether desirable, but they were not spoken.

Its not at all likely that the creek will be passable

for a week is it?" asked the Squire fidgeting about in his chair, and thinking of the business at home.

Farmer Quirk shook his head slowly "not at all sir."

"Could a man go through the woods back here on horseback do you spouse?"

"Shouldn't like to be the one to try it."

The Squire sighed. Consoling, mumbled the Senator to himself.

"How can we stay here a week?" exclaimed Miss Chester, in dismay.

"Study rural scenery" he suggested.

"Study water-power and stumps and stones," dryly soliloquised she, as her father, the Squire and Farmer Quirk fell to talking of their adventures in the South woods, and Aunt Sally cleared the table and put things to rights.

"There isn't one interesting thing around here."

Senator Hurdell stroked his moustache: "That's not kind of you."

"Oh! sir, we were speaking of scenery. Of course, I suppose you are interesting. Senators always are, aren't they?" Looking up at him with a twinkle in her eyes.

"The Senator, although smiling complaisantly, was half vexed at being made to answer so difficult a question. "Yes, dont you see why?"

"I confess my ignorance."

"Because we are always passing bills."

"They are not always the right kind, though," she replied with a laugh. He thought of a meaning afterwards, that he did not ascribe to her now.

"Farmer Quirk was right. It was just two weeks before it was possible to go on to Lawrence, and meanwhile Senator Hurdell and Margaret had been solving the problem of rural life and studying not rural scenery nor water-power, but each other, and the handsome Senator who had withstood the charms of Washington belles for years, was astonished to find himself so much interested in a young lady who had never been outside of New York. How many excuses they found to have the day partly to themselves. They gathered red-raspberries over in the field, and blue-berries just in the edge of the woods, at the imminent danger of wet feet and sore throats, pressed ferns and churned for Aunt Sally, while the Squire and Mr. Chester fished from morning until night, or talked stocks and game. As Margaret moved about in her graceful, dignified manner, the Senator found himself dreaming what a grand figure she would make in one of those splendid mansions where she might reign a queen—how radiant in the marvellous costumes and rare jewels with which he could deck her form. O bright visions! But the Senator was hopelessly involved, and what was worse, Margaret, ever frank, happy, and affectionate betrayed not the slightest expression of any warmer feeling than friendship for him. At last the evening came which Senator Hurdell half-dreaded, when it was announced that the following morning would probably be auspicious for their departure. The Squire had already gone home, and left Senator Hurdell to pursue his journey in company with Mr. Chester. As the sun went down, Senator Hurdell and Margaret stood at the edge of the little garden, she fanning herself

contentedly with a large cabbage leaf, and he standing by looking extremely sober.

"I am half sorry that we are going away to-morrow," he said.

"Are you?" with a surprised air. "I'm not. Its dreadfully poky up here.

"You have found, then, nothing romantic, nothing interesting in this quaint out-of-the-way place?" he went on.

"That's just it. It's too decidedly out-of-the-way. I like crowds, cities, places full of life."

"You would like Washington, then?"

"Oh! I think I should very much," a slight blush rising to her cheek, and then she smiled. "I hope to go there some day," she said softly.

He started. It was not like Margaret to speak so. No, she could not have meant that she expected to travel. How he had learned to love her frank, winning truthfulness. But Senator Hurdell was a little selfish withall.

The Senator was not of many words. "Margaret, I think I could be happy here forever with you." Was ever tone one half so tender, one half so sweet? Margaret kept her eyes on the waving corn for a moment, and when she raised them there was a playful, honest look of deprecation in their sunny depths.

"I am quite sure that I never could be happy up here alone with anyone," she said, "It is not in my nature to be a successful nonentity, like Aunt Sally, for instance." She ended with her light laugh and as Farmer Quirk came up, and interrupted them at this point, Senator

Hurdell scarcely knew whether he had been repulsed or not.

But as he laid his head on the humble farm-house pillows, that night, he dreamed of the morrow when he determined to know whether or not this beautiful woman was for him. The next morning during the hurry of departure, he had no chance to speak to Margaret, until they were all seated in the carriage on their way to Lawrence. It was a happy ride. The Senator recalled it often during the next winter. The good Mr. Chester seemed very much preoccupied, and he had Margaret all to himself. The ride was very short, considering how long it would have taken a week before. Before leaving Mr. Chester and his daughter at the house of their friends, he asked Margaret's permission to call later in the day.

You may come if you will, but perhaps you will not if you may," she answered with something of bantering in her tone. The Senator's reply was an eloquent glance of those great kind grey eyes, as too happy for an ordinary mortal to remain, he sprang up the steps of the little hotel, his face beaming with good humor.

The present Senator, a great friend of Senator Hurdell's, and the gentleman, in whose behalf he was now engaged, met him in the hall. The Senator was astonished at the expression of his friend's face. It was not at all what he fancied it should be considering all the difficulties he had undergone to get there.

"You're a pretty fellow, you are," was the critical and chilling greeting.

"Rather cool, considering I've been cooped up in a

shanty out here in the woods for two weeks, rather than go back on you," replied the Senator musingly, as he deposited his valise on the floor.

"Humph! that's got little to do with it. Totally made over to tother side, by this time, I reckon. That sort of business can be done in the country as well as the city."

"Why, Mort, old fellow, what do you mean? Haven't I always been true-blue?" his honest eyes opening very wide.

"Looks like it. Riding round the country with the worst enemy I've got in the State."

"What! Sanford Chester your enemy?" his good nature falling many degrees.

"Oh! that's only a trap! Don't you get too easily taken in. That man's Matthias S. Chester. That's an old trick of his, introducing himself to strangers as Sanford Chester.

"Matthias Chester, Matthias Chester, the Democratic nominee for United States Senator," and the look that came over Senator Hurdell's face was hard to analyze. "But, Mort, I—we didn't talk politics. I thought I had heard that name before somewhere." And Senator Hurdell with spirits at zero took up his valise. He said he was one of the speakers.

"Yes, by mistake both meetings were appointed for the same evening. But we'll make it hot for 'em to-night. Never mind, Hurdell!" as the Senator turned despondently away to his room, "no harm done."

"No harm done," muttered he as he mounted the stairs, "I wish I could think so." He was miserable.

He locked himself in his room, and the importunities of his friend availed not to coax him forth. Too well now he understood Margaret's "but perhaps you will not if you may." Fate is inexorable; he did not go. How could he under the circumstances?

Night came at length. The kind moon smiled lovingly on the little town. On the green at one end of the town gathered the Democrats; on the green at the other end, the Republicans, with the pretty peaceful cottages between. But Senator Hurdell, the idol of the rostrum, never spoke so poorly in his life. His self-possession had fled, he felt much like a talking machine. The words did not sound like his own. How could he speak what he had written against Margaret's father, of the principles of a man of whom he knew less than nothing as he began to think? How he now realized that all this was written before he had ever seen this man. But it would make a splendid effect, full of striking contrasts. Suddenly as he was in the midst of a rousing period, he caught sight among the few ladies on the green, under the soft moonlight and gleam of torches, of a splendid form, the haughty head erect, the flashing eyes fixed full upon him. He heard the rapturous applause that broke from the crowd and then—ah! well he never knew how he finished. It was all like a dream. But he was quite certain that he never spoke the name of Matthias Chester, nor hinted at that gentleman's existence, and he rightly judged that he had lost all he had won. The next train took Senator Hurdell to his Massachusetts home, the most humble man he had ever been,—“sick,” the papers said: “worn out by his long campaign in the North.” Poor Senator Hurdell! He knew better. A pair of eyes had done their work.

CHAPTER VI.

SENATOR HURDELL'S CAMPAIGN WON.

The Nation's capital was all aglow with morning light and beauty. The air was keen and bracing for December lent its spicy vigor to the scene, and Washington was in its element. Splendid equipages flashed along the Avenues. The Hotels new furnished and made to shine from one end to the other, were filled to overflowing, and every train brought guests in crowds. A new liveliness seized the merchants, the clerks on their way to the Departments quickened their steps, and smiled in anticipation; little groups were formed here and there, as friend greeted friend, and the benignant colored gentlemen smiled on one and all. The City awoke from its summer dreaming to the winter's whirl of State and fashion. It was the first Monday in December, the opening day of Congress. In the Senate Chamber, with the rapacious reporters eyeing him before, and the foreign ministers in their diverse grandeur good-naturedly surveying his back, between the cross-fire of the stately gentleman, and fair ladies who lent their numerous presence to the inspiring scene, sat Senator Hurdell, and in the House Chamber in like position sat Matthias Chester, for the opposition had won. The Senator was pale and worn, and looked half weary during the opening exer-

cises: He looked uneasily toward the gallery several times, and then settled back with more satisfaction than he had shown yet. The ladies, whose pet he was, were full of pity. "He just works himself to death!" exclaimed one indignantly.

But pretty soon they had something else to talk about; something even more interesting than the bills introduced. When a new Senator or Representative comes to Washington there is always great excitement among the ladies. Is he married, how does he look, has he a family, is he rich, where will he live; these are only a few of the questions asked about that fortunate or unfortunate individual. If it is known there is a young lady in the family, they are especially interested. Therefore when Margaret Chester entered the gallery, of the Senate Chamber with the wife of a prominent Justice, a murmur, quickly replaced by a quizzical stare, ran around the circle. Margaret was not accustomed to crowds, but she loved them as she had said: she was not acquainted with State etiquette, but she was delightfully natural, and so beautiful that few cared to criticise. Senator Hurdell was painfully conscious of her presence. If she had only stayed away until tomorrow. To-day he wished to introduce one of his pet hobbies in which ladies were not particularly interested. It was so very unpleasant. He had always been without an enemy, and now what else could Matthias Chester be, and of course attentions to his daughter were out of the question. After introducing his bill he welcomed a summons to the ante-room, as a relief. In a few days Margaret Chester was the belle of Washington. Senator

Hurdell met her at social gatherings. She was very polite to him as she might be to her valet, and he studiously avoided her. For awhile the Senator was exceedingly down-hearted, and then there came a change. People remarked that the Senator was himself again. He was in fact in a state of desperation. If he had lost her, who was most the loser. Was not he the handsomest, the wealthiest man in Washington? Back again came the old gay, happy mood; back again came the lion of Washington, but his growl had an undertone of ill omen.

One of the great questions of the day was under discussion. One of the great party principles was at stake. Matthias Chester in the House determined it should go, and Senator Hurdell in the Senate determined it should stay. Speech after speech in the House told with force, and it passed with an overwhelming majority; then it went to the Senate. Finally Senator Hurdell arose. His words were of electric brilliancy, brief, smiting straight to the point, and the Senate rejected the bill in toto. The Senator was elated, he could see not, that he had defeated the representatives of the people, but only that he had defeated Matthias Chester. He was simply radiant.

The fast horses came out of the stables and Pennsylvania Avenue knew again the glittering coach of its favorite Senator, while the old National fairly beamed with pride, as the Senator drove up to its hospitable door. How he delighted in taking pretty Mildred Conway for a drive through a certain street where Matthias Chester lived, as if he were sure that Margaret was watching from the window. Yet in spite of his cool ex-

terior, when at a grand levee he beheld a foreign Marquis lead the belle of Washington aside into the conservatory, he could not stay the pang that seized his heart. Too well he knew that Matthias Chester doted upon titles.

New Years Day came—the day of all the year, when Washington puts on its gala dress and sports in fine array. The splendid mansions were thrown open, and Senator Hurdell was expected to enter, as well as all the elite. But go to one meant go to all, and go to Matthias Chester's? No! Then what? Senator Hurdell settled the question in this manner. He did go calling and visited every house with the exception of Senator Chester's, where he merely sent in his card and drove on. Oh! incorrigible Senator! you would rather have stopped here than any where else.

Imagine, then, the surprise of the Senator upon receiving on the following morning a dainty perfumed missive which proved to be an invitation to a reception given by Matthias Chester and daughter. He was nonplused. Now what should he do? It would undoubtedly be the affair of the season. Every one that could be there would be there. Everyone knew that Messrs. Hurdell and Chester were not particular friends, and if he did not go they would say he was left out. He had three weeks in which to decide, and did everything but that. He plunged into politics with a recklessness that astonished his friends. Whispers began to be audible: "He is looking forward to the next Presidency." "Ah! yes, we understand." Poor man! he never thought of the Presidency. He had inwardly vowed that he would never undertake another Campaign under any circumstances.

No! he only wished to forget. But how could he when the all absorbing topic, even among the gentlemen, next to the Mormon question, was the coming reception, and Margaret Chester's name was on every tongue? But he attended strictly to business, and let every one severely alone. He had really forgotten that it was the eventful day, when one Thursday morning, as he walked toward the State Department, whom should he meet coming down those broad steps but Margaret Chester, as lovely and bewitching as maiden could be in her soft furs.

Senator Hurdell was dreadfully conscious of an unpleasant color on his handsome face. It was the first time he had ever met her alone since that memorable evening away up in "Stumptown," as they had laughingly called it. What business could she have here so early? He did hope she would not stop, but in vain. She did stop and shake hands in the prettiest manner possible. After the compliments of the day, he breathed freer, for surely she would go on now. But as she reached the lowest step she called back pleasantly: "I shall see you this evening?" "Yes—no—I don't know," he stammered.

"Oh, yes I shall. You must come."

"He turned when he reached the door and looked after her. How erect and stately she was. He was not quite sure of his senses, for he well knew that he had treated her far worse than badly, and that for what? He didn't exactly know, but now he began to believe that she had some revenge in store for him, but he would go and face it out at any rate.

As Margaret Chester stood in her richly furnished

boudoir amid the white and silver splendor of the walls and massive mirrors, her hands trembled and her cheeks were deeply flushed beneath the beaming glory of her eyes, and her rich red lips were parted in a smile, as she wreathed a glorious band of diamonds in her dusky braids. She took more pains than usual with her always elaborate toilet, and the deep cream plush and satin gleamed with jewels hid in costly lace. She felt sure that Senator Hurdell would come. She did not believe that such a man could so soon forget all that he had revealed to her on that last evening away up in St. Lawrence County. Her maid remarked her unusual color, and with loving solicitude dreaded that all these entertainments would yet put dear Miss Margaret in a fever. But Margaret only laughed a rippling little laugh, as she went down to stand beside her father just inside the door of the magnificent reception room.

As guest after guest filled the splendid apartments and the Senator came not, Margaret's faith almost died out, but a quick, nervous ring came at last, and the footman announced "Senator Hurdell." There was a soft murmur through the room, and a moment later the handsomest man in Washington was shaking hands with Matthias Chester and his daughter. There was a funny twinkle in the Representative's eye for there were many things that he might remember, but he chose to forget. The Senator scarcely glanced at Margaret and never felt so embarrassed in his life, but he was soon lost in the crowd, and chatting with a group of friends. When dancing commenced the witty, dashing Marquis de Laone led Margaret to the floor. The Senator did not dance.

He stood at one side chatting with Mrs. S., the wife of a Washington millionaire.

"What a remarkable woman Miss Chester is. She wears her honors so easily," remarked she.

"I agree with you," he answered.

"But do you know?" she laughed, "I am not at all satisfied to have her marry that jolly little French Marquis."

"Why, my dear Mrs. S. that does not sound patriotic. Is not France the home of your ancestors?"

"Oh, dear, yes. But you see, so are those of Mr. S. So I am all the more patriotic. I would not marry an American, nor would I have an American marry a Frenchman, even unto the fourth generation. I believe that is our relation to France. It looks—well I may as well say it—as though you could'nt find any one in your own Nation, you know."

"That is not the way most people put it," with an amused smile. "They say they marry for wealth, for title!"

"It's only an excuse, sir, be sure."

"But when do you suppose the event will occur?"

"You refer to Miss Chester's marriage, of course?"

"Is it a settled affair then?" apparently unconcerned.

Arching her silken brows she exclaimed: "Why, Senator Hurdell, where have you been for the last month?"

"I have been very busy," he said, with a mere hint of a smile.

"You are so interested in State affairs. Dear me!

how you men do bother yourselves over politics."

"Are you going to dance this set? All right, I'll go over here and talk with Mrs. G."

Senator Hurdell was filled with all manner of conflicting emotions. "Lost," was the one word that went throbbing through his brain. He thought he had nerved himself for this, but he was mistaken. Yes, he would dance. Sweet, gentle Mildred Conway was standing near. Just pausing for a moment he begged her for the next dance. It was given to cousin Will, but cousin Will could wait, and so, careless of all observers, he danced with a carelessness and grace, born of despair. He saw nothing. The music was maddening. He could never remember of speaking to his partner, but had a faint recollection of apologizing on the ground that he was ill. Then he led Mildred to supper. She was a bright, charming girl, and he often wondered afterward that he did not propose to her on the spot, for he had known her from childhood. After supper he wandered from room to room, talking with any or everyone wildly, with little aim, and saw people look at him with curious expressions, until he imagined they could read his misery. At length he caught sight of the library door across the hall slightly ajar and rightly judging that the room was empty, he betook himself thither as soon as he could find an opportunity to escape unseen. He thought he should be able in quiet to compose himself again. He sat down in the easy chair before the library table the very picture of dejection. All about the beautiful room were evidences of Margaret's taste and skill. He was angry with all the world. He

half deserted his party for a minute, and then smiled a sickly smile at his own folly. While he sat there lost in his own reflections, and not composing himself very fast, some one softly entered the room, and a familiar voice interrupted his reverie.

"Why Senator Hurdell, is it you? Are you ill?"

Margaret! This was dreadful. What evil spirit sent her in here to witness his discomfiture?

"Just a slight headache. Don't let it cause you any uneasiness, I will come back to the drawing room in a moment."

But she did not take the hint, and rang for the servant to bring him a glass of brandy, which being swallowed against his protestations, she did not show any signs of departing.

"Thomas saw some one enter the library, and thought it was a lady."

Oh! it is to that, then, that I owe your attentions," sarcastically.

"How unjust of him," she thought, but chose not to notice it. Perhaps she had already learned that the Senator had to be humored. He was amazed that she lingered so long. What would the Marquis say. But, then, he needn't care. He was sure of her. He was quite sure he would not under the same circumstances. She sat there quietly, a short distance from him, occasionally making some remark about the pleasures of the evening. He ventured at last to look up at her as she sat there in all her beauty, with her white-gloved hands toying with a tiny bouquet, which he noticed was of his favorite flower, the pansy, and then he thought of those

sunny days when they gathered ferns away in the North. Perhaps she half suspected of what he was thinking, for she said timidly, "This makes me think of the day you caught your foot in the wild grape-vines, and I tended you, You said then that I was a good nurse," she added softly.

The Senator thought this was getting worse and worse. But he gathered courage to say what he truthfully thought: "I am of that opinion still." He wondered again why she did not return to her guests. Poor fellow! she had not been in the room but ten minutes. It was many minutes to him, and yet how sweet it was to have her so near once more. He felt that she expected him to speak of her approaching marriage, but he was at a loss how to do it. Finally he said: "I suppose it will not be long before you leave Washington for much gayer scenes?"

"I know not to what you allude."

It was outrageous of her to make him say in so many words, "To the all-prevailing topic of your marriage."

"My marriage!" she exclaimed, the roses dying out of her cheeks, then recovering herself, and smiling inquiringly, "I confess this is the first I have heard of it."

"The first you have heard of your marriage to the Marquis de Laone?"

"The very first," she replied truthfully, "and the last," with a vicious little snap on the final word. Senator Hurdell's face was aglow. The sequel was everything to him.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Chester, but it is so re-

ported. Pray, how did the rumor arise."

"Marquis de Laone, is to be married in just two weeks to Miss Margaret Chester of Boston, my Aunt, but my junior in years."

As Margaret gave her answer, slowly Senator Hurdell's face began to brighten.

"Good Heavens! what a fool I have been!" he exclaimed.

Margaret thought this was getting dangerous, and arose to return to her guests. "You will not need me any longer, so I will leave you in Thomas's hands, he will attend to your wants."

"No! No! there is something I want to say to you." She paused. "Margaret, can you ever forgive my folly? I have acted contemptibly since—since you—since I, returned to Washington." She stood there in her rich robes, the diamonds glowing in the gaslight, and her face a study as she quietly listened. She looked up when he concluded, with a curious expression, and a faint smile on her lips: "You were not anxious to have me come to Washington were you Senator Hurdell?"

"Margaret," and raising to her eyes, those calm grey eyes of his, sought the depths of tender brown, "I went home to Massachusetts, because I would not speak against Matthias Chester."

"Would you not have spoken, if you had not caught sight of me upon the green at Lawrence?"

"No! your father's own worth, had been too thoroughly manifest to me."

"I knew it," she murmured, and then as she stood so quiet and sweet before him, he leaned forward,

"Margaret," with that wonderful smile of his, "can you forgive the opposition?" She laid her hand in his. It was her only answer.

When Senator Hurdell passed a friend on the way to his room, he exclaimed: "Why Senator, you have not looked so happy since this session of Congress!" "Ah! but the Campaign is Won, he answered joyously.

Clerk Quinter stared after him, thinking him half crazy. His hard work begins to tell, he muttered to himself. But when in the course of a few weeks Washington was electrified by the announcement of the marriage of Senator Hurdell, and Margaret Chester, and when the story of the Senator's Northern Campaign came out, Clerk Quinter changed his mind.

CHAPTER VII.

CHRISTMAS IN THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

It was many years ago that Blackhawk was first settled, and being then, the largest town in the Rock River section, it became the county seat of Whiteside County. But in later years other cities having sprung up of greater wealth and importance, the county seat was transferred to another city. After this the fashionable quarters of Blackhawk having been removed toward the west, the former stately rendezvous of haughty Judges and spruce Attorneys, the old Court House, was left standing alone and neglected, with a few old neighboring mansions allotted to the same fate, and a surrounding of small, irregular houses, somewhat scattered, and filled with the negro population of the town, who finding these could be obtained at a nominal rent, had settled in together, and seemed to be enjoying a quiet and thrifty life, judging by the small gardens attached to each house, and the numberless whitewash brushes and pails about the doors.

After the old Court House was let out to tenants, it is safe to say that it was forgotten, or at least ignored, by the great people of the city, and of its ancient glory it was soon shorn, until at the time this story commences a more forlorn, dilapidated pile of bricks could scarcely be imagined. The rich, dusky red, of other days, all

weather-stained and worn, had faded into a dingy pink. The wind-wrecked tower ominously threatened to loose its ragged hulk from the fragile fastenings; the bricks of the third story were crumbling and falling in beneath the blackened roof, whose shingles more adorned the ground below, than protected the unfortunate occupant of the two barely inhabitable rooms in the south-east corner of this floor. The windows were a queer combination of glass, paper and rags, the glass being considerably in the minority, while corkings of these same various colored rags filled up the chinks in the rattling windows, and the cracks at the sides of the doors.

The great square in which the old building stood, had lost the beauty, once the pride of Blackhawk; its fountains no longer tossed their thousand jets of diamond spray, and more than that, it was impossible to discover where they had ever been, and during the long summer the yellow mustard waved supreme, where once if a bold spray of this, had dared to trespass on the velvet greenness of the lawn, it would not have flourished for a day. Cackling hens, and pigs with self-satisfied grunt, scratched and wallowed at their own sweet will, under the splendid oaks and hickories, that, as if in remembrance of other days, shook their branches indignantly in the autumn wind, and were glad when the winter's rest overtook them, and drove the despised animals to seek the shelter of coop and pen. The broad walks that led from each of the four corners to the entrance at either end, had become little more than stumbling-blocks and limb-breakers.

To the casual passer by this ancient, decayed struc-

ture and its grounds always has a haunted, lonesome air, and a tugging regret, a little unexpressed rebellion against this inevitable change, frets round the heart. After all, on a certain calm October morning, this grandfatherly tenement was anything but a lonely place on the inside, for thought, that vehicle of all possibilities, had something besides poverty and care to occupy its throne, and even the old Court House at last woke up and found itself—not famous—but as near that as it ever will be.

But I have not told you of the people who dwell in the former court-rooms and offices. They were not fine people at all, as the world judges, nor even of the comfortable middle class, but just poor people who could not afford lodgings elsewhere. On the first floor at the left of the long hall that extended through the building from east to west, lived in these rooms a good old Irish washer woman and her three fat, rosy-cheeked children. Their clothes were a good share of them given to them by kind mistresses where Mrs. Flaherty worked. Some stiff blue cambric was put up at the windows for curtains, which were never, for some reason, rolled up straight, and the eldest girl about ten years old, did most of the work. Mrs. Flaherty was the soul of good nature, if that be a blessing, and was lacking principally in neatness. She had a curious way of ending up her various recitals of tribulations and her petty disputes with the characteristic words "I don't care, no how," and that was just about the look of her rooms. Perhaps there was not much about the old place, to encourage a commendable spirit of cleanliness; it is certain that the plastering, where any was left on the walls was quite black with

smoke, and the little girl had pinned up some old newspapers to hide a little of the dreariness.

Across the hall were the much neater apartments of a good old Welshman and his wife. The rather short old gentleman, with his queer brown velvet tasseled cap, was always an object of merriment to the boys in town, and he seldom went farther than to the market for a bit of meat, or around to the Post-office to see if a letter had come from a mysterious being away off in the bleak country from which he hailed, and whose letter never came. They were very quiet, respectable people, but a trifle stern, and not seeming to care much about the other members of the house, nor liking the noise of the children. They studied their Bible together, and went about their work in a simple sort of way, he tending a small garden fenced off in one corner of the square. They did not seem to be a part of the world, but just halters, here for a time.

There were several rooms back of these, on the same floor, not rented out at that time, and which the children appropriated to themselves. Climbing the rickety stairs the balusters of which, if there ever were any, had long since disappeared, the stirring sound of a loom, broke the stillness, and a lame boy sat at the top of the stairs sewing. Funny work for a boy, was it not? But you shall hear soon how it came about. His mother, a white-faced woman, with great tired, brown eyes and not over strong, worked hard at weaving carpets, while her husband did odd jobs here and there at gardening when he managed to keep sober, which was not often. He was not a kind man to his family, as his poor little lame boy

gave evidence, and his weeks away from home, were regarded rather with joy than otherwise.

This little boy was too frail to go to school as other children did, but he had a great yearning for the pretty books the little scholars carried by, as he watched them from the high window, and his mother longed to teach him the little she knew, but with all her work she could at best give him but little instruction. But there came to live in the other rooms on the second floor two strange old ladies. How they came together no one knew, only that in some way, in this strange world they drifted so, and perhaps through sympathy sought the same home. There was just breathed a faint rumor that the elder of the two was once the mistress of a Fifth Avenue mansion, then a run of dangerous speculation, a failure, a suicide, lost friends and the seeking of a new home, and a lost memory. Ah well! who can tell? It might have been true. At any rate, it was no secret that the other had been for many years the belle of an Eastern city, and, disappointed in her lover, with fortune and friends yet there, had left them all, dressed herself in Quaker garb, and came away to forget it all and lose herself in this old tenement. Here day after day they sewed and read together, and grew older and thinner. They found ready sale for their delicate work, and their two rooms were prettily but simply furnished. These old ladies were very fond of the little lame boy, who looked so longingly at the pictures in their books, and asked so many questions about them, that the youngest would gladly have taught him to read, but for lack of time. It came into the little boy's head, how-

ever, that he could learn to sew for them, and then Miss Myrtle, as he called the younger, could teach him. Poor little Fred! the arrangement was made much to his satisfaction, and he proved an apt scholar in sewing as well as in books, and when his father was kind, was quite happy.

The third floor was limited to two rooms, and a great cold hall through which the wind whistled remorselessly. It was a queer sight, these two great rooms, filled with stuffed birds of every description; gay parrots, red-headed woodpeckers, canaries, robins, blue-birds, orioles, doves, lapwings, and hosts of others, with a faint smell of chemicals in the air, and the oddest little Frenchman with bird-like airs of his own, thin white hands, small expressive face, twinkling eyes, and smooth gray hair, with eye-glasses perched on his nose, and a blue apron tied around his waist. Now this little man had the sweetest temper ever known, and a soft voice, and he loved children very much. A great owl stuffed but staring with grave sedate air from the top of the cupboard, seemed to look down at Tabitha, an old maltese cat sitting on the rug before the stove, as much as to say "you need not look so comfortable, for I've no doubt but that you will share the same fate as ourselves some day." However, Tabitha continued to purr most contentedly. It was one morning late in October that the happy little Frenchman was enjoying his after breakfast pipe, sitting in his old armchair with Tabitha upon his knee, and looking with satisfied air upon his various pets, that the door burst suddenly open, and Mrs. Flaherty rushed in panting and breathless. The little

Frenchman arose with a polite air of pleased expectancy, and offered the breathless lady a chair. Now when any one in the little community had any startling communication to make; it was generally made to Monsieur le Douce first, whether because of his quick sympathy or because he seemed so pleased at the confidence, matters not. As soon as Mrs. Flaherty recovered from her sudden rush up the stairs sufficiently to speak, she began excitedly: "O, Monsieur, somebody's took the rooms, and its a man, and he's right good lookin' too, and he's coming right in this mornin'. A mighty fine chap! and he's got a gun, what can he want here? Why, I'm quite worked up. Well, I don't care, no how," and exhausted she dropped into a chair.

The little Frenchman played nervously with his apron, smiling all the while, "eez it possible?" he ejaculated several times during her confused story. "It is strange," meditatively. "To be sure what can ze young gentleman want here? His business you did not name, madame?"

Mrs. Flaherty was quite hysterical, and she laughed 'till the tears ran down her cheeks. "I'm sure I don't know as its any business he has, then, I'm thinkin' its quite likely he's a gentleman, sir." And the little Frenchman smiled again. "Let us go down stairs madame, and see if the good women below have heard of ze new tenant." Monsieur le Douce had mastered the English language pretty thoroughly but "th," was not in his vocabulary.

"Indeed they don't then. Not a blessed soul knows it but meself, and I came straight to tell ye."

"Madame is very kind," he said simply, "she does me honor."

"Lord bless ye, that's not hard to do by the likes of ye," said Mrs Flaherty going down stairs as fast as she came up, for fear the little Frenchman would get to the weaving room first, and rehearse a bit of the story. But whether she would or no, she had to let the dear little Monsieur tell the story while Fred ran in after the two old ladies, and they all talked as fast as could be.

"Is he coming right away?" asked Mrs. Corbin, Fred's mother.

"Yes, he'll be here in a jiffy, mum" said Mrs. Flaherty.

"Did you say he used to live in New York, dear!" ventured the old lady passing her hand across her forehead.

"There, there, hush dear; no, she didn't say so," interrupted the other quickly.

Mrs. Flaherty stared as only she could stare at this interrogatory, but Monsieur le Douce whispered to her aside "she's a little wandering, ze poor lady."

"How does he look? what colored eyes has he?" demanded the younger dame, whom we will call by the only name she ever gave, Miss Mercy.

"I declare I believe they was black, I didn't take much notice to that, for I didn't care, no how." But her oldest daughter said he was a "cavalier," which highly delighted the little Frenchman, who had been telling her stories about the famous French knights of other days.

Now this dear little man never forgot anyone and he mildly suggested that the Welsh gentleman down stairs

had not been informed of the new arrival. This was not surprising, since the other inmates of the house seldom crossed their threshold. Still, in so important a matter as this, it would not do to leave them out, so the worthy couple below would probably have been visited by the whole party had they not suddenly heard a quick step in the hall below, and rushed to the head of the stairs to get a peep at the new-comer.

"Stand back, Bridget, he'll see yer," said Mrs. Flaherty in a loud whisper, and in the next breath, "There he is. That's him." And they all leaned forward to catch a glimpse, and this is what they saw. A tall well-formed gentleman, perhaps thirty years of age, with delicate refined features, albeit somewhat dark, with black waving hair, great brown eyes and a rather sad expression about the mouth, partly hidden by a fine moustache. He carried in his hand a large valise, and a gun, while a great coat was slung carelessly upon his arm. A porter followed with mysterious bundles, and pretty soon a dray brought up a great box, and that was all, but the porter stayed, and it was evident that he was the young gentleman's servant, which fact, when it dawned upon them, quite amused the whole party. What could the gentleman want of a servant in such a place? Why Monsieur le Douce so far forgot his dignity as to dance quite a figure, and Mrs. Flaherty sat flat down on the floor, Miss Mercy forgot to look grave, Fred and Bridget stuffed their handkerchief's in their mouths, and this is the predicament they were in when Mrs. Corbin, who always seemed preoccupied, ventured to remark in her even tone: "I wonder if he's got any carpet." All were

more amused than ever, but the little Frenchman. How could she help it," thought he to himself, "with too much care the weaver becomes a web," and then he said, "Sure enough! perhaps ze gentleman has not." The tired eyes gave momentary expression of gratefulness, and then faded out again. The Welsh people had seen the boxes and with curiosity aroused came up-stairs to ask a few questions, which was eagerly answered.

And the stranger remained with his dark hued servant, a source of wonderment to the other tenants. Up in the morning early with gun on shoulder, and his servant carrying anything he needed, he would start off, and sometimes be gone for several days, no one knew where, and at night, and days when he chose to stay indoors, everything was as quiet as though he were gone. The servant was very reticent and revealed nothing. Indeed, he was quite as much a mystery as his master. But the stranger someway grew into the hearts of these simple people. His expressive eyes, and quiet way of lifting his hat to any of them whom he chanced to meet in the hall, won their appreciation and a change came over the old building. Bridget Flaherty had seen the stranger look up at the queer windows stuffed with rags, and with crooked curtains, and with her own hands straightened the latter, and worked two weeks for a sick woman over in the town to earn enough to replace the window glass, which was done much to her satisfaction, and the others followed her example. The old Welsh people suddenly came to the conclusion that they were not hospitable enough and opened their door into the hall of evenings, built a warm fire, and lit their lamp, that the stranger might see a

"wee bit o'cheer," as he passed to his lonely rooms through the hall which Bridget had scrubbed as clean as soap and water could make it. The stranger never forgot to bid the old people good evening as he passed by, and Bridget and her mother could tell of many kind words. The oddest thing, though, was that Mr. Corbin found the attraction strong and found himself staying more in the house, or at most cutting wood over the way. He no longer sought the tavern, and oftener spent his evenings with his family or contented himself by watching to get a word from the "stranger." Indeed this was the only appellation the gentleman ever had. To Fred, the stranger was wonderfully kind, and if Fred chose, he could tell of some wonderful drawings he had seen in the stranger's room, for he was the only one that had ever entered the sacred portal. But Fred was too wise to reveal any secrets. The stranger admitted of no approach, and the little kindness Fred received was cherished only in silence. The little Frenchman never put himself in the stranger's way, but one day when the gentleman found his way up the old stairs and really and truly wished to purchase a great handsome parrot "for a model" he said. The little man was so delighted that the smiles fairly flew off his face, and he utterly refused to take a cent in return for a bird which he had averred he would not part with for a thousand francs. The old lady on the second floor never went down stairs now for her mind was exceedingly feeble and Miss Mercy was afraid to have her out of her sight, and Miss Mercy herself never saw the gentleman but once. It was just at dusk, she was coming into the lighted hall, as he

passed out into the street, when she fell in a fainting fit. He raised her as gently as though she were a child, and carried her up the stairs to her room. As long as she was in any danger, he called at the door to ask for her every day, and sometimes left a choice bit of game for her which she seldom ate herself, but gave to the old lady. Mrs. Corbin's eyes grew less tired, but she worked as hard as ever. A rumor concerning the mysterious stranger made its way over into the town, and a great many of the fine people found it convenient to walk up by the old Court House, and occasionally to quiz the washerwoman's children about the queer man's habits. But they learned very little, and after the stranger had met some of these intruders several times about the premises it became evident that he did not like the intrusion, and meditated a change of quarters. His absences were more prolonged, and the speculations were various. Some thought he was one of the Vanderbilts because he carried a gun; others said he was a foreign nobleman; some said he was a poet, others thought an artist, and others still, like Mrs. Flaherty, that he was a gentleman of leisure. It was obvious that he wished to escape observation.

Thus things went on until nearly Christmas. The winter was unusually cold and the times were hard. Nobody ever knew what the little Frenchman lived on, although Mrs. Flaherty averred it was "air-pudding." It is certain that the old gentleman's business was rather unprofitable, but he was economical as well as the little Welshman down stairs, and generally had just enough, but nothing for little extras. The fall carpets had all been taken home long ago, the great baskets

were emptied of their gay-colored balls, and the old loom was still. Mr. Corbin chopped wood here and there; money came in slowly; Miss Mercy worked night and day for the poor old lady who could not last long, and so did little work; Mrs. Flaherty's services were not greatly in demand for a great many had concluded to retrench expenses by doing their own washing, so that all around the prospects for a pleasant Christmas were anything but bright. It did not matter so much for the old folks, but they felt sorry for the children. The old Welshman was quite down-hearted for his letter had never come. The good wife was longing for the green sward of old South Wales, and their little horde was fast dwindling down. The stranger had been absent for three weeks and poor little Fred was quite despondent, and he used to sit in one of the great windows with Bridget and talk for hours about the beautiful stories the gentleman had told him.

Well, it came evening! Christmas eve! and the little Frenchman was perhaps the only one in the old Court House who had planned any treat for the next day, and what was that? Only a barrel of apples, but that, you must remember, was something to them. After the good people had retired for the night two men stole in quietly, and entered the two back rooms. There was considerable noise and bustle here all night, but the tenants were all sound sleepers. Christmas morning dawned as lovely as the day should be, that gave a Saviour birth. All the valley of Rock River, carpeted with shining snow, spread out broad and beautiful in the sunlight. Little Fred was out of bed in a twinkling,

and as fast as he could get up stairs, shivering in the cold, he went to wish the good Monsieur le Douce a merry Christmas and catching hold of the door-knob, he shouted out his greeting, which was as gaily responded to, although the little Frenchman wondered where the merry part could come in. But as Fred let go of the knob something that had been tied thereto came off into his hand. "Why, Monsieur, see! here is a Christmas present for you, tied to your door-knob," cried the excited youngster, "Oh, Monsieur! open it quick!" The little Frenchman was considerably flattered as he took in his hand the tiny brown stocking, and his nervous little hands shook as he untied the little red ribbon, and drew forth a crisp hundred dollar bill. "Mon Dieu!" exclaimed he, "This cannot be for me."

"Yes, yes, it is, Monsieur," and Fred would have jumped up and down if he could, but he only clapped his thin hands rapturously, "Right here it was, oh, my! ain't it splendid!" And the two hurried down the stairs to show the wonderful present, but as Fred stepped on the landing he gave a little scream of amazement for there on the Corbin door was just such a dear brown stocking, and then they rushed across to Miss Mercy's door and there was another, veritably alike, and then the whole house was aroused, and such merry Christmas's as rang through the old Court House that morning were never heard before, for every family had their hundred dollars.

After the first intense joy and wonderment had subsided, Mrs. Corbin whispered audibly "Twas him." "Certain must," said Monsieur le Douce; "No doubt of

it," said the good Welsh lady, and her husband shook his tassel approvingly.

"But where is he?" asked Monsieur. "To be sure! we've never wished him the merry day at all. Now I don't care, how mean," and off they went to the stranger's door, and Miss Mercy rapped softly. There was no answer. She wrapped again, with the same result, and then pushed the door slightly ajar, but started back, for the room was empty, the stranger was gone. They stood there for a moment quite stunned. No one liked to break the silence. They could not realize that the stranger had departed from them, yet there was the proof and I think they were very sorry, for although he had never been one of them, he had so grown into their thoughts that he seemed in some mysterious way to have become a part of their lives. Indeed they never said anything about it, for they knew he had given them the money to make this a merry Christmas, and they felt as though the only way to give him thanks and show their gratitude was to make it a real one, so the good Welchman and the little Frenchman took their baskets and went down town. They found a few stores open, and—well, you must not suppose they bought anything very grand, because they knew there were two hard months of winter still before them, and a hundred dollars is very, very little, when we consider how many receive ten times this sum in a single present. But when they spread the table that day in Mrs. Corbin's great weaving room and all sat down together, 'tis safe to say, that it was the most bountifully laden-table, the old Court House ever held, and there was turkey as much as they could eat, although the

notice was too short, to the good Welch lady's lamentation, for her to get up a first-rate plum pudding. And the children had their presents, not dolls, nor sleds, nor skates, nor toys, although I fancy their faces would have been a shade or two younger, could these have been included, but Fred had a book from the good Monsieur, and another from Miss Mercy, and mittens and cap from papa, and so with them all, everything necessary, nothing else. But I think they were just as happy, and oh! so grateful.

But they were destined, that is a part of them, to have yet another surprise. After dinner Miss Mercy told them that she had concluded to give them a little entertainment in the evening, and invited them all to come in at seven o'clock. Now if you could have heard the guessing as to what this entertainment could be! Of course they guessed everything from a candy pull, to a Christmas tree, and everything but the right thing. The afternoon was unusually long, but after awhile it came time to "go" as it pleased them to say. Of course they put on the best they had, which in some cases was the worst as well, and then one at a time presented themselves at the door. Well, there was not much to see. There was a suspicious smell of oysters coming from the other room, but everything here was quite serene; the good Miss Mercy acting a trifle nervous, welcomed them most cordially, and the little Monsieur was all smiles and fairly beamed with good humor. After all was assembled and waiting, they knew not for what, the door from the other room opened and a very proper looking gentleman walked into the room with knowing air. Everybody coughed and stared but Monsieur le Douce, and Miss

Mercy, seemed to understand how matters stood, and rising, they took their place with joined hands before the clergyman. "Did you ever!" ejaculated Mrs. Flaherty under her breath. The others were struck quite dumb, and listened to the ceremony with bated breath, but after all, as soon as they recovered themselves they declared they were, "gone clear distracted with joy," and never did couple receive heartier congratulations, although there was nary a present, and I am very much afraid Miss Mercy stood up in a dress she had kept for twenty years. But the oysters came into demand, and if Mrs. Flaherty could have had her way they would have ended up with a dance, but the rest were real orthodox and that part of the progame was not carried out.

Ah! well, this was long ago. The story of the kind and mysterious stranger found its way into the papers and the old Court House came again into public favor. Monsieur le Douce and his gentle wife found a home of their own. The good Welch people were dead long years ago, and the others have sought the far West. But the old Court House is scarcely recognizable. The old tower is down, the windows whole, the whole repainted, and altered, new walks laid, and all is now private property. But what became of the mysterious stranger? No one never knew, nor who he was. But what matters it, whither he went or whence he came, since his stay wrought only good.

CHAPTER VIII.

STONES AND ROSES IN DALMER'S QUARRY.

The hot rays of the August sun streamed down upon the white shining stone in Dalmer's quarry with a pitiless glowing glare. The little brook that was wont to trickle merrily in and out among the slabs had ceased its tinkle and shrunk to a mere line of silver among the pebbles that was once its bed. The few trees scattered about were scraggy and scorched while the grass on the hill-side was scarcely distinguishable from the dust of the road. The red wind-mill to the south-east of the quarry was hushed and the old brown company houses with dull white trimmings, stood out bare and unlovely against the western sky. The men toiling wearisomely at the immense stones were sun-burned and haggard, so warm and fretted they looked in their woolen shirts of red and blue, with the perspiration streaming from their heated faces. Yet steadily came the blows one after another down with a solid chink. There were some hard faces among them, deeply lined and care-worn, but most of them intent upon their work. The road from the city running out into the country beyond, wound around the east and north of the quarry, and many a farmer thinking of the cool woods and fresh fields, paused on his home-ward way to pity the tired laborers.

On the western edge of this road, standing a little apart from his fellow workmen was a great burly idle fellow with pipe in his mouth, who did not seem to be as diligent as might be expected. Several times the foreman had ordered him to work, and he reluctantly obeyed, but muttering meanwhile to himself. Strange as it may seem this man of great physical strength and but little brains had more influence than one would imagine over his associates, and when he was idle, many others would have been, were it not for the threatening air of the foreman.

When some business called the overseer from the quarry, the whole scene was immediately changed, and where activity had reigned before, little groups were formed, and loud talking was heard. Even those who were loading stone would leave their wagons, and join the crowd. There were a few who did not seem to take part in this digression, and among them a tall well built young man, of frank winning countenance, the chief feature of which was his massive forehead. This young man worked on, but slowly, and listened to catch the drift of the conversation.

"What is it Jim?" said a man who had just approached, addressing the before mentioned idler. "What's all this about?"

"Why only fancy boys, the boss is going to put thirty-five new hands in the quarry to-morrow and only two or three of them are Union men. Are we going to gather our chickens under our wings and leave, or stay and see him do it?"

"Which means we'll give them fits," said another.

"Say, Henry Hunt, what'll you bet there won't be a solitary non-unionist in Dalmer's quarry before to-morrow noon?"

This question was addressed to the young man by the road-side. Lucky for him a low warning whistle proclaimed the foreman's return, and no answer was necessary, as the men were quickly at work apparently without a thought of evil.

Now be it known that Henry Hunt was at present the only man in the quarry who was not a member of this secret association, and looked very much out of place among his rough companions. But his father having died when Henry was but fifteen years of age, he had been obliged to go directly to work to support his mother, and three sisters who were all younger than himself. Since that time it had been a hard struggle to obtain the necessities of life as his wages were small and he had never seen the time when he could leave his work to seek other employment, so the years had passed and he was now twenty years of age.

As he caught fragments of the men's conversation a shadow darkened his face, for he knew these men were desperate and determined, and once excited it was hard to tell to what extremes they might go. And he thought of his mother, now old and feeble, and hoped that this trouble might be averted, for she bitterly felt their poverty, and knowing how ambitious Henry was, she could not bear to see him toiling so hard from day to day where he could improve himself so little. Henry felt that he was not in his rightful position and sometimes became despondent, but as he said there were stones here, and

stones there and stones everywhere, so that he seemed bound to the quarries. When the whistle blew he wearily picked up his dinner pail but sat down by the roadside to rest, and to think, and banish if possible, the shadows from his face before going home.

As he sat there alone, the others having straggled off homeward, he heard a light step upon the graveled road, and as he glanced up he saw Judge Dalmer's beautiful little daughter Rose, tripping down toward her home. She had been out in the woods to play and held in her hand a tiny wild rose half withered. As she came by, she noticed how tired and sad the young quarryman looked and her childish heart went out to him in active sympathy. She sprang forward, her bright eyes dancing, and her rosy cheeks glowing, and exclaimed:

"Take this flower, tired man; it was cool where I got it," and started on.

The tears sprang to Henry's eyes in spite of his will, the action was so small but so hearty. Then as if siezed by a sudden impulse he called to her:

"Stop, little girl, and I will make you a rose that will never fade!"

The child paused astonished and half frightened. He picked up a few tools that lay near, and a small rough white stone, he gave a few strokes here and a few there, and then handed it to the child, who looked amazed to find that the stone had changed to a cream-white rose, imperfectly sculptured, rough and rude, and yet a rose with its petals clearly defined. Henry smiled at the wonderment of the child, and said:

"Keep this, and I will make you another some day."

And Henry turned away still smiling, and bent his steps homewards.

Let us follow Rose as she hastened toward her happy home. Mr. Dalmer was a wealthy merchant, who after a long and useful life in the world, had retired to his home, to enjoy the ease he had earned, but still retained the management of his quarries. He built a magnificent residence of brownstone that towered above all the other houses in Clairville, and furnished it elegantly. His garden a hot summer's night was a feast to the eye, so green and velvety was the grass, and so bright the nodding flowers in the garden, bright rustic seats invited to rest, while the cool fountains tossed their silver plumes unceasingly.

Within this elegant mansion gathered around the cheerful supper-table was a charming group. Mr. Dalmer, with his kindly face lit up by smiles, Mrs. Dalmer, with sweet baby Nell, and Will, and Bertha, the oldest son and daughter.

Rose opened the dining room door, and peeked in with such bewitchingly provoking eyes, Baby Nell's eyes were quickest. "Da's Wose," she said, and over went her cup of water as she went into Rose's arms. Rose could neither rest nor eat until she had shown her new treasure and told its story. From her description Mr. Dalmer recognized Henry Hunt.

"Well, Rose, you have made a good friend, Henry Hunt is a very fine fellow! The quarry's no place for him. I'm trying to get him a position in the prison as guard."

That night it was rumored on the streets of the city

that the men at Dalmer's quarry had struck. Little did these reckless men reason. Little did they realize that it was by labor as hard as theirs that George Dalmer, had won his present position.

No great man lives, or ever has lived, who has won his wealth and fame by throwing down his tools, or ceasing in any manner for a moment that diligence which alone ensures success.

CHAPTER IX.

ONLY A WILD ROSE OF STONEBERG.

Probably handsome Harry Glenn could not have told on a certain sunny afternoon in June why he turned his quick-paced steed out of the well-paved avenues and away from the fashion thronged parks of Stoneberg into a country road all lined with glistening oaks and bass-woods, hung with pale green blooms. No doubt some vision arose before him of cool rivulets, and gushing springs with rare old willows drooping o'er, or perhaps some friendly fairy guided him with magic hand; who knows? But at any rate it was not, because the City was lacking in festivities, for indeed this was the merriest day a June had ever smiled upon.

A party composed of twenty young ladies, styling themselves the "Broom Brigade" were equipped to give a grand picnic and drill in Douglas Park and dainty frills, mulls and laces swept the velvet sod or reclined upon the gnarled benches, disposed here and there among the trees in such delightful careless way as to leave a faint suspicion in the mind of the beholder, as to whether they were not natural.

And all the beaux were there from far and near. The stately bachelor, half doubting whether to bend or bristle, the ordinary man of the world seeking to while

away the hour, the dainty fop with dashing airs, and the bashful man who only came because his sisters said he must. But what are all these with Harry Glenn, away? "Not that he ever says much to you" says pretty May Bloom, as she languidly brushed down a spider's web with her broom, "but just because he don't."

"Oh! Miss May," drawled young Dr. Overton, taking his cigar from his lips, "I could collapse into silence and remain there forever, if my absence would bring such an expression of regret into those lovely eyes of yours."

A little curl of scorn quivered about the lips of Juno Mildred, a tall majestic beauty, who stood leaning over the fountain, her dark eyes sparkling and her jetty locks waving back from a snow white brow.

"Oh, no! Doctor, that wouldn't do; for were you silent, you would be nothing."

"Complimentary," soliloquized the Doctor.

"Juno is getting sharp," said Fred Travers, laughingly. "Ask her, Doc, why Harry is not here this afternoon!"

A flush swept over Juno's face, but pretty May covered her embarrassment. "Gone out in the country on business. Come, Fred, you promised to take us boating. Are you a man of your word?" And the merry party moved down toward the dimpling lake, embosomed in the midst of the park, bordered with flowers of a thousand hues.

Juno Mildred was a woman of wonderful fascination. No man could be long near her and not feel the influence of a woman whose intellect was as keen as his own, and yet who could be as gentle in her softer moods as the

coyest of maidens. She was an orphan, left in the care of Judge Glenn when but a babe, and brought up by him as his own daughter. She and Harry had romped together, and danced together, and quarreled together most delightfully, and Juno had grown more beautiful and haughty every day until, after Harry returned from college, he found her a little too distant for a playmate, and a little too proud for a sister, but things went on considerably as before, except that instead of Harry, some other gentleman was Juno's escort, some other lady Harry's choice.

But in the spring there came to Stoneberg a dashing young lawyer who fairly took the city by storm. He had not been there two months, before he was elected President of a musical society and Superintendent of a Sabbath School. He went as easily as could be from the gambling hall, to the Church, and nobody found any fault. Every dance found him on the floor, but none could make a more orthodox prayer, than he on Thursday night. In fact, he was a general good fellow all around and the girls said he was a great catch. He flirted with all of them but one, that one, always seemed just a little unapproachable. She was very graceful and exceedingly polite to him, but this would not do for Horace Littleton. He was accustomed to being petted and admired and he bent all his energies to win over this haughty beauty. His efforts were not successful at first, for he was not at all, the kind of a man Juno Mildred fancied, but at length fortune favored him.

A large party was given by Mrs. Cleverton before her departure for Europe, and all the elite of Stoneberg were invited. Now, of course, the elite included the

dapper little lawyer, and also our handsome Juno; but, as chance would have it, Harry Glenn was out of town. Having heard this before, it was generally known, Horace at once took advantage of the situation, and calling next morning at the Glenn mansion sought the company of Juno for Friday evening. She hesitated, for she thought perhaps Harry would yet arrive, but then she did not wish to offend, and perhaps the lawyer would be offended, if she accepted any invitation after his, so she agreed, and Horace went away delighted. So much for womanly modesty, for when had she ever been to a dance without Harry. Other amusements found her with other company, but the ball always found her with Harry, and she seldom waltzed with any other.

The eventful evening came, and when Horace and Juno reached the ball-room he asked Juno if he might have four dances. She simply answered "Yes," as she greeted some advancing friends, and handed him her card, upon which he wrote his name without hesitation. After the four waltzes, others soon filled most of the remaining spaces.

In the meantime the eleven o'clock train came in, it brought Harry Glenn, and as soon as he could make the necessary alteration in his toilet he presented himself in the ball-room. He quickly found his way to Juno, not seeming over-pleased with her companion, and in a few moments asked for her card. "I am afraid most of the numbers are taken," she said, and was about to add that she did not suppose he would be there, but a glance at the card, and another of surprise at her, and Harry turned away without a word. They had always been

the pride of the waltzers, but now nothing but one poor little quadrille was left, after his sending her a telegram that he was coming. Now, foolish Harry, did not think of the striking telegraph operators, and Juno was nonplused as he danced with one after another, and never cast a single glance at her. 'She was thoroughly unhappy but he should not see it; no indeed. So she flirted with Mr. Littleton until he thought himself supremely blessed, and was even more lavish with his fine poetry and flattery than ever. But secretly Juno was considerably disturbed.

The next day was to be a gala one, to be spent in recreations in the park, but Harry started off early in the morning without saying a word to anyone. After spending the day at the Park, Juno and her companions Fred, Agnes, and Fannie Travers, returned to the Glenn mansion, to find that the absent and wilful Harry Glenn, had not yet sought his home. The next morning, Friday, they were to leave for Coney Island, and had confidently expected he would accompany them. Morning came however, but no Harry. It was very strange because he knew that they were going. Juno could not bear to leave under such circumstances, but the last moment came, the train was boarded, and the good-byes said, the bell rang, "all aboard" sounded, and they were whizzed away, and in a few hours they were a hundred miles from Stoneburg, but Juno's heart was left in the Stone City.

As Harry meandered along slowly, the fresh air and bright scenery, made him quite cheerful, and he began to think he had acted quite foolishly after all. Soon he came to a cross road which led over to another parallel road

and mechanically turned into it, without glancing ahead. If he had done so he might have retreated. But the birds warbled enough to split their tiny throats, and the soft breeze played little tunes upon the leaves, while upon the sides of the road the wild hedges were vined with pale pink roses, and the fragrant white clover blooms starred the velvet-green sod. A little further on the right lay a handsome field of rye waving in the sunlight like a gentle sea, while on the left shone the fleecy coats of well-kept sheep and sweet-voiced bells tinkled merrily as the lambkins frisked about the pleasant meadow, and then he entered a wood and passed through aisles of perfumed pine and cedar. But alas, all things beautiful have an end, and our friend's exultation was no exception to the old axiom.

The yielding mud, made even more disagreeable by recent rains, concealed in the dusk of a light seen through a leafy canopy a deep pit, into which Harry's horse, unchecked by any rein, stumbled and fell, spraining the left fore-leg badly, and landing its surprised rider in the midst of some blackberry bushes at the side of the path, from which he looked down comically into the black mire where his poor horse stood frightened and hurt. Only a moment and down he went into the mire up to his knees beside the faithful animal, and carefully leading it, waded out as best he could, until he stood again on terra firma, a very bedraggled looking specimen of humanity. He hesitated what to do but chose to trust what might be ahead, for he fancied that the clump of trees away yonder on the hill might shelter a house where he could find liniments and hay for his horse and dry himself by a

friendly fire. And sure enough before he had gone far he saw a white roof glimmer above the treetops. He hastened on as fast as his poor horse could travel, which was about as fast as his mud-clogged boots would carry him. Just as he was passing along a hedge which shut out of his reach a row of richly freighted cherry boughs, he heard a glad half suppressed little laugh and a pleasant voice exclaimed: "It can't be, but it is! Why, Mr. Glenn, are you a wandering knight-errand, that I behold you travelling around the country in such plight?"

Startled, but immeasurably pleased to hear a known voice, the young gentleman addressed, looked up to see a sweet face with cheek of rose akin to the delicate color of the blushing blossoms in her basket, swung upon her arm, a smile parting her lips and a wealth of golden-brown hair creeping out in front of her jaunty sunshade.

"Why, certainly, have I not been fighting the hobgoblins of yonder wood? And behold I am a victor. I have much more of the mud than the mud has of me. But, now to what, pray, do I owe the pleasure of seeing Miss Galt in this, pardon me, not over interesting retreat?"

"Uninteresting! How can you, sir! It is charming. The dearest old Uncle, a nice, rosy-cheeked Aunt, and where could you find sweeter cherries or prettier roses than here?"

With a glance of admiration at her flushing cheeks, with enthusiasm he answered with doubtful reference, "Nowhere."

"And then it is so quiet, no one around to bother you," she continued.

"May I inquire, please, if you intend making the

country your permanent home? You must have altered your views since I saw you in Washington, last winter''

"Oh, not at all! I love the city, I love people; but this is a nice place to rest, and auntie has been teasing me so long to make her a visit."

Harry smiled at the idea of Flora Galt's ever resting, for a more uneasy little body than she would be hard to find. But he looked dubiously down at his clothes.

"Is that uncle of yours inclined to be hospitable to strangers cast upon his mercy?" he asked.

Flora was astonished at herself. "There, that's just like me! How thoughtless! Do come up to the house! I'll go across the orchard and tell auntie you are coming." And off she went without another word.

Mr. Glenn watched her as she flitted away, her light blue lawn glimmering among the trees, until she was lost to sight in the doorway of the kitchen. He had met her very frequently in Washington, had danced with her; and laughed at her wilfulness, but somehow under the gaslight of a ball-room, surrounded by all the environments of fashionable society, that frankness which under the present circumstances seemed so natural and to be expected, had savored a little of forwardness, and then the lively coloring, she gave to everything seemed tinged to excess. But this afternoon Harry was not inclined to be critical, for a friendly face when we are in trouble, is always beautiful, and a kind heart is always good.

As Harry neared the driveway, Flora and her aunt, the plumpest, most good-natured little woman you can imagine, came down to the gateway to meet him, and he was soon seated on the cool verandah, rejoicing in a pair

of Uncle Galt's socks and slippers, knowing that his horse was well cared for, and pondering the possibilities of the situation, for he was twenty miles from home, and not likely to get there that night. But thought he could get away very early next morning time enough to join the rest in their trip to Coney Island. Any way it would serve Juno right, and he did hope she would worry a little about him.

He was soon called in to their five o'clock tea and obeyed with alacrity, declaring that he was almost famished, which might be true considering he had eaten nothing that day. Before the evening was over he was delighted with his new-found friends, and thought Flora was almost as pretty as Juno, although he had a good many misgivings in admitting this to himself. She played the Piano passably well, and sang some pretty ballads, talked about the latest novels, and then Uncle Galt proposed a game of checkers. Harry assented, although he kept one eye on Flora, as she sat knitting some pretty piece of fancy work—and consequently got beaten.

Early in the morning Harry was up ready to start, but his expectations were doomed to be dampened, for a heavy rain was falling, so that the roads were next to impassable and his horse was too lame to attempt the journey even if it had not been for this. Flora thought he took his disappointment very graciously, and of course laid it all to her own attractions whereupon she exerted herself more than ever to please, and how she succeeded we shall see.

Now a gloomy day in the country is gloomier than one in the city, and especially so to one accustomed to

the city's life and bustle, but Flora determined this one should not be so. While the hired girl was helping auntie clear away the dishes, and Harry was out to the barn with Uncle Galt, she racked her brain for something nice, and at last hit upon an idea that seemed to amuse her immensely. The farm-house, a regular old mansion, had been built with three stories but the third had never been finished off and was now used as a store-room for all sorts of things, and had fallen into a simple garret. As Flora thought of this she started for the stairs and up she went two steps at a time. "Six windows," said she, and down stairs she went as fast as she came up, found two blanket shawls and four quilts, called her aunt and the hired girl, and rushed upstairs with them each carrying two of the above named articles.

"Surely the child is crazy," said Aunt Galt, but soon she disclosed her plan, and they were almost as eager as herself for its execution. The light was securely shut out. Five lamps of diverse sizes were brought up and disposed on boxes and quandom tables, numberless gilt stars came out of Flora's work-box and went upon the ugly old rafters between which, some bright colored carpet rags, found in an old basket, were looped up to take the place of bunting, and certainly they answered the purpose just as well, for hiding the great cobwebs above, which they dared not sweep down for fear of the spiders. The sides of the room were pretty well covered by various herbs, and where these did not extend, Mrs. Galt made temporary screens of various materials, so that the rusty old place, with a few chairs from below, was soon transformed into a cozy hall. The little oil-

stove was then brought upstairs, and sundry articles from the kitchen and pantry came with it. The great keg of maple sugar in the corner of the garret was then opened, and the gentlemen were called into business and willingly complied, carrying the great dining-room table up, and then a sofa, when they were ready for a day in the garret.

Perhaps 'twas a childish experiment of Flora's, but it answered very well. They had a great time making molasses candy, and caramels of all sorts, reading aloud the stories in the old magazines piled away in a box, listening to Uncle Galt's fiddle and flute, and guessing the conundrums Flora propounded from the ancient almanacs hung near the door. They enjoyed their lunch of maple sugar, bread and fruit and tea, and were not at all weary of their new quarters, when they heard someone stamping up the stairs, and the hired man, who had been away in the morning and not let into the secret, thrust in his head.

"Well, what's this," he ejaculated. "I've hunted for you high and low," and then as he took in the situation he laughed. "Well, it's dreadfully hot out doors. I don't wonder you wanted to shut out the sun."

They all jumped up and pulled down the curtains and lo! the sun streamed in as bright as could be, and had been shining this two hours. As soon as they recovered from the fit of merriment that suddenly seized them they began to put things to rights, and again adjourned to the lower region of light and air.

The next morning dawned as clear as one could desire, but the roads were yet in a bad condition and the

horse was not much better, and the most important of all, Harry was in no hurry to depart, so another half day was spent in picking cherries, and in the afternoon Flora and he took a ride on the small pond down by the meadow and gathered ferns in the edge of the woods.

But the young people were not yet willing to part, so Mr. and Mrs. Galt concluded to go down into the city to spend a week with friends. They therefore started early in the morning, and all occupied the family carriage, behind which Harry's horse was hitched.

Harry's friends were glad to see him, but twitted him about the pretty girl he brought along. The Judge, however, was considerably angered with him.

Harry had confidently expected to find a note waiting of goodbye from someone of the party, but not so; they were all on Juno's side. This was the last touch Harry's fiery nature needed. He would think of her no longer. He was a fool ever to have done so. Flora was loving and gentle and he thought she regarded him with favor, so he would make an end of it that evening at the party the Hoyts gave for her reception. He told his father of his intentions. The Judge was astonished as he well might be, for he had thought matters would end very differently, and the gaze he directed at Harry quite caused the young man to tremble; in fact, he was not in a very enviable state, and not at all easy under the penetrating look, but he managed to be tolerably firm and his father wisely concluded to let matters take their course, although he had set his heart on Juno for his daughter. So it came about that the evening found him

in good season beside the woman he had determined to make his wife.

Flora could not have been more lovely than she now appeared in her evening costume of white tulle, looped up with pansies that matched her violet eyes, while a necklace of tiny pearls encircled her fair throat, and a band of the same jewels was wreathed among the soft coils of her shining hair. Harry was sure, as he looked at her with pride, that he did not wish Juno was in her place; in fact he did not see why he should think of her at all, but he did. It was during a lull in the dancing that he led her out into the moon-lit paths of the garden.

"Is'nt it grand?" she said, "Herr Pettinbone's music? Not at all like the ordinary music we usually hear in the ball room, It's so inspiring.

"Yes indeed," he said, and for once in his life couldn't think of a word to say beyond those two, but Flora rattled on.

"And the people here in Stoneberg, I think they are splendid—so sociable. What a charming fountain this is! Let's not go any farther. Sit down here. I love to hear the water drip and splash in the marble basin."

Harry did not need a second invitation, and so they sat down on the rustic seat facing the fountain.

"Have you visited the Park?" he asked.

"Oh, no! have you a Park here? That is delightful. You must take me out to see it. You know you promised to show me over the city."

"I will to-morrow, if you wish."

"Oh do! nothing would please me better. Bnt just

think of it, next week I've got to go back to that stupid old Coalville."

"Supposing you stay here?"

"What!" and she looked at him in dismay.

"I can't; there are the March's coming to visit us next week."

"Would you like to live in Stoneberg all the time?"

"Do you think you would like to come to Glenwood to live?"

Flora began to comprehend his meaning, and was surprised, for she had understood he was engaged to Juno. While this was not true, people generally thought such a match would take place in time. She thought Harry very handsome and very pleasant. Then, too, Judge Glenn was known all over the United States as an extremely wealthy lawyer. As for time, she had met Harry, one season at Long Branch and another at Washington, so we need not doubt her answer, and when they went back to the house a happier face than Flora Galt's would have been hard to find, or a lighter heart, but as for Harry, he was not quite so satisfied as he ought to have been. The next day a rumor went out, as rumors will, of this engagement, and a more surprised set of people than there were in Stoneberg could not exist.

It was just a little hard for the young men to swallow, without considerable pecking at Harry, that is, all but Horace Littleton. He was delighted; thought it perfectly splendid. But Dr. Overton, who was supremely happy in his betrothal to May Bloom, indignantly declared it was a pretty piece of nonsense.

Meanwhile the Coney Island pleasure-seekers were

enjoying the sea breezes, and Juno had almost forgotten the events of her leave-taking thinking Harry's anger would be as short-lived as usual. So when the news was written to Fred Travers by his uncle, Judge Glenn, he wisely concluded to conceal it from Juno, but he was decidedly nonplussed and could scarcely believe the truth. As soon as he fully comprehended the matter, he determined justly or unjustly, to find out whether Harry had really not been in earnest with Juno, or was not now so with Flora.

One morning as Harry Glenn sat in the cosy library, with his eyes searching the statutes of the State, with very unintelligible aim, as to the meaning of the great dry page, he closed the book emphatically, "I believe I'm a fool," was his comfortable self-accusation. Certainly he did not look so radiantly cheerful as a young man should whose wedding day had been set, but the door bell roused him and a servant handed him a telegram. The servant said, "the boy, sir, said the lines were just opened this morning through this district, but 'taint of no consequence, I suppose. Harry glanced at it. It read, "Juno, I will be home at half past eight. Harry," and was dated June 21. "Jim, how long have the lines been closed!" "A month, sir, here, but not everywhere. You see you were out of town sir."

He turned pale, bit his lip, and sank into a chair. The old darkey's eyes twinkled maliciously. He guessed now what was up, but he went away and left him alone. Harry was indeed in a predicament, but how could he retreat honorably, for retreat he must. He well knew that he would not be so much censured for leaving Flora

as he was for leaving Juno, and again, he knew, thought he, Flora would not pine very long for him, or any one else. Therefore he sat down and wrote a full explanation to Flora and asked his dismissal. Of course it came, and she called him a "dreadful man" and used various heart-rending epithets, but Harry knew her "dreadfuls" were as short-lived as her "beautifuls;" and while he felt no qualms of conscience as he sat down that evening to tea, he certainly felt happier than he had for a month, so much so; that his father, who was not yet informed of his son's prospects, began to believe that after all he had been mistaken in thinking there had ever been anything more than a brotherly affection.

While the Judge was debating the questions of the next administration with friends, another telegram arrived addressed to the Judge: "Juno is dying. Fred." The Judge with ill suppressed emotion wrote the one word "Coming" on a slip of paper and handed it to the boy. He then turned to the servant and ordered his valise ready in an hour. Then, as if to temporize: "Harry will you go to Coney Island with me?" Love is quick.

"Why? what is the matter? Is there bad news?"

"Yes, decidedly."

"Is anyone hurt? Is it Fred?"

The Judge shook his head. Harry was on his feet now. "It is Juno," he said, "I knew it."

"Yes, it is Juno, she is dying!" The Judge said this in a tone intentionally hard, and Harry reeled against the window, as a man who has lost his reason.

"Probably," added the old man feeling half child-

less, "You will prefer to stay with that pretty doll of yours."

"Don't!" cried Harry almost fiercely, checking what might have followed. "I will go with you!" and in an hour they were on their way.

But every mile seemed ten, and both were sure that a half hour stop was made at every station. However, at daylight they had reached New York and entering a cab dashed away to the Pier where they took the first steamer for Brighton Beach, and went at once to the Hotel Brighton, where their party was stopping. The Judge asked at once for Fred Travers, in a very trembling voice, and was politely informed that the young gentleman in question had repaired to the bathing-house, whereupon the Judge, amazed at this intelligence, asked for Miss Juno Mildred. The servant in waiting began to smell a mice, and a broad grin spread over his good-natured features. He divined that this was the girl's father and he was afraid she would run off with gay old Fred.

"Oh, she's all right sir. You're in time. They're not married yet."

"What under heavens do you mean?" exclaimed Harry at this juncture.

"Why, it's set for to-night, sir, I believe."

"What's set for to-night?" echoed the Judge.

"Why, the marriage of Mr. Fred Travers and Miss Juno Mildred. You see, sir, it's rather sudden!"

"Yes sir, yes sir, rather sudden indeed, and can you inform me whether or not she has been ill?"

"Not that I've heard of," said the amused porter.

The Judge looked around but Harry was nowhere in sight. He therefore wisely concluded that he might as well dispose of himself comfortably on the verandah and await developments. Now the sly Fred had not the least intention of marrying Juno, and could have rattled off the attractions of a certain demure little fairy over at the Oriental, to the satisfaction of the most fastidious, but how should he pay Harry excepting in his own coin? He, therefore, became suddenly very commiserating and very lover-like to Juno and declared he had loved her always, but had been deterred from expressing his love because of knowing her devotion to Harry. Juno, while still owning Harry as her first choice, but thinking him after Fred's story indeed lost to her, consented to become his wife, but would not hear to any wedding except the quietest possible. It was therefore arranged to take place in the private parlors of the hotel without any display, while Agnes Travers, whom Fred had made his confidant, had done her utmost to bring matters to a crisis. But how to get Harry out there was the next thing. There could be but one way. If anything would bring him that telegram would, and accordingly he sent it. You know the sequel.

Harry, when in an exceedingly excited temper, he left the hotel, rushed off to find Fred who was, of course, delighted to see him, and told him that Juno was over in New York but would be back at noon, laughed off the little ruse he had used to get them out there, and congratulated Harry on his engagement to Flora Galt, which engagement Harry promptly declared was broken off. Of course Fred was much amazed, and by sundry

nice little questions managed to find out that Harry's allegiance to Juno was as strong as ever, whereupon, with much preconcerted magnanimity, he at once offered to resign his place to Harry, if he could obtain the young lady's consent."

Seeing a vessel approaching the Pier, and imagining who one of the occupants might be, they made their way out on its cool gangway and there met the lovely Juno, who was not a little in trepidation at beholding her cousin, but when Fred got a chance to whisper in her ear "he's true to you, he shall take my place to-night," she was not sorry that he also disappeared in the crowd and left her to scold Harry at leisure.

It suffices to say that he took it all, without a murmur, but when Fred found them at the dinner table and announced a double wedding, they were more in the dark than ever. But an explanation followed, in which all were enlightened, but nobody was happier than the Judge, who declared that nothing but a trip to Europe should end this complicated affair. Three months later when two very happy couples took up their abode in Stoneberg, among the first who called, were Horace Littleton and his pretty bride Flora Galt. Harry was inclined to sneer that a woman who had once smiled on him, should marry a man of whom he had so poor an opinion, while some others may have doubted, as to whether he was not quite as sensible, as handsome Harry Glenn.

JUVENILE EFFORTS.

CHAPTER X.

MY COMPOSITION ON SCHOOL.

(Written at twelve years of age.)

School is very nice when we have a good teacher and I am sure we have. I wish I wouldn't miss for a whole term. It must be nice at the end of the term to say you hav'n't missed once. I like the school yard very much. There is some nice flower-beds in the yard and it makes it very pleasant. One day I got nine in grammar. One day every single girl in the class missed and we all had to stay after school. I like most all the girls. I like Helen B. awful well, and Hattie B. and Mattie B. I don't like E. Z. one bit. I think she is just about a dunce. I thought I had got rid of writing compositions but I have found that I havent. Its compositions to no end. I cant bear them. I think they are horrid. I cant write them good either. It has been my wish to be a school-teacher. But sometimes I think that I will get so tired of study and examinations that when my school-days are over I will be glad to leave school to some-body else. One thing though if I am ever a school-teacher I will never require my scholars to write compositions. *Unless I change my mind by that time.* I think the worst

thing about school is, that once in a while the teacher says I must write a composition, which I don't like one bit. I never know what to write about. But I like to hear others read them if they are good. This is the second composition I ever wrote and I hope the last.

(the end.)

LETTIE.

FIRST TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

(Written at nine years of age.)

Mary Jackson was a little girl only six years old. She was not very pretty. But she was very good. She had a Big brother and a Little Sister Susie. her Big brothers name was Tom and he was very fond of strong drink and Mary was determined to save him and think of any way to do it she couldn't. But she called Little Susie to her and said in a very important tone now Susie Jackson it is very necessary that we should save him, what shall we do. Little Susie was only three years old and she was just full of fun so for once she sobered down.

Mary Jackson what you talking about

Susy Jackson you are a naughty girl

oh no me aint, write a temperance Lecture. I should think you ought to know somefing temperance

why that is the very thing I will go and write. So she went and wrote a real good temperance Lecture and then put it in a note that read as follows. Rev R H B. dear sir will you please read this little temperance on Sunday evening next yours truly M. J.

and received for reply this note

Madam I have the pleasure of reading to my audience
your temperance Lecture yours truly Rev R. H. B.

So when Sunday evening Come Mary teased her
Brother to go to Church with her at first he hesitated
But at last he yielded and went After a little while the
paster came in then there was a pause and at last he rose
and taking out of his pocket a package of about five
sheets of paper and thus addressed the audience Dear
Bretheren tonight I have the pleasure of reading to the
audience here assembled a temperance Lecture wrote by
a little girl it is as follows

I would advise all Brother Toms to come over from
the rum shops and come to Church on Sundays

My sister Susie says young men Beware of Liquor
for at Last it stingeth like a serpent and Biteth like an
adder But everybody whose name is Tom dont go near
the rum shop and dont drink wine for if you do I wont
like you nor my sister wont either Now all young men
you be careful

may be you are not in the rumshop or in the prison
or in the delirium tremens But you may find some of the
young men of our city in the rumshops who we suppose
to be very good Just then Mary heard somebody sobing
on looking around found it to be Tom her Brother I will
not tell you the rest of the Lecture But I will tell you
that when the pastor got done he held out a pledge and
Tom Jacksons name went down first and it is needless to
say he was saved He is now a thriving merchant in
New York saved by Mary

(the end.)

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

(Written at twelve years of age.)

There is many ways that a person may be happy. Now some young men think just this way. That they want to get married. But they do not think how they are going to support themselves. Now young ladies and old ones (just who it may hit) If your husband comes home and you see that he is cross ill, or in some trouble If you are cross and snappish to him it will in time prove to make you unhappy. But if you meet him with a smile and goodnatured look it will sooth his troubles a great deal and you will see a change immediately. Now a word to the husbands. Avoid speaking in a harsh or pettish manner to your wife and that too, will make a great change for the good of both. Do good to all people and no doubt you will be happy. If you mope around by yourself and don't try to be good yourself or to do anybody else any good either, you will not be happy. One thing more I will mention and that is first make your own home happy and then go out in other places and do good there and I know you will be happy. But you must be happy and cheerful yourself and always have a kind word for others.

(the end.)

COMPOSITION ON THE USE OF BIG WORDS.

(Written at fourteen years of age.)

"A few big words—be they in place or not—are better than a dozen or two of little ones" seems to be kind of a proverb with some of the young ladies and gentlemen, and yes, even the children have caught the fever for big words even if they do turn a poor unsuspecting cow into an *evellant* when they can't even pronounce what they intended to right. You musn't say pretty any more, that is altogether too small, it must be magnificent, beautiful, elegant, exquisite, even if it comes to being "Exquisitely shallow." And if any person be in great pain, and you wish to speak of it to another, you must say "He is enduring excruciating suffering" and if you can't think of that, Exquisite suffering will do as I heard a young lady who is usually very proper say. If you are speaking of a person and wish to say they are very plain, you must not use the word *very*, but exceedingly, because it is a little longer. And the old folks, don't think that they escape, for where the young people go the old folks follow. *They say* to bring them back, but it is generally to get caught in the same trap; and they must be excused if they do get mixed up once in a while and say contracted for extracted and if on Thanksgiving Day they choose to call your Turkey "foul turkey" in trying to get both names together soas

to make it a little longer, and if you do get a little angry, you must keep cool for it is all the fashion to use big words. The thought suggests itself that I ought to use a big word here and say the all-prevailing fashion. It is hard nowadays to find many expressions grammatical or ungrammatical, but what are used more or less. You cant beg pardon any more it must be humble or honorable pardon whether it is one, or both, or neither. You must have your tooth extracted not pulled out, although they both mean the same, your arm dislocated, not out of joint, and your bones—well I dont know what to say—anything is better than broken; crushed would do a little better, but that isn't quite long enough. The plain old Dutch question "I'sh dot so" sounds better than the English "can that be possible." And it is almost always the case that a plain speaker is listened to with more real interest than one whose discourse is made up of high sounding epithets as some people say, but of no real hearty eloquence. If you must use big words look to it well that you use them in their proper place and know their meaning. A young lady once started to say that she would have to write an epitaph, but instead said an epidemic. I suppose she made her mistake in trying to find something that would sound a little grander or bigger. True eloquence does not lie so much in the big words as it does in easy smoothness and sweetness of speech. One of the best speakers in the United States is a very plain spoken man, and I have read that D. L. Moody, of whom we have all heard, is very plain. If the proverb be turned around into something of this shape, it might do a little better.

A few little words in their proper place do better

than a dozen longer ones out of place.

And just now I think of a motto that might apply here: "Say what you mean and know the meaning of what you say."

LETTIE'S FIRST POEM.

(At twelve years years of age with an illustration of a grave under a willow.)

Under the willows we laid her
In her early blooming life
And she is singing with the angels
A happy song of praise.

Yes she has left us
And gone to the better world
She has gone to Heaven above
To sing forever more.

One chair at our table is vacant
From our fireside one has gone
And from our happy circle
Our darling one is missing.

Beneath the green willows shade
Her early grave we made
Where the blue violets droop and wave
O'er her meek and lowly grave.

We will hear her sweet voice nevermore
Until we meet her again
On that bright and better shore
Where there will be no sorrow or pain.

HAPPY MOMENTS.

(Written at twelve years of age.)

Oh! happy moments, my dear friend
When on thy mother's knee
Thou art resting safely
In thy happy infancy.

O! happy moments my dear friend
When on the bended knee
Before the altar you receive
The blessing brought down on thee.

Oh! happy moments my dear friend
When mourning by a dear ones grave
If thou can'st then beside thy loved one
Truly say, "Thy will be done."

Oh! happy moments my dear friend
But sad for thy mourning ones
When in thy lonely grave
You find a resting place.

Oh! happy moments for us all
When in that Heavenly place
We meet our Saviour face to face
And forever live in his redeeming grace.

(The second poem written by Lettie L. Burlingame.)

POEMS.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

On wings of silence sped the year away,
And came once more a fair Thanksgiving Day.
I glanced far aback o'er memory's plain,
And murmured "Oh, God! let me live it again."

I would be more thoughtful, earnest and wise,
And would make for the Lord some sacrifice;
I would "live a life of excellent worth,
A garland of works to brighten earth."

I would sing a song of rapturous praise,
Akin to the one that the Angels raise; .
But not so, for to-day I sit and mourn
O'er life-pages that are "fluttered and torn."

I pick them up where I dropped them so still,
And struggle to bind them, with iron will;
But no! it is past, and the work is done—
The work of the day and night are one.

But the brooks, the flowers, the whispering trees
Murmur a lesson of truth on the breeze;
Tis this: "Oh, mortal, thy life is but brief—
Years add to, or take from the golden sheaf.

Then make thy next year a tale that will tell
The world this sweet truth, that thou hast done well.
Then will thy life be a rapturous song,
Which angels in Heaven will love to prolong."

DAISIES FROM FORT MCHENRY.

Oh! daisies white,
What memories sweep o'er my heart-strings to-night,
Of love that was lovely, and hopes that were bright,
Of a summer' dream, and a winter's blight,
O daisies white.

O daisies say,
Rememberest the time, as years speed away,
When heart pressed to heart, as lovers may,
A sailor and maiden gazed out on the bay,
O daises, say?

O daisies true,
Rememberest the kiss that thrilled me through,
Sweetest that ever a mortal knew,
And the secret so softly whispered to you,
O daisies true?

O daisies dear,
What joy, what love, what life was here!
Yet scarce had thy petals begun to sere
When sorrow fell with the falling year,
O daisies dear.

O daisies fair,
Old Fort McHenry still standeth there,
But the sailor who plead with passionate prayer,
Pleads no more in the summer air,
O daisies fair.

O daisies white,
The bay is as broad, the bay is as bright,
But the sailor has gone to the realms of light,
And love and hope, O daisies white,
Are veiled in night.

THE SNOW BALL BUSH.

It stood upon the smooth green lawn,
Half way between the house and gate,
Of dusty leaves and fleecy balls,
Bearing a rich and heavy freight.

I had not thought it beautiful,
So brief its summer-time of bloom,
And in its blossoms, soft and white,
Was neither sweetness nor perfume.

But one fair morn in early June
The tree was looking at its best;
Part of the balls were sunward turned,
And on the shady side the rest.

And those upon the sunny side,
Were decked in robes of creamy snow,
While those that hid in cool and shade,
Seemed in a nymph-like green to glow.

The sun just ris'n lit up the leaves,
And touched the tiny drops of dew,
Until they shot forth dazzling rays
Of every gay prismatic hue.

As I was sitting in my door,
Half dreaming in the balmy air,
Watching th' empurpled lilacs wave,
I heard a footfall on the stair.

"Ah, bah! ah bah, bah, bah, ah bah!
Straightway I upward raised my eyes;
They fell upon a boyish face
As fair and bright as noonday skies.

No word he spake;—I understood—
The gates of sound and speech were sealed.
But something in his looks appeared
That to my very soul appealed.

And yet those broken syllables
Contained his only uttered plea.
As first his eyes gazed into mine,
And then upon the snowball tree.

His left hand clasped unto his breast,
As though he something fain would hold;

And with the right he pointed high,
Where hung the flowers in sunlight gold.

So quick I bent the branches down,
And filled his arms with precious store,
Until, though eagerly he tried,
He could not hold one blossom more.

Oh! had I but the power to paint
The rapt expression on his face,
The glowing smile, the beaming joy,
The clustering curls, and winning grace!

How softly, and how tenderly,
He touched those fleecy flowers,
Smiling and babbling all the while
In words so vainly framed like ours.

He hastened home across the street,
And when upon the farther side,
He stopped and waved his hand to me,
Hugging the snowballs close with pride.

He seemed to find in these his friends—
I turned away, my eyes were dim.
How sweet to think, though ours cannot,
Their voices still may enter in!

The bush is standing now, but not
For me, nor for the silent boy;
For other eyes its beauties bloom,
To other hearts it giveth joy.

DOWN IN MY HOLLOW.

Tell me not of the dancing wavelets
That break on your golden strand,
Nor the hosts of white-winged vessels
Afar on the billows grand.

Tell me not of the crowds that gather
Day by day on the shining beach,
Nor the pleasure-seekers thronging
To the blue expansive reach.

Where the bathers with wild rejoicing
Are sporting to their delight
Near the great hotels of the seaside
With their flags and streamers bright.

Tell me not of the magical music
(The strains of a city brass band
With a flute, two horns, and a fiddle)
Nor the pretty pink shells in the sand.

But sing me a song of the woodland
Of a tent in some shaded ravine
Where the trees their foliage out-spreading
Weave arches of living green.

And let it be near some streamlet
Of quiet and rythmical flow,
Where all undisturbed by intruders
The fishes may come and go.

Where the deer from the deeper recesses
May graze on the hill-sides in peace,
And the birds trill out their sweet music
With rapture that never shall cease.

Where the countless bees and beetles
And butterflies shine in the light;
Where amid the shadows and darkness
The fire-fly haunts the night.

Where strange flowrets hide in the marshes,
And ferns in their delicate grasses
Find room in the tapestried hollows
Their marvellous patterns to trace.

For here I could ponder forever
On the wonderful problems of life,
As we see them propounded by Nature
Away from earth's heat and its strife.

And now that, October breezes
Play over deserted sands
And your seaside hotels and pavillions
Are stripped of their gorgeous bands—

My hollow is just in its glory—
The glory of Autumn time—
When the leaves are all golden and crimson
And wild grapes hang thick on the vine.

The pretty striped squirrels and rabbits
Are forgetting they ought to be shy
And gaily they play 'round the tree-trunks
As if not a mortal were nigh.

And the hickory nut and the walnut
As well as the hazels brown,
The beechnut and the chestnut
Come rattling softly down.

Other flowers have bloomed and withered,
But the hardy golden-rod
Nods defiance, to slumb'rous winter
Slowly creeping o'er the sod.

The streamlet sings softer than ever,
Since the gay little robin one day
Took a farewell bath in its waters
And winged to the southward away.

But the brave little ouzel still watching
A-dipping its pretty bill
And the red-headed woodpecker's tapping
Vivacious, in spite of the drill.

So give me the shades of the woodland
All checkered with sunshine and song,
And the streamlet silently dripping
Where life holds its beauty so long.

And here let me dream in the silence
With the ouzel and golden-rod,
For close to the great heart of Nature
I know I am nearer to God.

THE CACTUS AND FERN.

"Poor homely thing," she said one day,
Digging the clinging earth away
From the roots of a cactus, rough and round,
And tossed it out on the barren ground.

She put in its place a lovely fern
Whose delicate beauty to discern,
A look sufficed, for tracery rare,
Left its magic impress there.

Day by day she watched its soft'ning green,
And feasted her eyes on its netted sheen.
It had to be coaxed, as beauties do.
'Tis well, indeed, that they're few.

But spite of all her tender care
The pretty fern soon grew less fair;
It faded, and soon withered down
Into a wisp of golden brown.

Once more the window was swiftly raised.
This time, for the plant she loved and praised,
But lo! on the sand outside, there lay
A mass of crimson, sweet as May.

No wonder, then, tears dimmed her eyes.
"The homely thing" in this disguise,
Had lived and flourished in the sand;
The fern lay dead within her hand.

Remember, in God's wholesome plan,
Naught useless is, of plant or man.
Despised things, when given room
And kindly soil, may bud and bloom.

TO MY FRIEND ANNA ON HER BRIDAL DAY.

When hearts are fullest words refuse to come;
Our dearest hopes our sweetest thoughts are dumb,
And if my cherished wish for thee be unexpressed,
And silent 'bides at home within my breast,
'Tis not, I do not now, with thee rejoice,
But language hath not power to give it voice.

Yours lovingly,

Ann Arbor, Mich.

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

Lovely blossoms, nestling there
On the soft green apple boughs,
Kissed by lightest dews of morn,
I to thee will pay my vows.
Not the violets blue and gold,
Nor the June Queen's blushing heart,
Nor the stately fleur-de-lis
Can to me such joy impart.

Like the maiden cheek I love,
With its mingled rose and pearl,
Wooed by sunbeams dancing free
Is thy dainty six-leaved whirl,
Breaking forth upon the air
Odors sweet as legends feign
Th' old Alhambra gardens stirred
Ere the Moors were driven from Spain.

Oh! what visions, budding blooms,
Come to me of childhood's hours
When, within this orchard fair,
Seeking not for brighter bowers,
Strayed the merriest girls and boys
Now in smiles, and now in tears,
Seeing not, thank God, the care,
Waiting in the path of years.

When I sleep that quiet sleep
Which shall break in Heavenly day,
Not beneath the willows sad.
Nor the fir trees dark array,
Nor the shadow of the woods,
Let me rest ; but lay me low
Where the apple tree in spring
Bends beneath its rosy snow.

There let happy maidens gather
Twining blossoms in their braids ;
And when summer fruits entice
Let the boys make merry raids.
Grudge them not these happy moments,
Though they be above a tomb.
Know'st thou not the soul in Heaven
Finds again its springtime bloom ?

FOR AN ALBUM.

They say that Memory's silken bands,
Will often snap apart ;
And that its kindly spoken words
Are seldom from the heart.

These doubts fall sadly on my ear,
But still I'll trust in thee ;
And if our paths be separate ones,
Wilt thou remember me ?

INSPIRATION.

Oh ! the matchless bliss of dreaming,
With October clouds careening
O'er a sea of blue bright gleaming,
Dreaming breathlessly and long
Oh ! the sad sweet charm of feeling
All the heart's blood swift congealing,
All the pulses throbbing, reeling,
With the ecstasy of song.

Oh ! the glee beyond expression
Of the spirit's wild aggression,
Where the muses holding session,
Chorus their majestic strains.
Oh ! the wondrous joy of being,
Living, loving, knowing, seeing,
Skies and birds and wavelets freeing
Souls that struggled erst in chains

Let the artist keep a weaving
On his canvas figures breathing.
Let the poet's bosom heaving
Swell and glow with passions warm,
But the brush may ply forever,
They can paint the glory never
Of a calm October morn.

THE SILVER WEDDING.—INSCRIBED TO MR. AND MRS.

A. B. S.

“Hail, Hail! to the Bridal Fair”—
The breath of a song
So sweet and strong,
Steals out on the evening air.

* * * * *

And out of the past the bride-bells sound
A century's cycle, a quarter round,
Speeding so swiftly, a silver crown
On a union of hearts drops gently down.

Joy to the hearts that have been true,
All life's sorrows and trials through;
May their life be long, their path be peace,
Happiness, wealth, and love increase.

Reviewing together fond memory's files,
May angels blot out all but the smiles;
And let the cares, the doubts, and fears,
Glide lightly by as the passing years,

The Future's arcana are hidden, I ken,
Still hope that nineteen hundred ten
May as kindly look on this union down,
Bestowing then a *golden* crown.

CAMPAIGN SONG IN 1884.

Who can bear the battle's brunt?
Blaine and Logan to the front!
Blaine, the statesman, wise and true,
Logan, tried beneath the blue,
Neither, slow in time of need;
Both, in principles agreed;
Who can better bear the brunt?
Blaine and Logan to the front!

They will work that industry
Home protected e'er may be,
Work that civil rights may stand
Recognized throughout the land,
And that European power
May before our Nation cower;
Who can better bear the brunt?
Blaine and Logan to the front!

Both for freedom, home, and right,
'Gainst oppression's crushing blight;
They will fight as they *have* fought,
Men like these can not be bought.
With such chieftains at our head
We the march to victory tread.
None can better bear the brunt—
Blaine and Logan to the front!

IN MEMORY OF LIZZIE GLEASON.—“WHO GAVE UP HER
OWN BRIGHT YOUNG LIFE IN TRYING TO
SAVE HER MOTHER.”

Gone out with nature's dying green, thy life;
Gone far away from the world's care and strife;
Falling as ev'n now fall the autumn leaves,
Gone where the heart never with sorrow grieves.

* * * * *

Gone with one thou did'st bravely try to save,
And in so doing, found death and the grave;
But the morn of resurrection shall come
And thou, and she, shall be raised to that Home.

* * * * *

Where the sad ones who now on earth for thee weep
Shall join with thee in communion sweet;
And the wailing of earth, the sigh and the moan
Change to sweet singing by the Great White Throne.

RESURECTION.

On yonder bough, that lightly flies
Zepher-swung 'neath autumn skies,
In silken cradle, the chrysalis lies.

Here, folded close to earth's warm breast,
Guarded by her with loving zest,
Lieth a child, in dreamless rest.

But winter is past, and April skies
Shine upon bees and butterflies,
The silken cradle, empty lies.

And lo! the night of death is past,
And shroud and pall aside are cast,
While an angel, answers the trumpet's blast

No matter how darkly the passage lower,
The Saviour passed through the depths before,
There is hope, and joy, forevermore.

REMORSE.

Of all the numerous ills that hurt our peace,
That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish
Beyond comparison, the worst are those,
That to our folly, or our guilt we owe.
In every other circumstance, the mind
Has this to say: "It was no deed of mine."
But when to all the evil of misfortune
This sting is added: "Blame thy foolish self."
Or worser far—the pangs of keen remorse—
The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt,—
Of guilt perhaps, where we've involved others,
The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
Nay more—that very love, their cause of ruin!
Oh, burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
There's not a keener lash!
Lives there a man, so firm, who, while his heart
Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
Can reason down its agonizing throbs;
And, after proper purpose of amendment
Can firmly force—his jarring thoughts to peace?
Oh, happy! happy, enviable, man!
Oh, glorious! magnanimity of soul!

OHNE HAST! OHNE REST!

Without haste; Without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast!
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed
Mark fore'er the spirit's speed;
Ponder well and know the right—
Onward then, with all thy might.
Haste not. Years can ne'er atone
For one reckless action done.

Rest not. Life is sweeping by,
Do and dare before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time;
Glorious 'tis to live for aye,
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! Rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate,
Duty be thy polar guide—
Do the right whate'er betide!
Haste not! Rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last!

TO A VIOLET FOUND BENEATH THE SNOW IN THE
WINTER OF 1875.

Oh little velvet violet,
What dost thou here my pet?
Beneath this mantle pressed,
A snowy shield upon thy breast?
Art thou not lonely? All have flown
That with thy tender seed were sown;
But thou! blest token from above,
Dost cling fast to thy mother love.
I know, why thou dost linger here,
With brilliant hue, my heart to cheer.

My sweet, I've lost some valued friends,
Those sacred trusts that Heaven lends,
To brighten all life's transient dream,
As the sunlight flecks the sheen.
But thy unseen life doth teach
My tried and broken heart to reach
Beyond the dim celestial blue,
Beyond the veil that shades my view,
And know the friends I now regret,
Though dead to me, are living yet.

AN EVENING REVERIE.

The sun is sinking in the west
In clouds of rosy gold and snow,
The lily lifts its pallid crest
Above the pansy's purple glow.

The bird is settled in its nest,
Within the oak tree's sheltering arms,
The tired, hot earth, is lulled to rest,
By music weird, of insect charms.

And yet, though busy day depart,
Something remains, howe'er we will,
The noise that fills the human heart,
Throbbing and beating; never still.

'Tis then we wake with troubled start
To find the friend of youth has flown,
Time with its true, well aimed dart,
The bond has pierced—we stand alone.

So new, will take the place of old
And strive, perhaps, life's way to cheer,
But what is silver, after gold;
An hour of age, to youth's sweet year.

Goodbye then Anna, but when cold
And dark thy way may seem, and zest
In life, seems gone, let me then enfold
In this heart of mine, one I loved best.

“WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.”

“What a friend we have in Jesus.”

’Tis a golden day in sunny France,
O’er the fruitage of the vineyards
The mellow sunbeams dance.

And the bird’s enchanting chorus
Bathes with melody sublime,
All the purple rolling harvest
Of that summer-blessed clime.

Where blooms the stately fleur-de-lis,
Emblem fair of chivalry;
Where dusky ivies ever twine
Columns round with tendrils fine.

On the velvet cushioned ground,
Fragrant blossoms all around,
Sits a maiden, wondrous fair,
Radiant eyes and burnished hair.

“What a friend we have in Jesus.”

In the mottled clouds that sail above,
In the birds and in the flowers,
She seeth God’s reflected love.”

“What a friend we have in Jesus.”

Thinks the maid of witching grace
And the light of Heaven’s own glory
Lingers sweetly o’er her face.

A CHILD'S IDEA OF THE COMET.

And when the lamp of day went down in the western sea
There rose athwart the clouds a rosy mystery;
A mass of soft rich fires, whose coming seemed
Alike the fabled veil of Venus. Virgil dreamed.

A child stood at the window, gazing with earnest eyes
Upon the wealth of glory that warmed the twilight skies.
Behind her, in the shadows, a group, a stately few;
Discussed in learned fashion of evidences new.

They spoke of the whence and whither, of the comet's
golden trail
That sweeps through etherous strata across the heaven's
pale;
Of the countless worlds encircled by streams of living
light,
Of the galaxy of wonders that gleams beyond our sight.

And the childish eyes awide, with a wondering surprise,
Looked up into their faces so wrinkled and so wise,
Her heart all full of beauty, aglow with living joy,
And timid faith, their science was powerless to destroy,

Wondered at their solemn efforts this mystery to explain,
Which to her untutored notions, was so wonderfully plain.
"Why," said she, and paused a-doubting her advance,
But boldened now by papa's reassuring glance,

"I fink, don't you?" with smile so sweet, "I fink, don't
you
Its dust the smiles of Angels all a-shinin' frou." ·

MOUNT WASHINGTON.

Majestic Mount! Pride of New Hampshire Hills!
Bride of the sun, bathed in the vaporous gold
Of morning mists; radiant, triumphant, bold
yet soft thy outlines, with faint rainbow rills
Abreast thy curves, and snowy drift that fills
And rounds thy fair proportions, fold on fold
Smoothing the seams that rend the mountains old
Round which the winter wind-waft thrills and thrills
Lonely, alone upon thy hoary heights.
The signal service heroes calmly wait,
To read the signs the wilful wind waves write,
The shining stars presage; nought else create
Dares tempt thee in thy solitary might,
God and thyself and they reign desolate.

Dec. 1883.

A REMINISCENCE OF BYGONE DAYS.

Three little chairs, stand empty here,
Three little faces, gone away,
For them, I can have no more fear;
For now, angels, in white array
Sweetly watch o'er my children dear,
In that bright Heaven; where all is day.

Dear little May! I see her yet,
With her beautiful hazel eyes—
And tangled curls as black as jet;
But now, under the sod she lies.
Of my three darlings, she was the pet,
With all her winning ways and wiles.

Then Gracie, the sweetest of girls,
With her lovely sunny brown hair—
And teeth white as the'clearest pearls;
Her complexion was not as fair—
Nor hung her hair in rippling curls
As did, my little Mabel's there.

But, her voice was so very sweet,
And her laugh so soft and low,
And whosoever she might meet—

She the kindest glance would bestow—
That angels, lest her little feet
Should ever tread paths of woe,—

Took my darling away from me,
To that beautiful land above,
And there I shall my children see,
And once more know my dear one's love.
For this I'll sing praises to Thee,
Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove!

The youngest, a beautiful boy!
How well I can remember him—
He should have been his mother's joy,
But they lured him away to sin.
With pleasures we tried to alloy—
He liked, the bar-room noise and din.

And we plead and urged in vain;
He would listen sometimes, to May,
And say, he'd gain a better name,
But 'twas forgotten in a day,
And he would go on just the same.
Of course this could'nt last away.

And one night, there came word for me,
My son killed in a drunken brawl.
They told it to me tenderly,
They laid him in the great wide hall,
From thence, in a grave so lowly,
This victim of a New Year's ball.

'Twas just a single glass of wine—
From a beautiful maiden's hand,
'Twas only the sparkle and shine—
Of glasses on a little stand,
That caused this misery of mine—
'Tho I live in a mansion grand.

With the poorest I'd change my lot;
But, no! I will not so complain,
For I love to visit the spot,
Where all my loved ones now are lain;
And though, think of them, I cannot
Without its giving me pain—

Yet I had rather have it so;
For had my life been all so sweet—
And had I known naught of sorrow—
I'd not have been prepared to meet,
With those, who've left me here below—
Now, angels guide my weary feet.

One word more I must say to you,
For you've been my most faithful friend;
With all the powers, God's given you,
Strive your part, of the world to mend,
Strive the people's hate to renew
'Gainst the curse of our nation—rum.

Never give up! your cause is right—
Never mind what others may say,
For God has given us the light—
'Tis ours to follow and obey.
Work now, for there cometh a night
Which to the faithful, shall be day.

CHILDRENS VOICES.

A radiant angel, celestial and blessed,
Through airiest realms of space took silent wing
And skirting all the purple-shadowed hills,
And the laughing heart of the forest dark,
She smiled on the calm, blue mountain lakes,
And danced with glee o'er the snow-clad peaks,
And distilling all of the earth's delights,
She gathered from nature the sweetest things,
And by some strange process all divine,
She turned them into a magic draught.
The trill of the warbler's song on the woodland
 heights,
The musical drip of the waterfall,
The wooing of the softly rustling leaves,
The grace of every floating cloud,
The sweetness of every waving flower,
The tenderness of earth for its beautiful things,
The sighing pity of the heaven-spined pines,
The sprightliness of the mountain deer,
The timidity of the bounding gazelle,
And the love that is throbbing all around—
All these she gathered, and, strange to say,
Though each in its former home is found,

No one will dispute me when I aver
She placed them all in the voices of those
Whom Christ had blessed and called to Him,
The little children whose sweet, sweet tones
Are ringing and singing all the day long;
But lastly, lest lost in the music of these,
The sons of Earth should sit and dream,
She gathered from all the world the noise
And let it loose in the girls and boys.

WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

Oh! the mind is a beautiful temple
With which naught on earth can compare,
We can fill it with beauties undying
And store it with treasures most rare,
Or in case that its glory forgetting
We ruin its strength by neglect
We shall find it a pitiful object
Whose beauty no man would suspect.
Your mind is a temple, friend Leonard,
Oh! fill it with treasures immortal,
The great, and the good, and the true.

TO THE MEMORY OF MAUD MELCHOIR.

Ah ! who knows the why and wherefore
Of this blinding loss and pain?
If we now could see our darling
Would we wish her back again ?

Inconceivable and holy
Are the mysteries of God,
But He saw how like the angels
Was our gentle little Maud.

Taken in life's happy springtime,
Bright with innocence and truth,
E'er a shadow stayed her smiling,
Hers will be immortal youth.

In the home and in the school-room,
We shall miss her sweet young face,
Miss her kindly welcome, spoken
With such rare and winning grace.

But the lesson that she leaves us
Is a lesson good and true;
Every day she did some kindness,
Every day in virtue grew.

Now she rests, life's short dream over,
Rests upon the shining shore,
And Heaven's chorus rings the sweeter
For they greet one angel more.

Then farewell, O cherished daughter,
Loving sister, scholar, friend,
Your bright form at Heaven's gateway,
Shall await us at life's end.

LINES INSCRIBED TO MISS KITTIE D—Y.

Dear Kittie, how swiftly the years have flown
Since first we met, strangers, by the old gate.
Summer's sweet breezes and winters have blown,
Since we played together early and late.

Yet, although we see the changes of time,
They seem rather of weal than woe;
And although others have favors more sublime;
Time has brought us love—sweetest gift below!

The time may come, and soon, when we will part,
Yet, my friend, though parted for a day,
The memory of thee will cheer my heart,
And we shall meet in Heaven to love away.

My wishes for you are hard to express,
And though not penned in eloquence and song,
Please do not think that I love you the less,
Although poetry here should seem to belong.

But that you may know my desires for you,
I'll try to express them by a few words;
And though they should be nothing very new,
Yet may you hear them in the songs of birds.

And may they sometimes come up to your mind
When you are far, far away from your friend;
And tho' with beauty they are not lined,
'Twill a sweeter charm to our Friendship lend.

May God bless you and make you most happy!
May sorrows touch lightly thy future way,
Leaving all the sweetest sunset of beauty,
Making thy onward path as bright as day!

We may ever look back on a pleasant past
And think of the smiling girlish faces;
Of the pleasant, warm, heartfelt handclasp,
Of the advance to womanhood's graces;
Of the dear old romps we had on Broadway;
The good old "hide-and-go-seek," by moonlight,
The girlish quarrels made up in a day,
Of the dear friends that made our lives so bright;

It will forever shine bright as the day,
This friendship of days when we were so young;
" 'Twill only brighten as time flies away"
A gleam of sunshine on our past life flung.

Thus our friendship will ever stronger grow,
'Tho each other's faces we may not see;
The softest breeze of love, shall ever blow,
Wafting my love to you, and yours to me.

The Lord ever watch over and keep thee!
May the light of His love beam upon you,
His peace forever be 'round and o'er thee
Until the "Eternal City" you view.

THE GOD OF THE SCYTHIAN.

Tis night; Caucasus' frost-torn peaks, in seas of moon-
light mist engulfed,
Shimmering thwart the Northern sky, in somber majesty
review
The sterile rock-lands at their feet, where altars, strang-
est, that Height or Depth,
Mountain or Valley e'er beheld, of woody brush, and
rugged thorn,
Erected stand for Scythian rites, and on the summit of
the pile,
Heaped high upon the table-land, pale glimmered the
shifting shades,
Cast by moonlight and bonfire flame, a grim satanic
naked sword,

God of the Mongul Horde. Strange forms, in skins
long-haired, unearthly clad,
Danced as if fiends were they all, and shrieks and
laughter gurgled around.
At the foot of this temple of darkness, the victims of
war and of hate,
Were slain by the Mongul chief; then mounting the
dark heap of terror,
He gave to Sword, God of the Scythian, the blood inter-
mingled to drink;
Poured it so slowly, exultingly, over the blade as it
glanced in the moonlight,
While discordant chants from the wild men below, rang
out on the mountain,
And wild raged the dance, and the blood feast beneath
old Caucasus.
Tomorrow the sword should reap richly, for this night
of revelry boasting;
For down from the mountains, ungainly, the cunning
barbarians would rush them,
And the Mede and Assyrian should mourn over plains
devastated.
But lo! apart in the shadow is sitting as if hearing not
the mad tumult,
A woman, the fairest the north mountains embosom,
alone she is watching,
The golden Diana said softly, the blue vaults and arches
caressing,
And dreaming of something she knows not, but hopes in
time for the knowing.
Queen consort, thou shalt leave the slumbering mountains,

Go down o'er the land of thy dreaming; and lead those
wild men to their victory.
She heeds not, and sees not, the rude forms that brush
past her, nor hears she
The shriek of the victim, nor notes the sword that crowns
bloodstained the brush-heap.
Perhaps Zarina, thy beautiful bosom is heaving with
sorrow for mankind,
That knowest not a Saviour, nor thinks of aught save
this earth-life.
But maybe, she knoweth not either, but she dreams, and
fain would know.

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

In a satin lined casket
Lies a tiny, beauteous form.
Features like the chiseled marble,
Shadowed by Death's snowy storm.

And the little shrouded figure,
With its eyelids waxen white,
Lips like gems of frozen sweetness,
Seems a dream of heavenly light.

Round her baby brow so saintly
Friends have bound a chaplet fair,
Saying: "Thus the lily fadeth,
Let this rest upon her hair."

Clasped by her fairy fingers,
Is a shred of cypress fine,
Emblem of the baby blossom,
Torn from off the parent vine.

Perfumes rare are gently wafted
Through the closed and darkened room,
Offerings, kind friends have tendered,
Heaven-born banishers of gloom.

Sunbeams straying through the shutters,
Fall upon the infant face,
Like a touch of angel beauty,
Floating o'er with magic grace.

In such glory shall she waken
When uplift those starry eyes,
Even sunbeams cannot equal
As they gambol through the skies.

She shall be as pure forever,
As the lilies on her brow ;
When we meet her, we shall find her
Fairer than she seemeth now.

PROSERPINE.

As graceful as an artist's dream
She wandered through the em'rald groves
That skirts the silver bosomed Lake
Within sweet Henna's charmed Vale.
Her hair, dark as midnight's pall,
In rippling waves o'erhung her brow ;
Her eyes, beneath their raven fringe,
Gleamed soft and bright as the gazelle's.
Her cheeks, the daintiest peach blooms, framed
In wreaths of pearly snow ; her lips,
So sweet and pouting, half parted in
A smile.—Ye Nymphs that dwell the wood
Within, your caves and fairy dells
May dazzling loveliness conceal ;
But not your castles, moss-embowered
So fair a vision can reveal
As peerless, proud Proserpine.
With merry laugh and song, from off
The rich sod at her feet, the rose
She gathered ; and who knows but that
In sipping from that rose's heart
The diamond dew of morn, the blush
Upon her own cheek flamed brighter soon ?
And then she gathered lilies pure,

Where tender waxen bells are sung
By poets of all ages beneath
The calm blue reach of Heaven beloved
Of Gods and men. Of violets
All blue and gold a beauteous wreath
She wove, and laid it with the rest,
And all this time she sang a song.
So wondrous sweet and rare, the Nymphs
And Naids of the woods came forth to hear
And spied the maid, the fabled realms
Of Tartarus were not too far
For fame of her to reach, and from
Their shades a rider came. He gazed
Enchanted on the lovely scene :
The flashing woods, the quiet Lake
The roses, lilies, violets,
The morning sun-glow over all
And brighter e'en than that, the maid.
The birds affrighted hushed their songs,
And fluttered restlessly about,
The Nymphs, abashed, fled away,
And hid themselves in darkling dells.
The maiden, all unconscious, still
Her sweetest notes of music thrills ;
Her voice was music liquified,
Or angel note escaped from Heaven.
Dark Pluto's face was flushed, his heart
Was leaping high with love's swift flame.
" Are not the sweetest flowers of earth
The brightest stars of Spirit-Land ?"
Worse deeds than this a thought has done,

And all too late the maiden saw
And fled. Her flowers she dropped
And mourned with child-like grief her loss.
Companions heard her cry and swift
To give her aid pursued in vain
Fast, fast she fled o'er flower and stream
By fairest vales and sylvan bowers
But faster Pluto's foaming steeds
Pressed on to reach the river bank.
Almost her mother's hand has reached,
Almost the maiden's god has won,
But lo! the Crystal Cyane
Seems like the gate of other worlds,
The rider's prize is his for aye,
The ground beneath their feet give way,
The wooer and the wooed sink through,
And then the earth is calm again,
There is a world of endless night
Where spirits wander to and fro
Where life is death, and cold, bright stars
Send forth a blue and fitful light,
Where sweet sad silence ever reigns.
There dwells the maid, dark Pluto's
Queen they called her once Proserpine,
But now the Bride of Death.

AN OLD MAN'S EXPERIMENT.

Go down to the hovels of want and woe
If all wretchedness you would care to know;
Then to the palace your footsteps tend.
You wont go alone? Then take you a friend.

Yes he's gone, I wonder what he'll say
When he returns? I hope that it will pay
But then; he can't see things through my old eyes,
If he did, perhaps he'd learn to be wise.

He said, and earnestly too, that he'd try
To leave off drinking for my poor Maria
(She is my wife and a good woman too)
Had begged and plead, two weary years through.

How came he to take to drinking you say?
Well, well! my good friend, they all find a way,
'Tis easy enough; each corner you turn
You meet some young man whose cheeks ought to
burn.

That while he might climb the pathway to fame,
Has chosen the road that leads down to shame.
And still farther on we come to a being,
Would I could say, that his looks are deceiving.

But on that face, where even his old age
Should be the index to a brighter page;
We read those looks too plainly revealing
A drunkard; See! e'en now he is reeling.

Ah! he falls, and quickly gathers a crowd;
What, it cannot be! that man once proud
But, believe it friend, he once was the squire
Whom you now see grovelling in the mire.

He once was as strong and hearty as I;
He fell before rum, I did not, ask you why?
Because a mother's prayers have followed me,
Since a little child I bowed at her knee.

But from my story I've wandered away,
I did not mean to—excuse me, I pray!
You asked how my son came to fall?
It's hard to tell the little, yet great all.

I never was much of a talker, friend,
And so I'll hurry on to the end;
When my boy was young I guess about ten,
I put him on the farm with brother Ben.

Brother never was a temperance man,
But he owned a pretty big heap of land,
And a great many used drink in those days,
And farming is a business that pays.

So with misgivings I sent him along,
God forgive me! I know now I was wrong.
And 'twas there, filled from the little brown jug,
They gave to my boy the accursed mug.

From that time he has steadily grown worse,
And he never carries a well-filled purse,
For all of his money goes into the till,
Yet, we watch over, and pray for him still.

And just this morning as he came to me,
I thought how right could gain the victory,
For he said to me: Father, I would know,
What is the source of so much want and woe?

Well! I sent him away with some advice,
I sent him to places not very nice,
But now most likely, the truth will be told,
And he will hear the story grown so old.

But it will be from other lips than mine,
And he will see that the goodness of wine
May change the richest as well as the poor,
And force them reverse fortunes to endure.

And perchance, he will see how much better,
'Tis to be free, than to be bound by a fetter;
Still, I can but most humbly hope and pray,
That my wife and I may live 'till the day:—

When we, with rejoicing, can leave this home
To pass away to a better one,
Leaving our boy without a single fear
That he will not, to the good Lord adhere.

Let me look at my watch, it's growing late,
Ah! it does not show in me a good trait
To let you so long from your loved ones stay,
So with my blessing, I'll bid you good day.

* * * *

My son, and he, how different—the two!
I must stop my musings, the time is due
When my son from his visit should return,
I hope that he found a lesson to learn.

Oh! here you come, and in good time I see,
And what is the story you have for me?
Did you not find it about as I said
Let rum alone and have plenty of head?

You did! and you will not drink any more?
Oh! had you thus decided long before
Much trouble your parents you would have spared
And your form would not have been thus impaired.

But we say 'tis better late than never
And if you keep your promise forever,
You will make our lives, through remaining time,
One strain of Glory, and love most sublime.

* * * *

He ceased speaking. 'Tis twenty years since then,
Fred, his son, and I, were then young men,
And it was to me his story he told,
And thought us two, so different of old.

Oh! if he could see Fred as he is now,
He would think far different of his boy;
And though misspent days Fred must ever regret,
He is too sensible to pine and fret.

The old man long since passed out of the world,
Keeping his Temperance banner unfurled,
And if we would meet stern Death without fear,
Let us try and live better every year.

'Tis long since then, as I before have said,
And many of that day have long been dead,
And yet the army of Temperance men
Are just as determined now as then.

And we, as earnest members of that band
Should ever lend a ready and helping hand
To push the great work of Temperance on.
God speed our cause, till every foe is gone!

A PARTING SONG.—AIR: "AULD LANG SYNE."

Our hearts are beating high to-night
With pleasure sadly sweet,
For now we come to say farewell
To those we've loved to greet;
To those we've loved to greet, dear friends,
To those we've loved to greet;
To teachers dear and friends most true,
To those we've loved to greet.

Here we have learned full many a truth
With goodly lessons fraught,

To which fond memory oft will turn,
With loving, grateful thought;
With loving, grateful thought, my friends,
With loving, grateful thought;
To lessons which we'll ne'er forget,
With loving, grateful thought.

And as we tread with firmer step
The pathway of the years,
We'll bless these days so free from care,
With smiles, if not with tears,
With smiles if not with tears, my friends,
With smiles, if not with tears;
We'll homage pay to happy youth,
With smiles if not with tears.

Oh! let us as our paths diverge;
Our barks drift on apart,
Though far or near, on sea or shore,
Be faithful still in heart;
Be faithful still in heart, dear friends,
Be faithful still in heart;
To those who've shared our girlhood's glee,
Be faithful still in heart.

Then when the school of life is o'er,
And once again we meet,
Oh! may we all receive in Heaven
A welcome passing sweet;
A welcome passing sweet, dear friends,
A welcome passing sweet,
No more repeat the sad "farewell,"
But "welcome, welcome," sweet.

THE BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

The last step rang from the sounding stone,
The last voice died in the distance away
And I was left in the schoolhouse alone
At the close of an April day.

What a weary day it had been to me!
The rain was pattering out of doors.
I could hear it drip from each leafy tree
On the mossy sod of the woodland floors.

The pupils had been so hard to please
(And the teacher too, they probably thought,)
But the evening came, with its glad release,
And its work of good or evil wrought.

Someway I lingered long that night
Thinking of things that were dear to me;
The childish faces, so sweet and bright,
Had awakened sad memory.

How drearily gloomed each empty seat,
And narrower grew the whitewashed walls
Till the silence and dusk were all replete
With shadows, and sorrows, and hushed calls.

My tears fell fast on the table of oak
For the youth and the love that had flown;
For the ghost of a buried hope will croak
If he chances to find you a moment alone.

But something touched my arm so soft,
I thought it only the wind that breathes
Just such as out in the forest oft
Tosses and fondles the restless leaves.

But it came again with gentle force,
And slowly I raised my tear-stained eyes
To see beside me sweet Millie Morse
Looking on with such wondering sad surprise.

"My Millie, my pet, you are late to-night!"
But shyly she drew her hand from behind;
"Teacher, I've brought you some violets bright
The bluest and prettiest I could find."

Sweet messenger! swift in my arms I clasped,
And kissed the lovely little maid,
And the violets true I fondly grasped
Ah! how soon do they wither and fade.

She broke away in merry glee,
And tossed on the air her saucy curls,
She would not stay by the fire with me
But ran away home the gayest of girls.

Ceased its pattering had the rain,
And the golden sun came peeping through,

And my heart found life and hope again
In my pupil's gift, the violets blue.

So I turned the key in the rusty lock,
And walked toward home with a lighter heart,
Half round were the hands on the kitchen clock,
But peace sustained me with magic art.

* * * * *

This morning I stood by a casket white
And gazed on a tiny marble form.
The face was lit by a glow of light
A light angelic, soft, and warm.

In the waxen hands I placed a rose
And a wreath of violets on her brow;
What love she brought me, and sweet repose;
Is this all I can give gentle Millie now?

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE."

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Yes, Jesus says that He is the Way,
And puts an end to the ceaseless strife
That all, who will come, unto Him, may.

No longer need I in doubt to stand
Tossed about on a vast sea of fears,
For by Jesus the Life-boat is manned,
And in praising Him, I will pass my years.

Blessed words, that to me are so sweet,
Strange new joys ye seem my heart to give,
Ye seem to guide my wavering feet
And in Thee evermore, I trust to live.

Thou art, indeed, O, Saviour! to me,
The Life, the Truth, and surely the Way;
For did I not truly find in Thee
The one entrance to that endless day?

I oft read these words and in them find
Not only the meaning penned therein,
But that true and sweet peace of mind
That one has not when living in sin.

Sweet assurances of love divine
Has it been Thy great pleasure to give,
But of all Thy promises sublime,
This we seem, the most truly to live.

Then, Saviour, I thank Thee for these words;
Tho' strange it seem, I love to fancy
That I hear them in the songs of birds,
And in the wind whistling through the trees.

For the words that follow, I thank Thee:
"I will in nowise," so reads Thy thought,
"Cast out he that cometh unto me."
Then of our fears, there is left us naught.

* * * *

Then hasten now, and do not delay,
Thou need'st no longer doubting stand
Since thou know'st the true and living "Way,"
But grasp that ready and helping hand.

Follow Christ while the dawn is bright;
Heed His words, and you'll love to obey,
For soon cometh down the solemn night,
The night, which to the faithful is day.

ESSAYS.

CHAPTER I.

CONTENTMENT NOT ALWAYS A VIRTUE.

As I have been thinking to-day of the year just past and gone, and of the long list of names that have been added to A2real's pages, a dream has been flitting about in my brain. Contentment is called a virtue. Is it always? We have all heard of Jeremiah Dub and know that this stunted bit of humanity is the owner of all the beautiful woodland that surrounds his miserable hut. His wife is an idle, ignorant woman, unable to read, write, sew or cook. He makes the clothes which she wears and the orphan child's they have taken to bring up in this solitude. She sits in the door smoking a pipe, while he sits astraddle a turned up tub by the side of the house, half asleep. He will not sell an inch of his acres, although offered fabulous sums, and here he and she "live" and eat and sleep; and this is all their "life" all their "world." But they are Contented.

Down at the edge of the same great woods is another hut where "Nigger Jim," as the country folks call him, "lives." Where he came from, or where he will go some day, nobody knows. He has been the town's protege for many years, and how much longer he will be it is useless to calculate. He is strong, and his wife a willing worker,

but its got to be quite natural to sit on old boxes, on a bare floor, with a knock-down stove and little food or fire, and it is easier to do so than to lay aside that winter rheumatism which makes the old man so feeble when the winter comes round, but never hinders his walking six miles to a "town meetin" or shaking his feet to a "shindig." His children, who guiltless of clothing, may be seen on any summer's day darting in and out among the trees, have never seen the inside of a school house, no more than their father and mother, and probably never will, but it is all right. They are Contented.

Down in the City the scene is somewhat different. There is on Pleasant Street, among the stately dwellings of Judge and merchant, a low, old-fashioned house. The surroundings are faultlessly neat. Mary is washing the dishes, she will also sweep the floor, and make the beds. She is fifteen and she will not go to school any more. She has enough of book learning. Her mother was married at sixteen, and thinks Mary must do the same. John is out of school too, although he has two years less of life of which to boast. Father used to work summers when he was a boy, and don't see why John should not do the same, so he runs a grocery wagon. John will not go to school any more; he is discouraged. It is hard work; this doing a year's work in three months. Father and mother are growing old. Oh! yes, they are healthy looking people, about fifty or somewhere along there, bid fair to live twenty years yet, but the burden of years rests heavy. They have just enough to last them their life out, and have now set themselves down to die. Oh! no, there is nothing the matter; only they've got

enough, and don't care about anything else, and so they doze and dream, and Mary and John work and find life dull and empty, and wonder why others have such beautiful homes, and so much of life and friendship. But father and mother are Contented.

In the vicinity of the great Rolling Mills is a long row of dingy brown houses upon which the sunshine seldom smiles. To get at the life of some of these people let us go into one of their dwellings. The house is furnished with Brussels carpets, and cheap pictures in gilded frames, with dauby stuffed furniture. They spend their money as fast as they get it, the men for beer, the women for clothes, as if they could hide with velvets and laces the coarse sensual cast of their faces; as if their children's rags and ignorance did not cry aloud. But they drink beer and laugh at their vulgar jokes, and make day and night hideous. The Bible and the altar are objects of their scorn, the school and the book their enemies. Nay, say nothing, let them be merry; this is right. They are Contented.

But there is a grand mansion! its marble columns gleaming in the summer moonlight! Let us enter. How still though! Within the marble portico, what flaps so fitfully? Hush, is this crape, here on this portal of a millionaire? Within, an old white-haired man sits by an open grate, a strange smile playing o'er the cramped features. A woman, across the room by the window, stretched out upon a silken couch, writhes in agony. What a gorgeous room! Ceiling and wall glitter in the firelight as if the gold would speak; satin hangings and rich velvet carpets lure to rest. The old man chuckled,

and still the woman wept. How rich he was. No one in all the city; no, nor in the country for miles around, so rich as he. His house, no other far nor near could equal in its elegance. The common folk dare not address him. He robed his wife and daughters in satins grand, and surrounded them with servants who should perform for them most trivial duties. He bought for them a grand Piano, and sent to Boston for a Master. He loaded them with jewels, then lit the gas, and sit down amongst them to see them shine. No man of God e'er crossed his threshold, nor any friends. He shut out God, and the world; they were all beneath him, and his daughters, in the perfumed poisoned air of gas and colors rare, without a dream of all the world holds fair, yet dreaming of a beauty and a life-world all unknown, faded in the morning. Nor did aught delight them in spite of glowing diamonds, In vain their mother plead, entreated. To a fairer clime he took them. Whispered of the blooming tropics, of the groves of orange blossoms, of the ocean's quiet breezes. Still for them this life was lifeless. And so now in yonder parlor, lying underneath the gaslight, Death has taken them to Life. But had they not been all they could be? He had given them all that heart inspired could dream, and his fabulous wealth he worships still—nor sees he now, the pale face, in the shadows, that will soon have sought with them, its dream-land. But the father smiles Contented.

CHAPTER II.

THE GROWTH OF ART IN THE WEST.

A few years ago, excepting in the wealthiest homes of our largest cities, few evidences of artistic culture were to be discovered, and even these were meagre. Rural homes, bare and unlovely, existed without adornment, and the farmer's son who breathed of aught save the horses and cattle; and the farmer's daughter, who breathed of aught but butter and eggs, was given up as a worthless member of society. Yet it is to be hoped, without losing any of the good sense and sturdy energy of our forefathers, Western civilization within the last twenty years, has widened into a broad field of Art and Science. The first suspicion of coming changes appeared when the farmer's wife began to send to the neighboring city for the fashion books, and the city housekeeper began to imitate her country sister's garden in her front window. The heart of man loves a beautiful home and the manly son and the womanly daughter, seeing the mother's tasteful dress and blooming flowers, and the cozy table where father sits to read his evening paper, imbibe their first draught of that inspiration which the beautiful awakens.

Friebel, the great founder of the Kindergarten, fully understood the principle, and the children under

his supervision spent from three to five hours in the garden, employed with dainty colored balls of wood, or other objects of pleasure and amusement, thus stirring in their young hearts a breath of beauty.

But Art did not stop here. The mother's needlework began to extend to other things beside her dress and her children's, and delicate embroideries began to ornament the table cover, and tidies were knit to save the soiling of the old arm-chair. The daughter's nimble fingers made bright ornaments of card-board and gay zephyrs, or wove into fancy shapes the delicate willow wands. The sons gathered odd bits of wood and nuts, and cones, which, varnished and mounted on prepared frames, made wonderful baskets, and pyramids, and cabinets, and rustic seats for the garden. In the summer the graceful ferns were gathered by swift fingers and the autumn leaves yielded their richness and brilliancy to light up the parlor through the gloomy hours. The father brought home books of poems and stories, which, bright bound and cherished, were read with eagerness, and the illustrations served to amuse the little ones and to awaken strange longings in their tiny brains to see the real. Bye-and-bye people began to travel more, the busy whirl of pioneer life to grow more quiet, and the leisure hours to be more numerous. Men brought home a love of the "Old Masters," and copies of their works—meanwhile the days of canvass came, and tidies, once mere articles of usefulness, began to be a necessary and lovely addition to every room; lovely mats and rugs, and soft and expensive sofa pillows, that gladden the eyes and act as a sort of enchantment. The piano comes

into the home, and the drawing master's services are called upon. Art-schools were established in the cities. Table ware began to be noticed. The china-ware came to be a picture of life and loveliness, as it received the addition of trailing vines, or blushing roses or tiny landscapes. The doors, even, begin to assume a new expression, and the panels represent some forest scene or some pleasant fancy of the painter. Flowers no longer occupy a set place, but are scattered around in the most delightful and unexpected places, while the old-fashioned toys and fancy brackets are replaced by wall-papers or painted skill as gorgeous as the most fastidious can devise, while grand paintings, copies of the Old Masters and landscapes and portraits, the work, perhaps, of the owner's hand, adorn the rich walls, and chandeliers of delicate design send a glamour of dazzling beauty over all. This is what Art is now in the West.

Many are the Art journals and other works found now upon table where a few years ago they were wanting. Let us glance into a few homes and see how this advance displays itself. Let us enter this house, not very beautiful, to be sure, for American architecture is a little slow, but pause at the doorway and your attention is at once rivetted. The furniture, in terra cotta shades and walls painted a shaded blue, like the ocean waves, while a rare and suggestive collection of shells adorn a low, broad marble shelf running one side of the room near the base. In one corner is the grate, in Vermont marble, above which, up to the ceiling, the corner is filled with gilt panels of every size, upon which are painted in delicate colors, the various grasses and field-

flowers which adorn our Western spring time. The effect is indescribably quaint and pleasing. In another home, not far distant, we enter a wide and spacious hall from which a flight of stairs, with ebony and gilt balusters, leads up into an artist's parlor. The hangings of the room are of a pale corn color, embroidered with wheat sprays in old gold. The furniture is old gold plush, with sofa-pillows and table covers of corn color, embroidered in old gold. Stained glass windows throw a soft rose light over the beautiful scene, and reveals, under a rich cardinal canopy, in a niche, a beautiful group of statuary, — "The Dream," while three of Rogers' groups adorn the low stands—placed and draped for their reception. Beautiful landscapes in oil decorate the walls, and prove the owner's taste, and it is whispered that these excellent copies of noted paintings are her own productions.

Turning away and visiting a rural home, but a few miles out in the country, we may see one of those exquisite bits of elegance and use, a screen, the work of a young lady. The screen consists of three panels. The central one is of pale blue moire antique, with a large square of blue satin applied in the center, upon which is painted a pure white swan, gracefully and truly delineated. The other two panels are of a rich shade of olive, covered with semi-oriental figures in all the hues of the rainbow. It is, indeed, beautiful, and these are only a few of the ways in which our Western Art displays itself. There is much room for improvement, and many young Artists, some already known to fame, who now occupy studios in our cities, give rare promise of a future that shall be a glorious one in the Annals of Art.

CHAPTER III.

THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON MODERN
LITERATURE.

Just as the rose-wreath of the sun was dying, I stood beside a beautiful river, and gazing on its blushing waves, I beheld lovely cloud-angels, mirrored in their depths, and the waters sparkled and rippled, while the glowing brilliancy of the heavens tinted them with golden hues; and I said to myself: "Even thus the stream of literature smiles beneath the sun of Christianity; thus does it grow radiant as man's spirit learns to look through nature up to nature's God." But there is one difference; the sun that illumines literature will never set, but its mighty influence will go on forever, casting a hallowed glory on every page. Christianity has created for all men common subjects of thought and feeling, and, uniting all nations by that rich bond of sympathy which links our spirits in sacred brotherhood, has woven together in one beauteous wreath the energy of the North, the soft, fairy forms of the South, the Oriental gorgeousness and the Occidental strength. In the history of the Drama the footprints of Christianity are very perceptible. Amidst the gloom of the Dark Ages, Dante's "*Divina Commedia*" glitters like a shining fountain in a desert. After the revival of Chris-

tianity, Shakespeare arose,—unrivalled in dramatic composition. At the same time the geniuses of Racine, in France, and Schiller, in Germany thrilled the soul with sweet harmony.

The stage, disgraceful on account of its immorality was attacked by Collier, and, aided by Christian sentiment, he effected a beneficial revolution, and a pure state of morals succeeded. What the stage lost in wit, it gained in grace. The golden luxuriance of nature, the marvels of science, and the enchanting world of mysticism, have been elevated, refined, and made melodious by the touch of Christianity. Milton, influenced by this Power, produced "Paradise Lost," a work unparalleled in sublimity, enthusiasm, and grandeur of conception. The pagan writers, mistaking the past and dissatisfied with the present, wrote selfishly. Archbishop Potter says: "That the ancient poets were sometimes accustomed to introduce into their writings images of poverty, distress, and death, not to deter themselves or their readers from those gratifications which formed the principal enjoyment of their lives, but rather to prompt them to seize the present moment and enjoy them all the more ravenously." But when affliction and death came upon them they could point only to gloom, despondency, annihilation, and despair; but Christianity, with one touch of its magic brush, swept away the darkness of superstition, freed the mind from bondage, and fused the artistic faculties into a combination most favorable for an elevated literature. Early in this century, Chateaubriand uttered sentiments so full of Christian grace, and

immortal hope that they have shed over literature a genial warmth. A prominent feature of the literature of our age is spirituality. It exhibits a spirit of tenderness, beautified and ennobled by Christianity. Truth spreads its fragrant dew, o'er every leaf, and simplicity floats with exquisite grace through every line. Fresh, vital, energetic, and natural, it not only pleases, but strengthens the mind. Christianity has imparted to modern literature a vivid sense of duty and earnestness, which shows itself by "hallowing labor and industry," by awakening inspiration of art, by poetical expression, and by depth of feeling. It elevates and improves utility by uniting it with pleasure." Men no longer flutter like butter-flies over the flower-gardens of literature, but year after year they give to the world hundreds of books on every branch of science, literature and art, which shall remain throughout all ages as monuments of knowledge, eminently practical. It is impossible to read a Christian work without an intense admiration of that Spirit of cheerfulness and hope which seems to brighten every word, causing every wave of trouble to sparkle with beauty, and roll in majestic harmony, transforming sin, sorrow and toil into "Messengers of light, sent forth to minister to heirs of Immortality."

Christian literature affords a pleasure, pure, plentiful, and abiding.

"Breathing of heaven,

'Tis full of beauty, gentle, though sublime,

And ever on this life's mysterious road

It calls the soul from thought of things and time,

With teachings manifold to Heaven, our Home,

'Tis fresh and fair as in earth's joyful youth,
And still it lives to teach love, gratitude and truth."
Over modern literature Christianity is spread.
"In every spot in characters of light
For it is written by the Infinite."

CHAPTER IV.

GATHER THE ROSES AS YOU GO.

It is a characteristic of some people, who are fond of making themselves miserable, to complain of this wonderful world, lamenting its darkness, its instability, its ever increasing depravity, and its numerous and inexplicable mysteries. That this world is a dismal, gloomy Universe, unfit for man's habitation, no real admirer of the good and the beautiful will admit. He must, indeed, possess a most unhappy disposition, who, standing upon earth's fair heights, and beholding the innumerable forms in which Nature displays her loveliness, can exclaim: "The world is all dark, all dark!" The grandly towering mountains, the golden-tipped ocean waves, the thickly enwoven forests, the silvery lakes, the rolling plains, the murmuring rivers, the fairy flowers, the mellow sunrise, the rose-wreathed sunset, as well as the

dear fireside—sacred to every heart, all protest against this low estimation of God's fair creation. The fault rests in man's inclination to look on the shadowy side of earth's existence, to gather the thorns, forgetting the Roses. Undoubtedly there are cases where it is not unreasonable that life should be considered nearly destitute of cheer; still they who seek for the light usually find their efforts rewarded with success. Although afflictions may assail us thick and fast, though poverty, crime, and death fill our hearts with unutterable woe, though the brightness of our life seems forever extinguished, yet we know that God doeth all things well, and the most efficient method of forgetting one's own sadness is to assist in alleviating that of others.

'Tis true that a spirit of mutability infests the earth. Ministers of change are continually weaving wonderful webs, and it is not unfrequently that they are at work with things that immediately concern us. Here we are deprived of a friend. There another supplies his place. Yesterday we accumulated wealth. To-day it has vanished. Men before whom the world bows in admiration at present, will to-morrow lie beneath the velvety sod, while a new generation will occupy their positions, and win similar laurels. As Pompeii of old, with all its splendid magnificence, crumbled in dust and silence, so, perhaps, shall, in years to come, the leading Cities of this era be numbered with the Cities of the Dead. But it would be infinitely more surprising should all existence remain unaltered throughout the Ages. Indeed, this principle of change, however exhibited, infuses an invigorating element of satisfaction into life, which might other-

wise become rather monotonous. The cry, "There is nothing on earth upon which a man may fix his hopes,"—and 'tis an exclamation which is often heard from the pulpit—is the utterance of a gloomy, visionary doctrine. He who places, no confidence in the things of earth generally has very little to place anywhere, and the man who loses faith in his fellowmen is the first to exclaim, "There is no God." Believe in the goodness of earth, and love for its Creator will follow. As for the increasing depravity of the world; no one who has carefully read the histories of earlier Ages, and compared them with ours will entertain the truth of this assertion for a moment. It is altogether probable that this apparent increase of evil, is due only to the righteous abhorrence with which modern civilization regards any deviation from the path of rectitude, and not at all to any real advancement of wickedness, for it has been fully ascertained that the average amount of crime remains unchanged from year to year. The many mysteries surrounding us only serve to make Life more interesting. Did we know everything, its cause and meaning, the greatest instigator of action would be forever silenced. 'Tis the mystery enshrouding many things above and below that makes the human existence so indescribably grand. There is always something yet to be discovered. Of all things unknown, God and Eternity are the most difficult of comprehension. In what glorious visions of the imagination do we picture our conceptions, of Divinity, and of the world to come! Yet with what inexpressible awe do we await the approach of the Herald who shall unfold for us the "Gates of Pearl."

Although we have been given a most wonderful revelation concerning the divine mystery, although men have read and prophesied, yet, who has not acknowledged himself utterly incapable of arriving at the truth with regard to our future life. It is sufficient for us to know that whatever Eternity holds for us, Christ will be ever present, therefore it will be perfection. All other mysteries are totally incomparable with this, still the same is true of them; we should be contented with truths more easily disclosed. The world is charmingly lovely in all its aspects, and life is perfect; yet many beautifully-woven fancies have been disenchanted, many budding hopes blasted, and existence made wearisome, almost intolerable, by such useless, melancholy murmurings. Lips that should breathe of naught but beauty and sunshine are often heard indulging in the utterance of such dark thoughts.

If men would only be content to dwell in pleasant fields! Oh! had I the soul-stirring eloquence of Demosthenes, had I the commanding power of the Cæsars, had I the heavenly smile of a Venus, had I a voice as sweet as the tinkling of streams, looks, power, voice and soul, all should blend into the words, "Let there be light." Let us endeavor always to find the good and the beautiful, nor turn aside to bruise ourselves amidst the thorns, while the bright roses remain unnoticed. Nor will the roses of Heaven be less sweet because we have gathered the sunny blossoms strewn by the kind angels over our pathway below.

"This be my creed for friend or foe
Gather the roses as you go."

CHAPTER V.

ESSAY ON GEORGE ELIOT.

George Eliot's features present a strange medley of passion and power—the high, intellectual, but uneven brow; the dark hair arranged so low at the sides of the face, the large eyes so thoughtful, so dreamy, so sad; the masculine nose and the firm lips—lips that might well have uttered those prophetic words of Romola: "It seems to me as if there would always be pale, sad faces among the flowers, and eyes that look in vain." The face is so massive, so deeply lined and careworn that the first impression is undeniably repelling; yet as we gaze, the closed lips seem to part in speech, and the great eyes to flash with the inspiration of hidden fires, until it is not difficult to imagine how one of her admirers, seeing her face all radiant with friendships smiles, her eyes sparkling with the flames of genius, and hearing her rich, tremulous voice pour forth words of wisdom grand and true, pronounced her "beautiful."

George Eliot, whose real name was Mary Ann Evans, was born at Arbury, in Northern England, November 22nd, 1820. The house where she first attended school still stands, an old-fashioned structure in the style of Queen Anne, with a shell-shaped cornice over the door.

When Mary was only seven years old someone lent

"Waverly" to her sister Ellen. The book was returned before Mary had finished reading it, and so badly did she feel that she immediately began writing out the story for herself. When this was discovered the book was again obtained for her; and Scott continued to be a favorite with her throughout her life. After she was ten years old her education was the result of her own energetic private studies, Languages, literature, music, science and philosophy interested her alike.

In her childhood she held a simple religious faith, but was never capable of experiencing the same enthusiasm evinced by many of her companions; and while yet scarcely more than a child she paused in the midst of an evening walk with the wild wish: "Would that I might reconcile the philosophy of Kant and Locke!" Little by little she passed into a stage of unbelief, and, although recognizing in her life and works the action of supernatural forces, she never sought again the consolations of the Christian religion. When sixteen years old she was called upon to suffer a great affliction in the death of her mother, and from this time her attention was divided between her studies and her devotion to her father.

In 1841, after the marriage of her brothers and sisters, she went with her father to reside at Foleshill, near Coventry. It was here that she translated Strauss's "Life of Jesus," which she published in 1846, thus making her first appearance before the public. George Eliot wrote many verses before she was twenty, but the silence which lasted for more than fifteen years after that, was due to her fear of sinking to mediocrity.

In 1849 occurred the death of her father, after which

she went abroad with some friends, returning to England in 1850. Soon after her return she was induced by Dr. Chapman to aid him in conducting the "Westminster Review." Although quite successful in this connection the work of criticism proved distasteful, and she concluded to give it up. She preferred to accept what was valuable in a book without comment, and to let its faults pass without remark.

Before noticing the works of George Eliot it will be interesting to glance at her own opinions as to other women novelists. "As an artist," she wrote, in 1852, "Miss Austen surpasses all the male novelists that ever lived, and for eloquence and depth of feeling no man approaches George Sand." Again, she declares, "The literature of women is a literature of imitation." In George Eliot's life dramas there is much of the supernatural, which is so noticeable in the novels of Scott, and probably she looked to him as a master. Take Adam Bede, for instance. How the mysterious tapping of the willow wands strike on his ear, and speaks to his heart of coming evil; he opens the door, but all is still; the tapping is repeated. He does not know its origin, but instantly connects the sign with his father. Then when he walks out in the gray dawn of morning and finds that father's lifeless form fast in the embrace of the willows in the stream, he feels that a voice invisible has given him warning.

So also, in "Silas Marner," the "Mill on the Floss," and "Daniel Deronda," there is much of the mystic element. Her heroes and heroines are always struggling to overcome some great temptation, and perhaps of this class "Gwendolyn" is the highest type, as she lives and

conquers. "Romola" is the most noble character George Eliot has created. A pure, true type of womanhood, which rises above all selfish considerations, and lives for others' good. One scene in "Romola" shows us that she had not yet ceased to feel a certain degree of reverence for Christianity,—that wierd scene beside the bedside of "Romola's" dying brother, where, awed by the faith which upholds him, and that deathbed vision which so strangely shadows all her after life, "Romola's" self-righteous complacency is forever broken, she recognizes the power of spiritual influences, and bows for the first time before the Cross.

Wherever George Eliot attempts the humorous she is not so successful; but by far the finest element in all her works is the charity, the loving kindness, the goodwill to man. In "Scenes of Clerical Life" she thus speaks out for the common people: "These commonplace people, many of them bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows, and their sacred joys; their hearts have, perhaps, gone out to their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance, in our compassion of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share?" She clung in memory and affection to the past, and "Silas Marner" props up his broken pitcher with the words, "I love the very stones the better, the longer I have known them."

Dr. Holland called George Eliot the most eminent woman of the Nineteenth Century. In an intellectual

view she probably was so, and could easily take her place among the great men who surrounded her. A Yorkshire man declined to believe that his favorite book, "Adam Bede," was written by a woman, when so informed by a tourist. "There is the gentleman's name for one thing," said he, "and, besides, how could a woman know what the men were thinking about?" Dr. Holland also makes this comparison between George Eliot and Mrs. Browning: "Mrs. Browning, the most remarkable writer of English verse who has lived in this country, was a woman in her mind as well as body; and while we do not intend to deny to George Eliot a true type of womanhood, she was, intellectually, a man, and challenged the attention and commanded the admiration of the best and highest men. As much as Mrs. Browning was admired, both by men and by her own sex, it was beginning to be apprehended that her work had few lasting qualities. It was intense, nervous, almost hysterical, beside the work of George Eliot. In the field of prose one was a brook, the other was a river. One sported amid the crests of fancy and feeling, the other took deep sea-soundings."

But George Eliot's work can be best estimated by its influence. Did any one ever rise from reading one of her novels, a better man or a better woman? Have they ever inspired anyone to higher deeds or achievements? Let the words of Frederic Myers express the feelings wrought in him by her words, as they walked together one evening, and we have the exact impression left by most of her books. He says: "I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May, and she,

stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet calls of men,—the words God, Immortality, Duty—she pronounced with terrible earnestness, how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable the second, and yet how peremptory and absolute the third.” Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing Law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned towards me like a Sibyl’s in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, amid that columnar circuit of the forest trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls,—on a sanctuary with no Presence to hallow it, and Heaven left lonely of a God.”

In 1854 she accompanied Mr. Lewes to Germany, where they remained, chiefly in Weimar and Berlin, for a year. It was here that she first became conscious of her own original power, and began to write her first novel, “*Scenes of Clerical Life*,” which appeared in 1857. Although writing under an assumed name, her identity was soon discovered. Other works followed in rapid succession, and her greatest effort, “*Romola*,” was published in 1863.

The last twenty years of George Eliot’s life were spent in quiet social joys or in the intense literary industry necessary to produce so many works. Mr. Lewes has said that she read one thousand volumes on Jewish

History and Character alone, before writing "Daniel Deronda," which shows how untiring she was in her labors, however unworthy of the time spent in its preparation, we may deem the work.

After the death of Mr. Lewes she spent some time in editing his last book. It was George Eliot's good fortune to possess a large number of friends, although her demeanor was so universally dignified and grave that mere pleasure-seekers seldom sought her society, but she was always surrounded by a host of literary admirers. Her hand was ever extended to the young and ambitious, and she was ever ready to give kindly advice and assistance. Yet she was unconsciously exacting in her friendships. She expected her friends to be as enthusiastic and active as herself, without regarding the inequalities of mind, which must ever exist; also seriousness had a depth in her nature to which it seldom attains in others. She has written in the "Spanish Gypsy," "For me, 'Tis what I love—determines how I love"—and she formed her friendships accordingly.

About seven months before her death she was married to Mr. Cross. On the Friday night before her death, Mrs. Cross witnessed the Greek play, "Agamemnon," given by the undergraduates at Oxford, and on Saturday she went to the concert of classical music, and there caught the chill which proved fatal; and in the evening she executed on the piano much of the music which she had heard in the afternoon, but suddenly, without warning, she passed into an unconscious state, from which she fell into that dreamless sleep—that night which she believed, shall know no morning. The news of her death was received with honest sorrow. One by one the eminent novelists of England have passed away—Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, and George Eliot.

CHAPTER VI.

ESSAY ON LIFE.

The stage of Life is one so grand, the scenes presented are so varied, the costumes of the actors are so wondrously fashioned and so changeable, that when the curtain is swept aside, revealing to our dazzled gaze the sunshine and shadow of this vast theatre, we are completely bewildered, and some would, were it possible, let the curtain fall; but soon, pushed along by the rushing tide of existence, we too, enter into the spirit of the play, and find ourselves among the actors, striving to win for ourselves a name and fame. It is not very difficult to become famous if all the energies are devoted to that object, but the fame which is the result of such labor is not lasting. While the names of Alexander and Napoleon are alive, yet the acts which they did have left no trace. On the other hand, Martin Luther, who labored not for renown but for truth, gained the fame so many seek, and did a work which will be remembered and its effects felt for centuries. Laboring for fame men have obtained it, but it has been ephemeral. Laboring for their fellowmen they have gained lasting honor. But Life is not composed of great deeds and sacrifices, but of little things, and because "the hills are green afar off," we must not neglect the duties that surround life's common pathway.

'Tis for us all, the sweetest fame to know that our lives live in the hearts of our friends.

From the time of Adam, the world has daily increased in knowledge, yet with all its knowledge it has never discovered what Life is. There is an inexplicable mystery connected with this human life, with all its diversities of contrast and compensation. However, we of to-day, have at least one great encouragement, that is, we have gleaned many sheaves from the fields of knowledge sown by the men of Yesterday. It has been proven by the illustrious men of all ages that to ensure success in life, every man must have a definite, fixed purpose, and all his powers and abilities must be brought to bear upon that purpose. True success consists in doing well everything which we attempt. The river left to its course would take the shortest route to the ocean, but Nature has placed here and there obstacles that send it rounding about, spreading moisture and verdure over a vast extent of country. So we would take the shortest road to reach our goal, and it is well that the wise God interposes obstacles and educates us so that when we reach the end we shall have done much good to those about us. If we fail once, let it only enable us the better to appreciate past or future success.

Our lives are moulded into the beautiful or hideous, according to our thoughts. So we should carefully guard and examine them; we should know the "inner man." For our deeds do not end with their performance, but whether good or evil, cast a shadow before, even upon Eternity.

And we of To-day little know how our acts will ap-

pear To-morrow. Oftentimes in golden fancies we see far away from us a beautiful mountain, and set out to reach it with a vague, undefined feeling that the world will appear more lovely from its summit than from the plain, but we soon discover that we do not reach these wondrously beautiful mountains. We never may; and those who stand upon the highest mountains appointed to mortals say only this: "They were hard to climb." Neither do they say it triumphantly, but sadly, for they are no nearer the heart of the mystery, than are those who stand upon the plain; and all must stand at last upon the most mysterious, the grandest of mountains, the Mountain of Eternity. For many precious moments of life are given to the shadows of To-morrow that belong to the realities of To-day. Our beautiful mountains grow dim in the distance as we dream. We must work, earnestly and faithfully. The love of money, intemperance, and infidelity are three evils against which we have to strive. Intellectual culture is that which is to enable us to overcome these, and other evils.

Willis has truly said:

"Beauty gives to the features perfectness, and to the form
Its delicate proportions; she may stain
The eye with a celestial blue—the cheek
With carmine of the sunset; she may breathe
Grace in every motion, like the play
Of the least visible tissue of a cloud;
She may give all that is within her own
Bright cestis, and one glance of intellect,
Like stronger magic, will outshine it all."

It is intellect, knowledge alone that constitutes the

difference between savage and civilized nations.

Our Nation was the offspring of the intelligence, public spirit, virtue, and honesty of the people, and it shall never fall but for a lack of these among the people. The price of knowledge is eternal study. Study, too, must be continuous as the world advances, and he who does not keep pace with it becomes unknowing and unknown. We have much the advantage of those who lived before us, because we started from a fixed point when nations had gained much in knowledge. We have advanced beyond them in all material prosperity, but in literature and science we have not gained as others have; yet we have implanted in our souls the elements of greatness, that should enable us to surpass the deeds of all who have gone before us. We are told that whatever elevates the mind elevates the man, and whatever debases the mind degrades the man. Then is it not the paramount duty of life to ennoble the mind and make it pure? If the mind be pure, the life will be beautiful. Then let us so live that when Death comes we may welcome it as the gate of Life, the threshold of Eternity. For the fear of the Lord tendeth to Life, and he that hath it shall abide satisfied.

CHAPTER VII.

ESSAY ON FISHING.

Fishing is apparently an inexhaustable subject, judging from the number of literary productions usually devoted to its discussion. There are, however, several views concerning this delightful occupation. Allegorically speaking, there is a beautiful, mysterious "River of Life," into which all the inhabitants of our Universe are casting the lines of thought and labor. This wonderful "River" is filled with fishes almost innumerable; among the most celebrated of which wealth, honor power, happiness, liberty, and social position may be mentioned. Few people are so fortunate as to catch whales, for not many have the courage and perseverance necessary to do so. Some, either from conceit or timidity, attempt to fish without a bait. It is needless to say that fish never seek the hand of man, there being no exertion on his part. Errors, like straws, may on the surface float. He who would search for pearls must dive below. Many persons are content to sit in idleness upon the shore, only watching the "River" waves, and observing others convey away prizes which, with a little determined work, might have been theirs. Tramps may be specified as belonging to this class, who willingly, even eagerly, devour

other men's winnings while thus indolently waiting. There are a few—we trust but a few—who, with most unpleasant dispositions, seem sullenly fishing for misery. Diagonos may be cited as one who desired and expected others to fish for what he cannot be said to have had himself, namely—true manhood. Singularity and insolence were his great characteristics. Once lighting a lamp in the day time and peering about the streets as if earnestly seeking something, and being asked what he sought, he replied, “A man.” It was his constant reproach to his contemporaries that they had no manhood, yet he was himself bitter, brutal, and ostentatious, disgracing the title of “The Dog,” nevertheless he was the object of universal attention, and, from many quarters, of unfeigned admiration. Many like him are always criticising others fish, unconcerned as to their own. Some of us as students, have been fishing for an education. Probably some have pretty good sized fish, others, perhaps, nothing but minnows. It is not sure, however, when we leave our present places to encounter new difficulties, and fish further on in “Life's River,” but that those who have the minnows now may then, in fresh waters, find the largest fish. Napoleon Bonaparte fished for fame and power. These seemed once in his possession, but power, slipping from his hand, glided back into the water, and the waves rolling up covered it, leaving but a ripple of renown, to remind us of a great man's ambition. The serpent tempted Eve to fish for wisdom and since that time all men have been fishing for it. Solomon chose wisdom as the greatest of all attributes. Socrates fished for wisdom, and stands out as the grandest figure in

the world's Pantheon; the bravest, truest, simplest, wisest of mankind. Our Saviour called the ancient fishermen to leave their nets by the sea, and be made fishers of men. By the fruits of their labor the world has attained the perfect degree of civilization which it now exhibits. To become, as the disciples of old, fishers of men, is to-day considered a most desirable privilege, and is within the reach of all. We should be more ambitious than to be contented to receive only minnows as a compensation for our labor. If our reward be so small we may attribute the fault to our own weakness and incompetence. Religion, truth, and temperance, are the three best baits, in man's possession. Going forth armed with these virtues, success is inevitable. We should be ever watchful, earnest and hopeful, never leaving the firm foundation of Truth, never neglecting the straight line of Duty, never plunging beneath the dark waves of Dissipation, nor letting any ill-advised action frighten away the Fish.

CHAPTER VIII.

ESSAY ON INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is the destroyer of nations. The sad tokens of its ravages are ever with us. It wrecks the mind, that which alone assimilates man to Deity. Nothing so effectually deadens the intellectual faculties as the use of intoxicating liquors. All the nobler powers are lost, and under its influence men become reckless and desperate, a curse to themselves and the world. Intemperance totally unfits men for holding responsible positions. The brain is no longer capable of performing its usual functions, and steadfastness of purpose has disappeared, so that some fatal mistake or error is committed, which receives the name of burglary, forgery, or murder, as the case may be, but if the right name were given to the wrong it would be "Intemperance." And crime is the highest suffering, as it implies a loss of self-respect. One hundred thousand in the United States alone, are annually sent to prison, who, upon being questioned, return the uniform answer, "Intemperance brought me here."

But crime does not injure the perpetrator alone, but the one who has been wronged, must suffer too, so that one intemperate man causes much wrong. We sometimes wonder that "hard times" oppress so many, and yet the

United States is spending every year \$1,500,000,000 for intoxicating drinks, which would be on an average about \$38 for every man, woman, and child in our country. It is well known, however, that every one does not drink liquor, hence the families of those who do, must suffer a loss of food and clothing accordingly. It is intemperance that fills our insane asylums with maddened inebriates, and sends their families to poor-houses, or dooms them to a life of poverty and ignorance worse than death. While war desolates the country only once, perhaps in a century, this great fiend is annually sending 150,000 to drunkard's graves, and making 60,000 confirmed drinkers, War does leave many widows and orphans, but they are greatly respected. They can also obtain a pension from the Government. But what is the portion of the drunkard's wife and child? The lowest, most grovelling life, starvation perhaps, and crime. Soldiers, while living, are generally a blessing to their families, but the drunkard is far otherwise. When a child I saw a neighbor come home intoxicated. He asked his wife for food, and receiving the answer that there was no food in the house, became angry, and snatching his child from its mother's arms, threw it, in his drunken fury, with great force across the room where it struck the sofa, and,—but why finish the story; you know how it ends. That man is dead now, but thousands of such scenes are enacted in different parts of the world every day, and many poor, helpless cripples owe their saddened lives to intemperance. War leaves cripples, but they receive pensions and are honored. Many weep over the soldiers' graves, but their families are happy in knowing that they died honorably, and in

doing good, and every year their graves are strewn with flowers. But the drunkard's family suffer a sorrow too deep for tears. There are no hopes, no pleasant memories, no thoughts of a joyful reunion, for it is written, "No drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

CHAPTER IX.

OUR EMIGRANT POPULATION.

To attempt to describe our Emigrant population, is, because of its heterogeneousness, a perplexing task. It is true that many of the mannerisms, strange dialects, and much of the brusqueness, once so graphically portrayed by Bret Harte, have disappeared, but the coalition of the various classes and elements of the people, then predicted has not taken place.

The settling of particular classes, especially foreigners, retaining their own customs, in certain localities; the influx of criminals who seek under the looser administration of Western laws immunity from punishment; the inaccessibility of many parts of the territories, of Texas, and Nevada by railroad, and the consequent ostracism of the settlers in these regions from the advantages of social intercourse; the great lack throughout the West of schools and churches to unite the people in common subjects of thought and feeling, the constant

tide of new comers, who until the last few years have been steadily increasing in numbers—all have conspired to prevent the unity of the masses. Daily trains are thundering across the continent toward the setting sun, bearing thousands of all classes, creeds and complexions, who seek in the fragrant valleys and treasure-freighted mountains of the Occident the goal of all their journeyings. Some from the poorly paid millions of the Old World; some from the reeking alleys and back streets of our great cities; a happy other some from what were already pleasant homes, only obeying the American impulse to move on and make money; soon all to be mingled with the busy rush of Western activity. And the people who compose our Emigrant population *are active*, and just the people to develop under favorable circumstances the strongest mental calibre and moral character. They possess that trinity of success: youth, strength, and inspiration. Their inspiration bears most potently, upon the welfare of our country. A year or two ago the poet of the Sierras sang of Colorado:

“Before her silver gates in siege
An hundred thousand soldier’s tents!
What valiant loyalty and liege
To fortune on her battlements!
Oh! never was there siege of old
Like this against her walls of gold!”

Hope of wealth is, doubtless, the motor of most men who turn their faces Westward. The broad field of action there presented gives fair promise of the fulfillment of their highest expectations. But many, in the crowded mining and grain centers being suddenly thrown into the

current of prosperity become intoxicated, and fling themselves into the chase of that worst of will-o-the-wisps, worldly pleasure, until surfeited, at last, they wake to find themselves "bound by the chords of their own sin" moral, if not physical wrecks.

And out on the broad plains, and the blooming pastures, where the very purity of Heaven's breezes would seem to beget an innate nobility of character, what can equal the unbridled lawlessness and licentiousness that prevails? The Texas ranchmen, the Arizona herdsmen, the Wyoming and Montana cowboys have passed into fiction, but they are facts still.

Along with these is another class, better, more moral, guided by principle, and governed by a sort of gospel of human kindness and generous equality, but who, either through thoughtlessness, or because of their very independence, and long removal from church influence, have become wholly indifferent in matters of religion, though to all other issues they are keenly alive.

Then there are the few, the sturdy few, who in all conditions of life, amidst new and stirring scenes, have remained true to all their best impulses and have striven nobly to build up temples to God in the heart of the West. But they *are* the *few*; their enemies are Legion.

And these grain harvesters, these wine-growers, these ranchmen and cattle-kings, these diggers of precious metals, with the professional men, merchants, manufacturers, and laborers dependent upon them, are the wealthy men, the representative men, the influential men of the future. It is a question of the greatest importance: What shall their influence be? Evangelization

and education, hand in hand, must turn their wealth into channels of usefulness, make them representatives of Christ, and their influence a power that shall be felt for good through all time; or eventually, the great aim and object of all mission work, the bringing of all nations and people under the beneficent sway of Christianity, must fail, for the lack of the very means and energy that the West alone can supply.

I think, sometimes, that out of the hidden future I hear the voice of Christ, speaking in the words of Solomon: "I went down into the garden of nuts to see the fruits of the valley, and to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranate budded," and I wonder what fruit the Master will find in the Valley of the West. Shall he find a moral desert? Just inside the portico of St. Peter's, at Rome, there is said to be, in an inconspicuous position, above the central arch, a marvel of Art. To behold it once is to be chained to it by some indescribable power. 'Tis a simple thing, a picture from the Bible; but the perfect attitudes of the Apostles as they struggle to guide their frail bark over the maddened waves of a tempestuous sea, the winds blowing in a sail that swells with a vivid reality, the anxiety, the peril, and, in spite of this, the invincible courage that gleams on the troubled faces, the colors, the lights and shades, the harmony, the soul!—and all this perfection of detail, this beauty of expression is wrought by the skillful combination of mere bits of glass, that, separated, formed but a glittering heap. Thus unconnected, and inharmonious, the constituents of our Emigrant population are like these bits of glass, before they were joined by the artist hand of Giotto.

They await the touch of the Master, and when with the feeble assistance, of His earthly instruments, His mighty hand shall lay hold of these discordant elements, and shall unite them all into an harmonious and eternal brotherhood of Christian love and Christian endeavor, then shall our Mosaic, glowing with the celestial light of Heaven, draw all men, all kindred, and all nations within the potent circle of its illumination.

CHAPTER X.

GENIUS NOT SELF DEVELOPING.

Genius is not self-developing. It triumphs only by surmounting all obstacles, but in our admiration of its mighty achievements we are prone to forget the circumstances which attended its perfection. Raphael, when but a child, had visions even more glorious than those of the man, but not until long years of self-culture had ripened his talents did he embody his beautiful conceptions in perfect form. A little lion carved out of butter, half in jest, was the first work of the renowned Conova.

He skillfully used the power he had thus discovered, and soon the laurel wreath of fame encircled his brow. We remember—Tasso's song—not his madness; Dante's dream—not his waking to exile and sadness; Milton's music—but not Milton's blindness. Yet the real genius of their lives was exhibited in overcoming their in-

firmities. What sorrows, what sadness, came to Beethoven who had so delighted in sweet melodies, in the voices of his loved ones, in the warbling of birds, in the rippling of waves, when he heard them no more forever. Yet, incapable of receiving, he poured forth the wealth of his soul in a flood of harmony which has won for him eternal glory.

The tender flower, that blooms but for an hour, may flourish in the seclusion of the conservatory, but the giant oak struggles up through storm, and hail, and mountain blast, until at last it stands, the proud "Monarch of the forest." It is thus with the great master-spirits of mankind. The children of fame are seldom the children of fortune. Oliver Goldsmith, whose strains were to delight an Augustan Era, and echo to all time, pulverized drugs in an apothecary's shop. But Genius does not belong to poets, painters, and musicians alone. Over a century ago there strolled along the banks of the Clyde, a pale delicate boy. The sky above, the nodding flowers beneath his feet, and the rugged rocks around, attracted his attention; but not the simple fact of their existence. He formed a habit of inquiring into the reason of things, and when he thought he had in his possession a great idea of causes which might produce a grand result, he applied himself to his work, and slowly perfected his design until at last he gave it to the world complete—the steam-engine. It is to such men—men who recognize self-culture as the highest education—that the world is indebted to, for its present degree of advancement. By contemplating such lives as these we may learn how to improve our own. Though it is not given to everyone to

summon as did Homer, music from his harpstrings that might charm the gods, nor like Leonardo da Vinci, to win the proud name of a sculptor, painter, musician and poet; yet we can all touch some chord in the harp of Life which will yield us sweet reward. We have read of the little flower, which, in classic story, sprang up between the stones of the prisoner's cell, bringing him comfort and hope. We have but to glance around our own fair land to see just such blossoms, the blossoms of Genius, stealing into lonely heart-cells, and giving joy to the weary.

Need I mention Bryant, who has brought the woods, the fields, and the flowers so near to many pent up in cities? The cultivation of genius bears with it exceeding peace, for "He does well who does his best." As Simonides was once returning from Asia to Ceos a terrific storm arose and immediate shipwreck seemed inevitable. Simonides alone of all the vessel's crew remained unmoved, and being asked why this was so, he looked forth upon the maddened waves with a smile, folded his arms, and calmly answered: "All that is mine is with me." The soul, with its wealth of Genius, be it small or great, is always with us to bless us in every hour; for "God planned the harmony of Life, not like some deaf organist who strikes the keys to awaken sweet strains that he cannot hear, but with souls for his keys and Eternity to catch the music, and hold it suspended through Infinite Ages."

CHAPTER XI.

THE WRITINGS OF HORACE.

With eager enthusiasm we turn to the pages of classical lore, striving to enrich our minds with something of that wondrous life, so simple, so sublime, which adorns, with all its effulgence, those gems of antiquity; and, although with rapture we list to the rare melodies of skylark and nightingale, we none the less enjoy the softer enchantment of the wood-thrush's note. Thus it is that, though the writings of Horace float, perhaps, as a foam bell on the mystic sea of inspiration, we drink in, with deathless delight, the spirit of his muse. Their value, as reflecting the state of society in Rome in the Augustan Age, is inestimable, as a mirror of their author's life and character they are excellent. Horace himself appears to have ascribed the greatest merit to his Odes, but the latest criticism considers them far inferior to the Satires and Epistles. But the Odes are of great merit. As representing an older literature, now existing only in fragments, their value is immeasurable. Exquisite pictures of nature are presented to us in words skillfully chosen. In correctness, harmony, and happy expression, no one can rival Horace. His amatory verses are surpassingly graceful, but they have no strong ardor, nor depth of tender emotion; yet as exhibiting all the re-

finement, all the felicity of language and measure, of affable expression and of varied imagery, they are works never equalled. The Epodes of Horace shadow forth a certain bitterness, the effect, it is thought, of some personal hatred. They are written generally in imitation of Archilochus; and in these he has shown the unpleasant side of his disposition. Horace, in his Odes and Epodes used many different measures, but that employed most frequently is the Alsaic Strophe. He was the first to adapt the Latin tongue to the Grecian lyric measures, which task, though not an easy one, he most successfully performed, as the fact indicates, that as he was the first, so was he the greatest, of the Roman lyrists.

His construction was most admirable, and has been studied with advantage by many of his successors. But the Satires and Epistles of Horace possess an intrinsic value, much higher than that of the Odes. The native Roman Satire was developed by Horace into a style of composition peculiarly his own, and in his own species of which he never had a rival. In his Satires he does not attain to elevation. He attacks the follies and weaknesses of mankind, rather than their enormous vices. His observation of character, judging from these productions, must have been profound, and his power of delineation is great. The Epistles contain the graver element of the Satires in still greater perfection, and with the addition of a fine vein of personal emotion and affection, tinged occasionally with the melancholy of advancing life, thus rendering them, on the whole, the most valuable of his works. Horace exhibits in his writings a wisdom remarkable in that age, and gives some excel-

lent advice by which we of To-day may profit as well as those whom he addressed. There is an extraordinary charm in his Epistles which we are unable to define, but it may be hidden in the calmness, the moderation, the exquisite peacefulness which breathes through every strain. The title of the Art of Poetry for the Epistle to the Pisos is as old as Quintillian, but it is now thought that it was not intended for a complete theory of the poetic art. It has been conjectured that it was written for the purpose of dissuading one of the younger Pisos from devoting himself to poetry, or at least to suggest the difficulty of attaining to perfection. The chronology of the Horatian poems is very important, as illustrating the life, the times, and the writings of the past. The most probable is this: the first book of Satires, which was the first publication, appeared about 35 B. C., in the thirtieth year of Horace; the second book of Satires was published about 33, and the Epodes about 31 B. C. The first three books of the Odes appeared about 24 or 23 B. C. And the first book of the Epistles about 20 or 19 B. C. The Carmen Seaculare was published in 17 B. C., the fourth book of the Odes in 14 or 13 B. C. The dates of the Ars Poetica and of the second book of the Epistles have not been ascertained. The works of Horace have been translated by many. Excellent translations have been issued in our own time by Martin, Robinson, and Lord Ravensworth. In many of his poems Horace shows his gratitude for the favor of Augustus, but he never descends to servility, and he compliments the Emperor himself only on those features of his reign which have tended to secure him the gratitude of poster-

ity. . Perhaps the fame of Horace can be no better expressed than in his own words:—"I have built myself a monument which storms shall not destroy, nor Time, I shall not die, but live in freshness of Fame so long as the world endures."

CHAPTER XII.

SUGGESTED TOPICS.

Hell! What is it? Take a case where a man deliberately walks on the railroad tracks towards an approaching train, although there is a safe road close beside. The engineer whistles his warning, but because he is either blind or desperate, the traveler hastens on to destruction, and then the question arises: Is the railroad responsible? and the law answers: "If the engineer could have stopped the train in time to save that man, Yes." The question then suggests itself, as no man is willing to admit that Satan is a successful adversary of God, or that he is independent of God, or above, and not subordinate to God, and as no man is willing to say, that God cannot save men, to the uttermost, how can we believe that even a safe road lying beside, or warnings of approaching danger, will in the court of Heaven, be an excuse for sending the blind, and desperate, of the moral world to an eternal doom?

But what about free will? Is a man necessarily

following his volition when he treads a dangerous path? Is he, always, when he commits an evil deed? It has puzzled more than one expert, to determine how far an insane man is responsible for his actions, and how many degrees of insanity there are.

Is, there not, blindness and desperation in the moral world, the result of heredity, and of surrounding circumstances, of fixed laws, in fact? And is not man, when he follows his free will, his God-given will, always following the good and true? Good, and evil are in the moral world, the proper use, and the disuse, and abuse, of God-given energies. The energy, which proceeded from God, in perfect strength, had various expressions, and in our physical, moral, and mental being, established an interdependency, so that there was a perfect harmony.

Whether God gave to man, the knowledge, necessary to sustain that harmony; and we have lost, that knowledge, by slow degrees, and must build it up again, or whether He withheld, that knowledge, but so made man that he could discover it, and thus behold the development of so wonderful a creation, I know not.

Nor that the account of "Moses," may not be true, but the second seems to me most reasonable, and oh! what a joy, to be a part, of such a plan, and aid in its fulfillment. And to learn through Christ, that work for humanity, and sacrifice for humanity, is work for God.

And how strange to think that God, through any lack of this mortal being, that hath, not yet, attained unto knowledge, should contemplate the eternal destruction, of His creation, its failure, because in their finite mind, they did not understand Him, nor His creation.

Rather believe that each being, that hath suffered, and sinned, shall find some day, and somewhere, a better life.

What glorious figures stand at the milestones of advancing Ages, beckoning us on to this work of God, but none so Infinitely lovely as Christ.

CHAPTER XIII.

THEORETICAL RELIGION.

This is the age of Science, of practical demonstrations. When Edison and Bell made the waves of light and sound to laugh at distance, by the practical application of the principles of acoustics and optics, the world seized upon their inventions as discoveries; they were so only in part. We shall wake up some day to the fact that the principles of religion, are just as capable of practical demonstration as those of science. The scientist is the first to say, "I believe," in nearly everything except religion. On this ground he demands more proof than in any other field of discovery. The existence of God is as fully proved as the existence of attraction. No man refuses to believe this, because there are certain effects in nature which cannot be explained in any other manner, yet there are many who refuse the only possible solution of the problem of Life, verified as it is by the Prophets and Apostles, and in the wonderful effects of

their teachings for generations upon generation.

But those who accept God as the beginning of religion, begin to set up an hypothesis of Salvation. The doctrine of man's sin and Christ's atonement is too simple for the man of science used to dealing with the most complex of problems. He thinks differently. He attempts to figure out God's plan. He admires the character of Christ. Now it always seemed to me preposterous that a man should reverence the character of Christ, and yet not believe in Him as the Son of God. The fact is clear as the noonday sun that Christ was either Divine or an imposter, and what other "imposter" can you name, the entire effect of whose teachings has ever been the development of all that is good and true in mankind. Whenever evil is in any way attributed to the teaching of Christ, it has been invariably found to be the result of man's own hypothesis, and it would be difficult to find in this wide, wide world a creed that does not partake of the theoretical that is not largely man-made.

There was "Swedenborg," who made theory after theory, and plan after plan, by what I cannot help calling the political—dissection of the Bible with the help of a few comforting scientific anasthetics. What did it all amount to? It coincided with some one else's opinion, not so publicly expressed, and he said "I believe"—not in the Bible—No!—but in Swedenborg! Beecher was bolder than most of his theoretical predecessors. Nothing less than entire Biblical reconstruction could possibly keep up with the astonishing progress of his hydra-like hypothesis. Evolution, progress, or annihilation, may be God's plan of salvation, but of this I am certain.

If one man is annihilated, all men will be. No Life can be lost; there is no loss in nature. But what matters it? How much nearer are they, with all their theories, to the heart of this mystery of mysteries than the most ignorant man who treads the streets of the city of spires.

We may theorize forever, and nothing but practical demonstration will ever satisfy the true man. The principles of religion, the grand rules of life, the path that leads to respect and honor—these are plain. Why not then content ourselves with perfecting ourselves with knowledge, and in accomplishing all the good possible, according to these principles that for generations have encouraged liberty and progress, and established truth, justice, mercy, charity and love, on a basis most enduring, thus finding in the practical effects wrought by Christian teaching the most fitting rebuke to Theoretical Religion.

We're here to do what we can do
To raise our fellow men,
Lest if from Apes we sometime grew
To them we grow again.

The only happiness that waits
To bless us here below,
The only joy our heart elates,
Kind deeds can best bestow.

And all this force that warms the soul,
And wakes the sacred fire,
I know shall never find its goal
In this life's vain desire.

It must strive on, I care not how,
But it to me hath seemed
The promise unfulfilled on earth
Shall somewhere be redeemed.

These strugglings after higher things
Are surely not in vain;
When we have soared above the world,
We must our Heaven gain.

I know not whence we came to dwell
Upon this lovely earth,
Nor under what awakening spell
Fair nature gave us birth.

It may be, as the Persians say,
Fire hath creation's claim.
It may be sunlight's quickening ray.
Gave unto Life a name.

It may be, as the ancients taught,
Some subtle force was first,
Itself the motor source long-sought,
That manhood's cradle nursed.

It may be, that, from lowest worm,
By slow perfected plan,
Through varied forms ascending firm,
Was erst evolved the man.

Or, that direct from God's own hand,
By His impulse we sprang,

Clothed in His image, fair and grand,
While earth and ocean sang.

I know, nor none, which it may be,
But this is surely true,
It matters not to you nor me,
What process we passed through.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DISCIPLES OF BEAUTY.

It makes me heart-sick to read the newspapers. The Disciples of Beauty must be very happy if they really do see nothing but that which is fine and excellent in this changing world. But I sometimes wonder if they are very deep, and whether they are not just a little selfish. It is right to seek for the good and beautiful, but can we ignore that which is low and sordid? If everyone passed it by, what would it soon be? When the farmer finds a few Canada thistles springing up in a handsome field of wheat, think you he will pass them over, and gaze with delight only upon the beautiful grain? Not so, he will hasten with all despatch to root them up, and destroy their seed forever. If he neglect this, in a few years he will have a field of Canada thistles. and a few scattered spears of wheat.

So with the Disciples of Beauty, if they do not look

upon, that which is evil, if they cover it over with any mask, however delicately woven, it will eventually increase with frightful rapidity; and engulf them with all their beautiful visions forever. It is sad, but true. As God gave it to us the world is so perfect, every flower, and stream and bird, and wood and mountain and waterfall, and every beautiful creature. Even to the microscopical phenomena, that play through the myriad waters of the globe. All are without flaw—godlike, though not like God.

It is these free-wills of ours that come in contact in this strange world, and act upon one another in the most wonderful manner. We will to visit Cincinnati to-morrow, but the Conductor wills that the train must stop a few moments in Chicago, because the bridge has been closed for repairs by the City Father's will, and so we leave an hour late. An Engineer around on the side of the curve near Indianapolis, not knowing the will of our Conductor, wills to go straight ahead to Chicago at a swift rate. At the end of the curve he meets our late train, the two wills collide, there is a terrible accident they say, hundreds killed, and all this by the free will of man, unrestrained and not foreseeing; not by the will of God. God knows what we will; but He wills it not, and teaches us to pray "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven." There would be no need of this prayer if God's will were done on earth. This man wills to enter a saloon, and call for liquor. The bartender wills to sell it to him. Another has willed to drink until he is drunken and frenzied, and now wills that he must have more. The bartender wills that he has had enough, and refuses more.

The drunken man wills that the bartender has insulted him and must die; he therefore stabs him. The Police wills that this man shall be arrested. The Grand Jury wills that he shall be committed for trial. The new Jury wills that a verdict of guilty shall be returned. And the Judge wills that the man be hung. And the sentence is executed. How many hundreds of wills, though, come in contact and work upon one another through all this case. And the man that tells me God willed this! Heaven help him, if he believes that. He permits us the free exercise of our wills, subject, of course, as must be in any social condition, to the conflicting wills of all the population of the world, and it is through the conflict of all these that these strange things men call Chance, come about. I always admired the words of Goethe's mother, "I always seek out the good there is in mankind, and leave the rest to him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles." Yet it is a maxim to be applied only to moderate evils. How many people live to go chasing that worst of Will-o-the-wisps, pleasure. O, ye Phantom! more restless than the humming-bird that twitters over the rosebush. Here is our servant girl now, poor and of low parentage, but a quiet, mannerly, soft-spoken girl, yet all carried away with dances and the like. Night after night, when her work is done, no matter how hard it may have been, off she goes, caring not where, nor how poor the place be, if only there is a fiddle and a fellow along. Then I have watched some of her "intimate friends" (such people always have lots of them), and it seems to me that their whole end and aim in life is to see which one can laugh the longest, and loudest, and use the most exaggerated and highflown ex-

pressions. They call it "having fun," and all remonstrance is in vain. Any higher pleasure is as utterly beyond their comprehension as their "having fun," is below mine. But as there may be two persons standing together, and one hear a sound which the other does not, so, perhaps, is it with our understanding.

CHAPTER XV.

WHERE IS WOMAN'S SPHERE?

If I had any reason to believe that God, who gave to woman a hand that is skillful and strong, a heart that is brave and true, weak only in the strength of its love, a brain that knows its own power to create, to judge, and to plan, and then condemns her because with this hand, she touches the helm of State.—In this heart, she cherishes the power He gave, with this brain, she seeks out the secrets of His Universe.—If I had any reason to believe that He had given all these talents, with the right to cultivate but one, and that one submission to man bodily, and mentally, I would go down with joy and kiss the fiery waves, whose molten billows, should be as cooling streams, unto the burning outcry of my soul, against such a system, and in all reverence, such a God. But I find no such doctrine, either in the Bible, or that other book—the Book of Nature. So far as I can see, Jesus never failed to be just to woman. If it was a woman who tempted Adam, it was a man who denied Christ.

and a man, who betrayed Him, a man, who ordered His crucifixion, and men, who nailed Him to the Cross. It was a man, who made the foolish promise to give the daughter of Herodias anything she asked which led to the death of John the Baptist. It was the other Disciple, Peter, and the sons of Zebedee, who slept and watched not, with Christ, in the garden of Gethsemane. They were men who forsook Jesus, and fled when He was betrayed. It was women who followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering unto Him. And we shall not soon forget that it was to Mary Magdalene, and Mary, mother of James and Joses, that the Angel of the Lord spake at the mouth of the Sepulchre, while the keepers trembled, nor that to them Christ first revealed himself, meeting them with. "All hail!" and that He sent them to tell their brethren that He had arisen. Why did He not first show himself to man, if it was woman who first sinned? When the woman went with the alabaster box of ointment, to pour upon Christ's head, the disciples cried out against the waste, as they would to-day, but Christ rebuked them, and said that this should be for an everlasting memorial of her wher-ever the Gospel should be preached. Christ did not hesitate to change the laws of Moses, which were made for another age, saying: "Moses, because of the hardness of your hearts suffered you to put away your wives, but it was not so from the beginning." He spoke in commendation of the Queen of the South, who came from the uttermost parts of the earth to listen to the wisdom of Solomon. He spoke of His mother as respectfully as of His brethren. The parable of the mustard seed gives mention of woman, and that of

the five wise and foolish virgins. Women gathered with the men to be taught of Christ, and we have no record of His sending them home to their houses, or telling them to learn of their husbands. Christ tells us to honor father and mother, enjoining obedience alike to both. Too many, as Christ says, in the fifteenth chapter of Matthew, are "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Christ hearkened not to His disciples, who begged Him to send away the woman of Canaan who came to Him to heal her daughter, and didn't ask her why she did not send her husband. It has been said that none of Christ's disciples were women: This is not strange, in view of the customs of that day, but there is no reason for believing that He would have rejected them if they had followed Him. Jesus did not tell the Centurion's daughter to go to her father to be healed, nor did He give power to the father to heal her. He dealt with her Himself, and with the woman who had the issue of blood. He showed no difference in His treatment of them. So far as they sought Him alike, He treated them alike.

When the mother of Zebedee's sons came to Him to ask that her sons might sit one on His right and the other on His left, He answered her in just such language as He would have used to a man. It is just as impossible for every woman to be a good housekeeper as it is for every man to be a good Doctor. Talents differ among women as among men. The man who cannot be successful in one business is foolish if he does not try another. If a woman can be a better and a happier woman in the profession of a Doctor, that is where she belongs. If she can be a better and a happier woman in a home of her

own, that is her place.

“Not she with traitorous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while Apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.”

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVES FROM DIARY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF ANN
ARBOR, MICHIGAN, 1885, '86. '87.

September 10, 1885.—

Old Time. I ask a boon of thee,
Thou'st stripped my heart of many a friend,
Taken half my joys and all my glee;
So just for once, to make amend;
And since thy hand must leave its trace,
Turn locks to gray, warm blood to cold,
Do what thou wilt, with form and face,
But spare my heart from growing old.

MY GOLDEN RULE.

Fear nothing but cowardice. Hate nothing but crime. Add nothing to calumny. Permit nothing but cleanliness of body, soul, and mind. Scorn nothing but can't and caste. Acknowledge no watch-word but courage. No object but country. No umpire but conscience. No guide but Christ.

September 20th—Well, we have arrived safely at our destination. The car containing our goods, which we sent a day or two ahead, arrived the same evening we did. Such a general breaking up at home and leaving papa behind awakened sad thoughts. It was not until the bustle and excitement of getting our goods off, and ourselves ready, and we were seated in the car, that we had a moment's time to realize to a full extent the change we were making. Thus sadness was mingled with my joy, for I knew it was all done for me, and mamma cried for two hours as if her heart would break. The floodgates were opened and would not be closed. At Battle Creek a lady came on the car and took a seat in front of us. We soon formed an acquaintance, and it proved a very pleasant and lasting one. The lady was Mrs. Dr. Hutchinson, of Iowa, going to visit her aunt, who lived in Ann Arbor, next door to the house mamma had rented when she went in August to make arrangements for our moving there, and we were to board with her a week while getting settled. So our journey was together to the end, and we began to cheer up. Mrs. Johnson was greatly surprised when her niece and ourselves arrived in the Bus from the Depot, needing no introduction.

November 1st—Since last Tuesday, September 29, when I took my examination, I have scarcely had time for anything but steady study. I passed the examination successfully and entered the Senior Class. We attend lectures from 10:30 to 12:30 every day. Monday Prof. Rogers lectures on Domestic Relations; Tuesday Prof. Hutchins on Equity Jurisprudence; Wednesday,

the first hour, Judge Cooley on Constitutional Law, second hour, Prof. Rogers on Domestic Relations; Thursday, either Prof. Kent or Prof. Wells, the first on Pleading, the second on Contracts, and Friday the same. Each Professor, excepting Judge Cooley, prefaces his lecture with a "Quiz" on his preceding lecture. Twice a week, Tuesday morning at 8:30 and Thursday morning at 9:30, we have a Blackstone "Quiz" with Prof. Knowlton. Mamma moved here, so I could have the pleasure and comforts of home, and have my piano with me and keep up my music. Our house is a large one, half way between the Campus and Post-office, so it is not far from either. We have two gentlemen Law students, who take table board with us, and two ladies who room and board here; one of them is in the Law Department. The other lady is Miss Holmes, of Rockford, whom I met in Palmyra, Wisconsin. She is in the Literary Department. So we have a nice little family to keep us company. We also have four roomers without board. I spend considerable time in the Law Library. I am working now on a Moot-Court case for the 10th of January. As soon as I get through with that I shall go to work on my Thesis. I am a member of the Hutchins Common Law Court, of which all the members are Seniors, and also of the Illinois Club Court, of which all the members are from Illinois. Sabbath morning Miss H. and I go to the University Chapel to services at 9:15, then from there to the Presbyterian Church, and also stay to Sunday School, so it takes up the greater part of Sunday. Miss Merrill is the other lady in the Senior Class. She is from As-

toria, Illinois. There are two other ladies in the Junior Class. Mrs. Wilcox, also from Illinois, is studying with her husband. Miss Merrill and I attended the Senior Class elections. They elected Mr. Hamilton class President on the 28th ballot. Mr. Haggerty, of Michigan, Vice-President; Mr. Huntsberger, Orator; Mr. Crawford, of California, Class Historian. Miss Merrill was elected Secretary. And my humble self, much to my astonishment, Class Poet. They also elected a Treasurer. Chorister, base ball Captain, and foot ball Captain.

November 12.—Miss H. and I have just returned from Chapel. Prof. Prescott's subject was "Self-Surrender." I always enjoy these Chapel meetings so much. Monday morning I studied Rogers' lectures until breakfast time. At table we got to talking about divorce, and that subject is always a disagreeable one to me. Miss H. and I thought there ought not to be any divorces "*vinculo*," but the rest disagreed. But Prof. Rogers took up the subject of divorce this morning, and he spoke of Gladstone's views on that subject. I was delighted to find that they coincided with my own. Day after day goes by and the day that does not witness the dissolution of the marriage vow in some part of this United States never comes, and what is more, it never will, unless the true (oh! what an emphasis I would put upon that word), unless the *true* men and women of America, awake to a sense of their responsibility and crush that hideous Hydra, divorce, out of existence. The petty, trivial excuses made for a separation, are Legion. Alas! my voice is a feeble one. I shall probably never be able to give to the world my thoughts on this subject, but if I could, it

should ring through all the Ages. Divorce is a separation, and not an annulling of the marriage vow, and no one who has been divorced should marry again while the other lives. My chief argument against divorce would be the unhappiness of the parties themselves. I do not believe that they ever cease to think of each other. I speak from my own observation. A wild regret will go tugging at the heart so long as they both do live. And then divorce is the cause, as well as the result, of many hasty and ill-advised marriages. The parties always think, if they are not satisfied, the Court will soon relieve them. "So they play with the riddle of life. Have they solved it? Appear and answer, Husband and Wife!"

Thanksgiving Day. Miss H. was invited to Dr. Winchell's to dinner. So there were only five of us here to dinner. We were not such a very merry party. We were all thinking of home too much for that. It did not seem just like Thanksgiving Day at home used to, with our home friends.

January 1st, 1886. Another year has gone! Yes! the bells have tolled the passing out of the Old Year and the coming in of the New. I have only the best of New Year's wishes for all my friends, and the whole world. Everything in my life has taken on something anew to me, in the year that is past. There is so much difference in human atmospheres. Much of the vague unrest of former days has passed out of my life, I trust forever. My outlook is more beautiful and satisfying. I am enjoying those precious opportunities which looked so doubtful and distant in the past. I believe my fondest

wishes of one year ago to-day have all been gratified, which I ascribe with grateful heart to my Heavenly Father's loving kindness. Well! here I am, in the midst of toil. But I like it, there is inspiration in it! We have a Club Court case this week. A Moot Court case next week. Then my Thesis, and Class Poem, looms up before me to greet the opening year.

Well, eighty-six,
I'm in a fix,
And so I come to you,
To say—and it is true—
If you don't get me out,
I shall stay in, no doubt.

Now, eight-six,
It is a fix
When one for name, and fame,
Has really staked the same,
And knows not yet but lost
Is all, whate'r its cost.

But eighty-six,
This is a fix
(I'd have your honor know
That get I out or no),
Which I confess is nice,
And has a bit of spice.

Now eighty-six,
This is the fix,

What am I going to do
Before the year is through?
If you don't get me out
I shall stay in no doubt.

January 4. I got up early and went to work on my Club Court case. At three o'clock p. m. I went up to the Court and went through with that trying ordeal, but I was not so frightened as I expected to be. Now I must go to work on my Moot Court case. We heard Professor Winchell's lecture on the "Ocean." He had a very nice way of telling about the contents of the Ocean. His language was exquisite. I also heard Canon Farrar lecture on "Dante," I was rather disappointed, having read Carlyle's Essay on Dante and Longfellow's translation of the poem, with all the notes and comments, I failed to get much interested. It seems to me that noted speakers often palm off very poor productions on the public. Friday afternoon our Club Court elected officers, and I was elected Chief Justice. I am sorry it takes so much time to look up the cases. Our Moot Court case comes off Wednesday afternoon.

January 11th. Oh! that Moot Court case is over! I am so glad. I think I must have done well for Mr. H. said he heard many compliments of a high character for me, and it was good. Mr. Hamilton, the class President, and the Professors, spoke highly of it, and I was marked one hundred, so I am satisfied.

January 20th. Friday afternoon we had our Club Court, and I had to preside. I was rather nervous, but got along all right I guess. I have determined to make

a specialty of Equity. It is very interesting to me, and a very nice subject for a lady to pursue. We have had afternoon quizzes right along since the second semester began. I have been copying last year's lectures which Mr. H. kindly furnished me.

October 2d. Away back in March the home record stops; and why? Well, for one reason I have had so much necessary writing to do that when that was done I had time for no more, or rather was too tired; and again what strange lessons we sometimes learn with regard to ourselves. How easily we forget one trouble as we plunge into another. What seemingly hard-hearted creatures work makes of us all. And what shall I write of the happy Spring. The afternoon quizzes. The acquaintances ripened as time went by. The closing examinations and the Commencement exercises. My class Poem bothered me quite a good deal, for rhymes trammel me, but many thought it a great triumph for me. Some said: The charm lay, in my delivery of it without notes, and my fine voice. But it is not our triumphs, nor our beautiful floral gifts, nor congratulatory speeches, that please us most, but little kindnesses, scattered all along the way. One of the congratulations I received though, pleased me very much. As I was going into the Literary Exercises the next morning, after ours, an old Gentleman stepped up to me, and said: "Permit me to tender to you thanks, and congratulations, from the extreme West of Michigan." Then Prof. Roger's hearty words of congratulation, and those of Prof. Hutchins were very pleasant, as well as Mr. Richardson's quiet commendation, and Miss Pierce's. Mr. Hamilton our Class Presi-

dent, made an address. Mr. Huntsberger delivered the Oration. Mr. Crawford was Historian. Mr. Higgins Prophet, and Mr. Rice Consolator. His consolation was side-splitting, and must, I think, have accomplished its purpose. Everything was good. I attended the Senate Reception the preceding evening.

And what shall I say of the long Good-byes; and the immediate separations which inevitably follow the Commencement exercises. The hastily planned Reunions. Where but few will ever meet, only in the silent communings of Eternity. The deserted Campus. The hush of music, and the familiar voices gone from our homes, which all tend to make a summer vacation at the University seem like one long Sabbath. Mrs. W., Miss P. and myself remained here during vacation. We have taken many long summer walks together. Those were golden hours. How I feel refreshed and strengthened by the sympathy of kindred minds, and how thankful I am, that in God's Providence, I should be permitted to spend another year here, where I can have so many sources of inspiration in noble minds, and in Libraries. On the 9th of July I was admitted to practise in the Courts of Michigan. I spend considerable time in the Library, I am now examining the English Magazines and the Fortnightly Reviews of which there are forty bound Volumes in the Library. Last evening Dr. Rexford lectured on "Political Evolution." Mrs. W. and Miss M. begin to feel the uncertainty of their future in the Law.

October 6th. There are seven ladies in the Law Department this year and as Miss P. and myself were

here we with Mrs. W. determined to have a banquet for the new ladies. We had it at our house. It was of course quite informal. We spent the evening very pleasantly in conversation and music. At ten we sit down to supper, after which we had toasts responded to as follows:

Ladies of '88,—Lettie L. Burlingame.

The Gentlemen,—Mrs. Douglas.

The Faculty,—Rebecca May.

Woman,—Martha K. Pierce.

Home,—Mrs. Wilcox.

Our Sisters in Other Professions,—Alma E. Hitchcock.

Then as previously agreed, I proposed that we should form a local organization for the purpose of bringing about a National Congress of Lady Lawyers to be held in Ann Arbor in the near future. The suggestion was at once acted upon, and I was elected chairman, and the first meeting appointed for October 16th, at our house, at which meeting, Miss P. was elected Corresponding Secretary. We were to be called the Equity Club, or a Correspondence Club. The terms of membership were, that each Lady Lawyer should contribute one letter and a fee of twenty-five cents annually to the Club. This being found inadequate to meet current expenses was afterward changed to two dollars. The letters were to be published once a year in pamphlet form, and one copy sent free to each member of the Club, otherwise strictly private. The object being to promote an acquaintance among women of the United States and

other countries who are pursuing Law as a study or profession.

February 2d, 1887. Last Saturday afternoon the Equity Club met, our subject was, "What is Our Duty as Women Lawyers in Society?" some said: to peg along at our business, that is, the Law, I suppose; but I believe that as Women Lawyers who profess and certainly ought to be of broad and liberal mind that we must make a special effort, also, outside of our profession, for other women besides ourselves. I hear that Mr. A. J. H. will soon be married and I have considerable curiosity, as to what sort of a woman his wife will be. He surely would not marry an uneducated woman, but I fancy she will have to be a society woman, and the daughter of some influential man. He is proud and politic, and he will want a woman who will be popular just so far as he thinks best, an accomplished woman to shine in the light of his greatness. If I had advice to give to a young girl who was ambitious, and yet desired to marry, I would tell her to skillfully hide her ambition, and cultivate only in secret her talents; to first marry, and then show her talents afterwards and run the risk of never being able to use them; or else to bravely make up her mind to face the world alone and be all she can be. My dear friend Miss Anna W. is soon to be married. I received an invitation, and have sent my regrets, and a pretty present. While I was in a jewelry store waiting for my purchase to be boxed up, a Lawyer came in to get the Jeweler and his wife to sign a deed. When the lady signed it, he asked me to sign it as a witness. But the Jeweler said: "Oh, no! here's a man; let me get him."

But the Lawyer said: "This lady will do as well; just for a witness you know." Well, I signed my name, and after it wrote "Att'y." You should have seen the look of astonishment, and heard the emphatic "Thank you," of the lawyer, and I heard the Jeweler tell him afterwards he did not know a lady could be an attorney. It did me good all over. The idea: "here's a man," and "just for a witness."

February 16th. It will be a long while before I shall find another friend in whom I can confide so unreservedly as in Miss P. and, as I told her, the only thing that troubles me about Heaven is that it is always painted as so immense, so infinite, that I am afraid I cannot travel over it fast enough and see my friends as often as I want to see them. I have attended a number of the Unity Club meetings with Miss Morrish, and always have a very pleasant time.

On February 9th by request I visited Joliet and delivered my lecture on "Socialism and Society," at the Central Presbyterian Church, I had some doubts as to my success there (having in my mind the scriptural prophecy). But I think my friends were well pleased, and the entire Press, was very complimentary. I attribute much of my success, to the untiring efforts of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.

February 20th. Miss Morrish was here this morning and invited me to prepare an Essay on Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonor," for the Unity Club. I complied with her request, and went with her to the Unity Club social Monday evening, where I read my production to a large and appreciative audience. I spent

a very pleasant evening, and met several prominent people from Detroit.

April 2d. I spent Thursday evening at Miss Morrish's rooms. There was a small card party, numbering twelve only. Eight of us played progressive euchre, the other four played whist. Card playing, although so fashionable now, is lost time for me. I could never get much interested in the game.

June 20th. I begin to realize that the time is drawing near when I must leave these scenes of preparation, for active work. Yes! leave the friendships and associations which have made these years of my life so beautiful and never-to-be-forgotten, to struggle as best I may with the fates in store for me. But I have a never failing Guide who has said: "I will never leave nor forsake thee." I will trust in Him. I am almost inclined to try practicing in Joliet, though I have my doubts as to the result. It has the benefit of being at home, and I am so well acquainted through the county. But I must not forget the disappointment it will be to some, who have kindly suggested: "How nice it would be, for me to go out on the Indian Frontier as a Missionary, when I have completed my course of study." It would be nice, but at variance with my plans, and I believe with the requirements of my Judge. We expect papa to-day, then we shall speedily commence our preparation for home going. Happy Day! I am sorry to leave Miss P.; she is one of my dearest friends, and I hope always will be. She has great intellectual grasp and power, and is a fine reasoner. Mamma and I went up to University Hall Sunday evening to hear Rev. John

D. White of Pittsburgh give the annual address to the students. It was very good. We may be sad as regards the outside world, but never bitter only as regards ourselves. Miss P. says she is going to watch me, and if she sees any bitterness growing up in me, she will tell me of it. Papa has arrived, so Good-bye Journal, until I take you up to record events in scenes yet untried. On May 9th, 1887, I was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. My Illinois !

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night in darkness lost ;
Day, how rapid in its flight—
Day, how few must see the night ;
Hope not sunshine, every hour,
Fear not, clouds will always lower ;
Happiness is but a name,
Make content and ease thy aim ;
Ambition is but a meteor gleam ;
Fame an idle restless dream.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE TEMPLE OF JUSTICE.

(Class Poem at the University of Ann Arbor, Michigan, 1886.)

The morning dews, the waving grasses pressed,
In brightest raiment, all the flowers were dressed ;
A golden haze, crept up the bonny east,
And sunlight, summoned Nature to its feast ;

A glad response, did the Old Earth yield,
Aglow with light, was ev'ry wood and field.
Beneath the trees, the river softly sang,
Across the vale, the notes of wild birds rang.

A faint, sweet fragrance, floated through the air,
The summer breeze, was soft as breath of prayer,
Its fairy fingers, wrought a magic spell,
The how, or why or when, I cannot tell.

The earth so loved was gone, and through all space
A soft pervading flame, usurped its place,
So wonderful; its vivifying pow'r,
It seemed the light, that blessed Creation's hour.

Out of its vaporous gold, strange shapes there grew,
All indistinct at first and wav'ring, too,

But plainer soon, the vision came, and straight
Before my eyes, there rose a massive gate —

Built high, of precious stones and ivory rare,
Nor did it twice the self-same aspect wear ;
Forever changing, high its arches reared,
Till lost amid the clouds, they disappeared.

“ What marvel,” thought I, “ lies this gate behind ?
By what device shall mortals entrance find ? ”

“ By none,” a voice in clearest tones replied,
“ Hast love of Justice ? That shall be thy guide.”

An unseen hand, the veil swept from my sight :
Behold a Temple, bathed in mystic light.
Not on a rock of ice the structure lay,
As does Fame's Temple, so the poets say : —

Nor frosts, nor snow's eternal, here were seen,
Nor light'nings casting o'er their vivid gleam.
Above the line of storms, in grand repose,
A mount of amber, brilliant, warm, arose.

O'er it majestic, built by a Master Hand,
For strength and beauty, ev'ry feature planned,
Towered the Temple of Justice, strangely wrought
Materials, from ev'ry Nation, brought.

Proportions vast, it had, through space unknown,
Extended its foundations, hewn of stone,
Twin tables, fair, without a flaw they seemed,
Forever with transcendent brightness gleamed.

In rubies, written, facing ev'ry way,
Inscriptions glowed, fired by celestial ray —
Of influence divine, that through all time
Have been of Justice, and of Law, the mine.

The eastern front, its lofty walls and spires,
Is finely woven of softest blue sapphires.
Its porticos are gorgeous, to behold :
Marble the columns, roof of fretted gold.

The cornice shimmers with its silver leaves
Above the sculptured bronze that forms the frieze,
Upon the frieze, in bold relief, behold
The Jewish Sages, and the Priests of old : —

And next Siddharta, who on History's page
Is still renowned, as India's perfect sage ;
Beyond, Confucious, who the Masters tell,
By his disciples, was beloved so well.

His laws, tho' he no royal sceptre swayed,
By many millions are to-day obeyed ;
And next, encircled round by myriad rays,
And veiled thereby from all intrusive gaze —

A face serene, that, tho' no man might see,
He could but feel its strength and purity.
Mercy and Peace He spread upon the earth ;
In Christ the Law obtained its perfect birth.

The southern face in roseate marble glows,
Statues, in gilded niches seek repose,

Colossal figures, all the mass uphold,
The rounded arches, groan 'neath weight of gold.

Carrara, yields her choicest treasures all
T' enhance the beauty of the Temple wall.
Lycurgus, who a warrior nation made,
The corner-stone of Spartan greatness laid.

Solon, and Plato, great Demosthenes,
And many another, might be named with these ;
Then Sextus, who the Laws of Rome,
Essayed to write, in th' enduring stone.

Valerius, the ten decemvirs, all,
Who famous were in Rome, before its fall.
Elaborate the sculpture, hundreds known
To wide renown were here in marble shown.

Above the central arch, in grand repose,
Cast in pure gold, a massive form arose : —
Justinian ! Who in words shall e'er essay
Appropriate tribute to his name to pay ?

Upon the north the Gothic tow'rs rise high,
With gilded minarets, they pierce the sky ;
The granite columns, strength and beauty give,
And vigor, seems in ev'ry line to live.

Behold what seems to be, two iron gates,
Behind which, Liberty, enchained awaits ;
Outside Brittania applies the key,
That shall undo the lock, and set her free.

Two talismanic words upon it shone,
The key, was, "Magna Charta," that alone.
A galaxy of brilliant names emblazed
Adorn the wall in golden letters raised.

And many forms in bronze and marble glow,
To memory dear, upon the earth below,
From gentle Bracton, of the olden time,
And Alfred, noblest king of Saxon line.

To Burke, Macaulay, and a later age,
Where Gladstone, stands the English Sage.
The western front, in strange design, employs
The ruby, diamond, and the blue turquoise.

The ivory towers, glow with softened light,
The golden pillars, flash before the sight ;
Upon the central tower, Columbia, stands,
A golden scroll, extending in her hands.

Downward, across the Temple front it flows,
In diamond stars upon its folds, there glows
The name of many a great and cherished son,
Who hath the rich reward of honor won.

Marshalls, and Hamiltons, of other days,
The Choates, and Websters, the Calhouns and Clays,
And many another written close beside,
Their country's glory and their country's pride.

* * * * *

A sound, as though the earth were rent in twain,
Or thunders, rattling o'er the stormy main :
Wide open, flew the gates of sounding bronze
A light, burst through as if from myriad suns —

That blazed from out the diamond dome
Above Minerva's adamantine throne,
The roof, for glowing radiance none might see,
Nor wildest dreams approach reality.

The walls, of jasper and of beryl made,
The pavements, all in rich mosaics laid ;
Far as the eye could reach, white arches gleamed,
And golden looms, in gentle motion seemed.

Weavers, by thousands, there the scene enhance,
As out, and in, their magic shuttles glance,
And wondrous, is the web, that shining flows,
Stronger, more beautiful, forever grows.

Though all intangible, its meshes still,
The Temple's, labyrinthine mazes fill.
Minerva, from her throne exalted high,
The work's advance, beholds with eager eye.

Upon the right, awaiting her command,
In silence, now, her brave supporters stand,
The face of one, is dark with weight of years,
And dignity, in all his mien, appears.

The old man's work, 'tis said, is almost done,
But here, 'tis whispered, it is just begun ;

No one, hath e'er beheld him with his eyes,
Let one approach, and far remote he flies.

Many, and strong, the threads in the web has he,
His name, the Weavers, call Antiquity.
There sits beside him, clothed in constant change,
With features ever familiar, ever strange —

Custom, who hath in ev'ry land a place,
But to each nation, turns a different face.
And on the left, with brows so broad and bent,
Forever, on mysterious things intent —

Seeking for all that is, some cause, to find,
Some subtle essence, that shall feed the mind,
Sits noble Reason, clothed in twilight gray.
Beside him stands his brother, Dawning day —

No lustre hath, that crowneth not the youth;
Upon his forehead, shines the star of truth,
Though centuries above his head have rolled,
In no age, hath he been accounted old —

Nothing exists, in which he hath not part,
From Principle, must all things sometime start.
Minerva's, trusty guards, not far removed,
Upon the steps of dazzling marble stood.

Of one, 'tis said, if he his power exerts
Upon the world, the world with him concerts,
Yielding in harmony, nor ever knows
Her wealth, her strength, her power, to him she owes ;

The other, hath a countenance serene ;
In him, the elements concentrated seem
A form, to fashion that shall ev'ry place
With equal ease adorn, and equal grace : —

It were a mazy labyrinth, indeed,
To find the clue to which he'd not succeed ;
With these two, Justice, could not well dispense,—
She leans, on Industry, and Common Sense.

Even as I gaze, behold a sudden cry,
Swift, to their looms, alarmed the Weavers fly.
A darkling shadow, through the Temple falls ;
A sudden tremor shakes the jasper walls.

Minerva, rising, gives th' accustomed sign,
Her waiting guards, invade the struggling line,
And I behold, what seems a battle fought,
Strange ruin, in the beautiful web is wrought.

“ Oh, glorious Queen ! ” in wonder I exclaim :
“ What foes are these, thy majesty disdain ? ”
“ Behold the leader, whom thou see'st first, ”
She said : “ who almost Reason's ranks dispersed.

With giant form and eyes so fierce and keen,
He's, ever foremost in the battle seen ;
Whatever is, to him, must tribute yield,
Nor age, nor weakness, hath from him a shield : —

Though much he hath, yet hath he ever need,
Nor can aught satisfy, Satanic Greed.

Not far behind him, toward the further side,
Behold the one, who seeks his face to hide.

Most to be feared of all our foes is he,
What now, he is, again he will not be ;
Oft, silent stands, and wise avoids extremes,
To which side vict'ry, he to that side leans.

Beneath a mask, his hidden self he cloaks,
His word to-day, to-morrow he revokes ;
Self-Interest, like Greed, holds naught in awe,
And tangles oft, the golden web of Law.

And yonder, Fraud, his visage dark conceals,
No pity, e'er his stony heart reveals,
These, are the chief, but many more there are
Who seek the fabric by their arts to mar.

The Weavers, are arrayed on either side,
Choosing them each, some Leader for his guide,
Then marvel not, at this, which thou dost see ; —
Justice, shall win, with Reason and Industry."

She spoke, and louder now, the din increased,
A moment only, and the battle ceased ;
Triumphant, back unto Minerva's throne,
Her brave supporters, now are borne.

The shadow flies, the glorious light anew
In radiance, streams the vaulted arches through.
Out from above, a joyous paeon rings ;
The hidden Choir in praise of Justice sings : —

“In notes so strong, and sweet and clear,
The list'ning angels, leaned from Heaven, to hear.
Floats, on the wings of music, all my soul,
Together, now, the vaulted arches roll :—

Dimness, is fallen on the diamond dome,
A misty veil, upon Minerva's throne ;
Slowly, together move the Temple walls,
A silence, on the mount of amber falls.

Softly, the vision, melts away in air ;
Again, before me, lies the earth so fair.
The Phantom of an hour ? It may be so,
But Sister, Brothers, this, in truth, we know —

As we have chosen, so, as Weavers all,
We enter soon, Minerva's sacred hall ;
The future's glow, each heart with hope elates,
A golden loom, each eager hand, awaits.

Which one, shall write his name on the Temple wall ?
O'er any one, shall dark suspicion fall ?
God grant, that each, as Justice's hall he treads,
Leave in the web of Law, no tangled threads.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ESSAY ON ALL SIDES OF SOCIALISM AND SOCIETY.

(Written at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and used as a Lecture during the winter of 1887.)

Away down on the Isthmus of Panama grows a wonderful flower. No one would seek in its fragile cup of palest green the marvel of the botanical world. But approach near, raise the tiny leaf-lid and there nestles within, a snow-white dove with its little head turned backward as if about to soar away to the heaven of light and song. A little boy, one day plucking one of these famed lilies, handed it to an old Frenchman who had never seen one before. Paying little attention, the old man carelessly tore open the leafy envelope disclosing the beauty within. A moment he gazed half doubting, then with the ignorance and superstition, in which he had been trained, he cast it from him as if it were some witch's charm. "Le diable ! C'est le diable," he exclaimed.

So it is with the random growths of society though when stripped of verbiage they may enshrine within that which is worthy of the most careful examination. We pass them by unheeded for a time ; then, when by accident, or otherwise, they are forced into our notice in the fever of popular prejudice we exclaim with the old Frenchman "Le diable ! C'est le diable." We smile at

the vagaries of philosophy, at the contests between unequal and equal numbers, unity and duality; at the idealism of the Eleatic school; at the illumination of the Cabbalists. We frown at the Monas Monadum of Leibnitz, the Perfection of Wolf; the "summum bonum" of Kant, the identity of Shelling, the determination of Jacobi, yet there glows over the pages of History, Law, and Philosophy the evidence that the crudest theory, the most seemingly absurd movement, the oddest evolutions of human fancy, the most unsuccessful of revolutions have never been frowned down or suppressed until they had given up to society some element of intrinsic value. Society makes use even of its enemies. It hunts in out-of-the-way corners and hidden-recesses as well as in the sun-god's realm for those little bits of truth which it weaves into the world's robe of progress. We may sneer at Socialism as the chimera of Cranks, the cloak of criminals, the screen of despotism, but it has set at work, "The sleepless forces, vast, intense. "That veiled in matter's untranslucent haze, "Lurk at the roots of things, and throb in each event." Like every movement which rests for its support upon those antipodes of the social world, abject ignorance, and lofty science, it is bound to play an important part in history. Though the adherents of socialism have claimed for it an earlier origin, the German philosopher, Fichte, undoubtedly was the first to give voice to certain principles, in his works.

"The Reason State" and the "Foundation of Natural Right" which led to the elaboration by Fourier, a Frenchman, living some ten years later, of

an almost unintelligible system called Fourierism, many of whose ideas would have astounded the eminent German, though based upon his own. About this time, too, 1820, the St. Simonians made an attempt to put some of these theories into practice, but their state soon degenerated into the worst form of communism, and wholly failed. Still the principles advanced gained quite general credence among the working classes of France, and the extreme Republicans, and Socialism was exemplified in the French Revolution by the planting of the first red flag upon the barricades of Paris in '48, with Louis Blanc and Lamartine as its chief representatives.

Though the writings of Fichte had attracted much attention in his native land, they had still, only a narrow circulation, but the controversies arising out of the French Revolution aroused even the slow-thinking German, and Karl Marx, the greatest exponent of Socialism, with Lassalle, the bosom friend of Bismark. The former by his careful exposition of principles and the latter by his system of state-help and fiery appeals won the attention of scientists and statesmen, and left, through the open favor of Bismark, many a Law upon the records of the Reichetag.

The working classes of all nations of Europe soon had their socialistic headquarters and in 1863, while we were in the midst of the "Civil War," and Socialism in America was little more than a name, a general conference was held in London, and an organization effected called the "Internationals," with its main object the abolition of private property, and the establishment of co-operative associations. Its growth from this time

has been steady, though in a short time two factions arose in the Socialistic body, one, the archic, wishing by lawful means to gather the instruments of production under the control and protection of Government; the other, the anarchic, desiring to destroy at once all existing institutions and to leave to chance the rebuilding.

The Socialists were broken up into many parties, each largely tinged by local issues, but the main assertions as shown by the platform adopted at Gothea, in '75, and in New York in '78, were these: That land cannot be the subject of private property, as it is not the product of labor; that interest is an unearned increment and should be abolished; that inheritance is wrong as it destroys the natural equality under which men begin life, and gives to an individual that which he has not labored to possess; that competition which causes one man to enrich himself at the price of another's failure should give way to co-operation; that whereas, the state now gives to all equal opportunities for obtaining an education it should give to all equal opportunities for embracing such; that Education and Justice should be free and universal. The scheme also included Governmental supervision of Banking, Railroad, Telegraph, and insurance systems, of all industry, in fact; the sanitary inspection of Mines, Manufactories and workmen's dwellings; that indirect taxation should give way to a direct income tax; that representative legislation should give way to direct popular legislation; with many other provisions of minor importance, such as state limitation of the hours of labor, and of wages.

It is not our purpose to enter into any personal crit-

icism of this system by which private enterprise is effectually blighted, the vast and wonderful structure of real property is destroyed at a blow, liberty of contract is denied, natural inequalities are ignored, and the right to transmit property to one's children, that most powerful incentive to labor is removed, but simply to show how much strength it has gained among those whom its success would most injure, the laboring classes. In Europe it numbers exclusive of Russia and Turkey over 3,000,000 adherents, and finds its *raison d'être* in purely local causes. The lack of organized education for the middle and lower classes in Great Britain, the 250,000 child laborers, the unjust land laws, the system of inheritance by which estates descending to the eldest son remain undivided, the disastrous foreign policy which strips the land every few years of the flower of its youth for the sake of extending its dominions, have rendered people forgetful that it is the excess of legislation which lies at the foundation of their wrongs, so that they seek to tighten the ropes of Governmental interference rather than to restore society to its natural basis.

In France the whole social fabric is interwoven with socialism. It has been estimated that one in three of the population are socialists or communists. The Government assists the theatres and bankrupt inventors, while a parent, though he lives in the extreme South or West of France, must obtain a permit from the minister of public instruction at Paris, before he can visit the school which his child is compelled to attend, and must give one of three excuses which are the only ones admissible for such an unwarranted intrusion.

In Italy, where the struggle between the Pope and people still continues, where the memory of a glorious past haunts a bitter present, the hovel standing in the shadow of the palace, is a constant reminder, to the denizen of the former, of his wretched condition, and acts as an incentive to deeds of violence. Illiteracy, poverty and scourge dwell here, and breeds a perfect hotbed of socialism.

While in Switzerland, the freest little confederation under the sun, with its Republican Government, we find the largest body of Anarchists in Europe, who declare themselves content with simple subversion of all that is. We need scarcely go farther than the prison records, with their enumeration of tradeless criminals, to find the reason for this otherwise unaccountable fact.

But it was in Germany that Socialism took deepest root. The principles upon which the Royal House rests, says Dr. Huber, are wholly opposed to the principle of popular Sovereignty ; here for a time the State dictated to certain classes concerning marriage, even going so far as to say that they should not marry at all. It has also dictated what classes should pursue certain trades. The lands, the military establishment, industry, religion and schools, are under the control of the State. Here, too, the Protestant Churches have almost lost their hold, while the Catholic Church rent by the conflict between the new and old Catholicism, has also been greatly weakened and a large class of Materialists has sprung up with little respect for ancient institutions. Then the knowledge that many eminent Professors and Scientists have at heart considerable sympathy with the

movement lends strength, although they do view its methods with distrust. We find accordingly, that the Socialists of Germany number over a million. They have polled as many as 900,000 votes, while there is a regular Socialistic Literature and Press, numbering over 200,000 publications, and a large number of paid agitators are constantly in the field seeking proselytes to the cause. This is a brief survey of Socialism abroad.

In America it presents different features. While in Europe its adherents are mainly natives; in the United States it is confined almost wholly to foreigners, not necessarily to the foreign born, but to those trained, so to speak, in foreign nurseries as well. It had its birth-place in New York, as a party at least, where it had, in '78, 1300 members, three-fourths of whom were saloon keepers, 1000 were Germans, the bulk of the remainder were Italians and Bohemians, while only a few were Irish and American born. Though from this nucleus it has grown into a body of half a million, scattered in various parts of the country, but chiefly concentrated in our great cities its character is still the same. As Socialism is a foreign element in the United States, so it is a more dangerous one, and more anarchical in its tendencies. It is not, among the better class of foreigners that it exists, but among the tradeless, ignorant and criminal classes who come to us hoping to escape from their misery, and who come with a false idea of American Liberty. Believing themselves able to further their schemes against Government, here, better, than at home, headed by a handful of agitators, and disappointed politicians. These have their headquarters in the most pop-

ulous districts, the Manufacturing, Railroad, and Mining centres, in which they exert no small influence and from which as a radiating point their doctrines spread with wonderful rapidity.

We have already had strong evidence of their presence in our Cities, but unless we take care of the youth of these cities we shall have stronger soon. There are children growing up not many miles from us, who are being taught to hate the Liberty which the Constitution guarantees to us. The child of the heart of Africa, could not be more foreign to our civilization, or have less respect for it, than thousands, brought up in the fifth story worlds of our great cities. Go on a little journey with me. Let us stop in a certain ward in New York City where there are 99,000 Germans. Supposing we walk along the streets here, or in this other ward, where there are 44,000 Germans, or down in the Bohemian settlement, or over in the Italian quarter. English is an unknown tongue; newspapers, printed in foreign language, meet the eye everywhere, and we find thousands of the third generation, in this country who have never exchanged words with an American, who receive all their knowledge, through foreign mediums, colored by foreign ideas, who have grown from babyhood, up further and further away from the true spirit of our laws, and institutions, and who have no respect for them.

But we need not go so far as New York to find youth growing up under such conditions. 'Tis just as true of Philadelphia, of Pittsburg, of Cincinnati, of St. Louis, of Chicago, of Milwaukee, and of many smaller places and districts. Why, up in Ann Arbor, the other day, a

juror said: "I won't allow a word of English spoken in my house. My children'll get Americanized fast enough, anyhow. They'll talk German and drink whisky while they're mine and I'll have none o' your Sunday nonsense.

Even where the children of such parents do attend the public schools, for the period compulsory, in half a dozen states or more, this spirit at home, soon undoes the work, of the brief term of from four to six months at school. But not one of the compulsory education laws, requires that a child shall be taught the English language, and of those laws, which attach any penalty whatever to the failure of a parent to comply with its conditions, it is generally a pecuniary one, which is, in most cases, a dead letter, while the laws make little provision for the education of a child, whose parents are too poor, to provide it with suitable clothing and books.

But what if foreigners are, constantly coming here, with their poverty, ignorance, and socialistic doctrines, and training their children up in this manner? They are few compared with the many! But if there is poison, at the bottom of your well, have you no fear of its tainting the whole? And, carefully noting, the results, of important municipal elections, shows that the tone of our politics is not set by the wine, but the dregs, and froth of society. Yet the youth brought up with no respect for American institutions, reaches his majority, and assumes the franchise, while the foreigner, however abandoned, and ignorant, may, in over one-third of our states, upon mere declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States, vote and hold office at pleasure. The substance of this declaration is merely that the person

on oath declares that it is his bona fide intention to become a citizen of the United States and renounce forever, all allegiance and fidelity, to any foreign prince or potentate. Not even the oath of witnesses to the good moral character of the applicant, and his attachment to the principles of the constitution of the United States is required in these states, as it is in those which require the full period of naturalization. In these states no matter what a foreigner may have been, or is, though he be the vilest criminal, may at the end of a year, and sometimes less, exercise the right. Even when, as in this state, full naturalization is requisite, the "good moral character" which satisfies the law is doubtful, while there seems to be almost no provision for the vacating of naturalization papers fraudulently obtained.

Many plans have been suggested, for remedying the evils of our naturalization and election laws. Some have gone so far as to advocate permitting none but natives to hold office or vote, others would place various restrictions upon emigration, such as a tax, or would, as in France, levy a tax upon foreign workingmen, but such measures, besides being inconsistent with the generosity of America and its vast resources, would not touch that large body of American born who are equally dangerous. But we know that none, more readily, than the honest-hearted foreigners among us, who have come here to make America's best interests their own, and to whom we owe so much of our prosperity, will urge with us, the necessity in a country where the population is so constantly changing by the addition of new elements as in our own, of placing some safeguard, at least an educational qualifica-

tion, upon the ballot. It is not only a matter of national self-preservation, but for the protection of those who are otherwise the mere dupes and tools of politicians, and have almost no conception of the principles they profess. It is a matter of National honor. Not that this remedy is believed to be the panacea of all evils, nor will it eradicate Socialism, but it will prevent the agitator from making use of his best material, the ignorant and more excitable class of our population, and purify the politics of our great cities to no small degree.

In the case of naturalization the French law provides for a council who do not content themselves with the oath of witnesses to the character of an individual, but make actual personal inquiry into his previous life, both in the country from which he came, and during his residence in France. This has been found an effective method, of excluding unworthy foreigners. The educated socialistic vote in this country is not large, nor much to be dreaded. But Socialism seeks its ends by other than lawful means. The Archic faction loudly disclaims any relation to the Anarchists, yet in the whole range of Socialistic literature there is no apostle of the creed who hesitates to threaten that if their system can not be peaceably adopted, it must be brought about by force, while the worst ranting of Herr Most and his satellites are scarcely less revolutionary than many a page of Marx, of Louis Blanc, of Hyndman, or even of Henry George, and if in the hands of the more ignorant and excitable part of the population these principles take on destructive form, who is to blame? The Socialists for inflaming them, or we for permitting the growth of such a

body of ignorance. poverty and immorality in our midst. The agitator has easy work with this class.

"Man," says the Norwegian Bard, "is an earth-clod wedded to a star." Alas! that the star should ever be so nearly extinguished! But come with me into the streets, as the laboring men are going home at eve. Let us take one and follow him. It is winter, he is going to a couple of dingy rooms in a crowded tenement house, or perhaps to a damp basement or rickety shanty. He is poor, wretched, and "Misery is a match that never goes out." Passing along the streets, begrimed and tired, having earned a bare pittance, not enough to feed his family and clothe them decently. And himself not sufficiently clad. He beholds the palatial Mercantile establishments, the colossal public buildings and the stately mansions. He sees, perhaps, the lighted Palace where more is spent on one evening's entertainment than would suffice to make his own and many other families comfortable for the winter. Laughter and music float out from the Club House where rich men feast at leisure. The gilded car, bearing some official dignitary, sweeps by. A millionaire dashes along with his \$150,000 team, while the stock-gambler walks briskly by his side, as he chats with a friend of the \$60,000 just spent in perfecting a method for photographing a horse instantaneously upon the race-course. Yonder Church spire beckons no welcome to him, no more than a shield for the man who can afford to buy its protection. Wealth is here in abundance but none of it his though he labors long. He with his family are sinking lower and lower. So helpless, so homeless, so friendless in the midst of the world's vantage ground!

So friendless! Ah! a hand is laid on his shoulder so softly, yet so resolutely. What a pleasant, half mystifying air this new-comer has. He draws the workman into a gorgeously equipped saloon, where Music and enticing draughts are provided, and while he is still under a glamour whispers to him so sympathetically of his wrongs. Tells him that the cause of all his suffering, is that private property which he sees about him. Tells him that employers are constantly robbing their employees. For the product of labor belongs to the laborer, the tools to the users. If all this property was in the hands of Government it would be yours, as much as theirs. The religion of yonder Church and the Courts which teach the contrary of this, are the oppressors of the poor. what wonder then, that to the ignorant half-dazed man his employer looks much as that idol of black basalt, out on Metombilita island, with a human heart between its teeth, looks to the Missionary. His star goes out and he is passive clay, in the hands of the agitator. But he is not versed in reasoning, and if this rich man is a robber why should he respect his property? Here is our Anarchist and Criminal. Remember Louis Napoleon regaling his followers on the plains of Satory with Champagne and Sandwiches, go down into yonder saloons and you will find our Louis Napoleons, our would-be despots, regaling their armies on bad beer and worse whisky. Let prohibition root out these breeding places and we have gone a long way in uprooting Anarchy. Yet the work of eradication would be far from complete. Back of everything else lies that great and often doubted principle of hereditary excitability which, when rightly guided

and directed into useful channels, accomplishes much of what is best, in the world's work, but which, under fostering circumstances, so far degenerates as to become criminal. What a thin partition after all, divides the highest creation of Genius, from the lowest form of Crime! You have heard only too often, the story of the tenement house, of the lack of sewerage, of light, air, and pure water. We have only to go into many of our own Mining districts to find a most deplorable state of affairs. Down here at Braidwood, when one looks at the hovels in which the miners, most of them foreigners, live, and taste the water which they drink, he scarcely wonders that when they work, frequently not more than one-third of the time, at \$1.50 or less per day, there are Criminals and Anarchists among them. What could be worse than being idle in such a place, half-starved and with nowhere to spend your time except in one of those dismal, crowded hovels, or in a saloon? Besides this, extreme poverty and idleness is often found coupled with illiteracy. I have spoken of this in connection with the election laws, so far as men are concerned. But illiteracy among women deserves more attention. We have over 1,200,000 women over 21 years of age, who are illiterate, according to statistics, but those who have had opportunity for observation among women of the lower classes of foreigners, know that a million more might practically be added to the list, while below that age, and between fifteen and twenty, are half a million more. Some of the fiercest and most dangerous of our Socialists and Anarchists too, are found among these women. Civilization may well shudder at the bitter spirit evidenced, against law and

order. Give the first ten years of a child's life into the care of a mother ignorant of the primary principles of health, heredity and education, driven almost to desperation by poverty, and, in nine cases out of ten, you may labor for the next twenty, perhaps, without success, to extirpate the influences of that childhood. Yet these illiterate women are the wives and mothers of our laboring classes, and in many cases are the teachers of Anarchy who train their sons and daughters for the ranks that move and will move upon the fortifications of Civilization so long as we permit an ignorant womanhood in our Land. It is far easier to glide down the glaxis of depravity than to climb the hill to Honor.

Still it is surprising to find how little is being done for this class of women, excepting in a half dozen of our large cities. Anything like organized work among them, or the provision of systematic instruction of any kind for them is almost unknown in the smaller cities. The magnificent work of the Young Men's Christian Association stands forth as a monitor for good in many an avenue, and one of the greatest elevating agencies of modern times. We would that side by side with it in every town might rise a working-women's home, where just such needed instruction and assistance might be given, for, with an educated and helpful womanhood, an ignorant and idle manhood is impossible. Another element conducive to Socialism, or to making the workingman look to the State for aid, is the fact that we have among us such a large number of unskilled laborers. To add to the many already here there came to us from abroad in the decade ending in 1882, 1,000,000 untrained laborers

and servants, while in the next three years we received 400,000 more. There can be no worse condition of things than the subjugation of masses of ignorant and unskilled employes to educated and skilled employers. The long series of triumphs which distinguished the followers of Mahomet in the twelfth century was largely due to the honor among them paid to Labor. Every man was expected to be proficient in some particular employment. And it was not until this excellent feature disappeared from the Government that Abdalla fell. The most stringent laws against Socialism and Anarchism can do little more than fill our prisons, or else turn the restlessness of the laboring classes into some other equally to-be-dreaded channel, until we remove the roots of the evil—the Saloon, Illiteracy and Tradelessness. If we permit this to go on, we must expect the Chalice returned to our lips, charged with the ingredients of insubordination, recklessness, and venality. How to meet the issue without a too frequent resort to sumptuary legislation, which at the best is a confession of weakness, is the great problem of the people to-day. It would be superfluous for me to speak of Prohibition here. It seems settled that this is the only practicable prevention of Intemperance.

Particularly among the foreigners in our cities and in the Western territories something is needed to bring these foreigners more into sympathy with our people and to secure their interest in the country. We regret that a wiser spirit is not shown with regard to our Public Schools in this matter. Instead of finding all nationalities united here at this impressionable age, when a love

of country is best instilled and all prejudices and superstitions rendered almost impossible, we find the Germans gathering apart in schools of their own, the Irish Catholics in theirs, and many Americans, too, who ought, of all others, to cherish that spirit of fraternity in which alone lies safety for a country in which so many elements are mingled, who follow their example. The multiplication of Parish Schools in this country among the various nationalities is to be regarded as an ominous sign; a nourishing of class-interests and national prejudices which is wholly opposed to the idea of harmonious unity. It is the duty of every true American citizen to lend his hearty support to the Public Schools. But there is a class out-of-reach of our public schools; perhaps unavoidably. They are the children in our cities whose parents are too poor to send them to school, or who will not, send them there—the street children as they are called, and those in Western districts yet unprovided with schools. Among these, and their number is surprisingly large, little effort has been made excepting by those wonderful agencies the, Home Mission and Industrial Schools established by Church aid and charitable organizations. And what have these accomplished? If I could paint for you the results of their work, especially where the two have been combined. If I could picture to you the thousands called in all their wretchedness in from the streets, the garrets and cellars of our great cities, of Station houses left void of vagrants, of child criminals transformed into Christian youth, of whole families regenerated, and places of crime and pestilence rooted out. If I could take you out

on the broad Western prairies, and among the mountains and mining regions of the West, and show you the thousands who have but this one link, the Mission School, in all their surroundings, to bind them to civilization, to whom it is School, Church, and almost Home, I should show you the most powerful, if it is the quietest, influence at work to-day against the encroachments of Socialism, or any other strange doctrine. But there would have to be another side to the picture if it were truthful; of other thousands turned away for lack of room and means, of little children gliding down the glaxis of depravity with no hand to stay; of men and women stumbling on the hill of Chance without a ray of hope to guide, of millions of acres of the West where Christianity is a by-word.

For a long time there has been a Stratum of Society which even this work could not reach; a dead weight rested on certain efforts. Socialism presented the magic wedge and forced from the very dregs of Society a cry for elevation, roused it from that deep and hopeless apathy into which abject poverty and ignorance ever drifts, and this cry of the lower classes for elevation, besides being one of the most hopeful signs of the century, presents the golden moment for Missionary work among them. The great tendencies of Socialism and Anarchism have been antagonistic to the Church. Their adherents have more than once declared that they would have nothing to do with religion. Human nature is inherently good, and now in the restless condition of the masses, for it will be sometime before agitation or law; will accomplish much for them, the Church may now more easily

than ever before overcome their opposition by an immediate answer to their appeal. But the establishment of Home Missions and Industrial Schools among them needs to be supplemented by a strong individual interest in their temporal welfare as well as spiritual. I have intimated that Socialism possessed an hidden Genius. It lies in its recognition of a temporal brotherhood between all men, its breaking down of Race demarcations, its advocacy of arbitration and cooperation, and Society will not rest until these elements of Socialism are made its own. The movement should begin as it has already in the Church. We want the Church to be a Magnet, a magnet of steel, a permanent magnet which shall draw all men within the circle of its potency.

One morning the great musician Herr Wagner, laid before his pupils some sheets of music which filled them with dismay. It seemed as if a hundred bars had been taken from as many different compositions and thrown together promiscuously. One after another essayed its execution, bringing forth only jangling discords, ending in hopeless confusion. Finally a delicate youth, whose soul seemed to lay in his great brown eyes, timid and trembling, approached the instrument. He turned the pages doubtfully, and then looking up at the Master, with whom he appeared to be a favorite, he asked: "Master, pardon, but of what were your thoughts when playing this?" "Of Power," thundered the Master impatiently. A light flashed into the lad's eyes. He turned and touched the keys slowly, firmly. Emotion after emotion swept over his expressive face. A subtle magic had his slender fingers as they swept the keys

with growing strength. The strange combination bristling with accidentals melted into faultless Rhythm; the stirring Chromatics flowed like gathering streams that dash themselves anon against a rock; the suggestive minors sang their sad and sweet refrain, the heavy chords roared like the falling cataract or fell like the falling snow, and 'neath that skillful touch discord became the majestic harmony that expressed the Master's idea of Power. Can the Church and Society seize upon the great motive idea of their Creator, and the love and charity evidenced for all mankind? Then may ring out from discordant elements that vex the world the gladdest harmony, for

“These myriad lives, half insensate that plod
Unaspiring and faintly contented to drone
In the heart of the Saint; in the heart of the clod
Is something transcendant that leaps from the sod;
And these myriad lives that seem aimlessly thrown,
With dire prodigality teeming and vast
In the whirlpool tempestuous, thronging each zone,
Are but notes in the harmony written by God.”

CHAPTER XIX.

UNPUBLISHED REVIEWS AND ESSAYS.

HER FICTICIOUS NAME WAS "VILLA DE LISLE," UNDER WHICH SHE PUBLISHED POEMS AND OTHER WRITINGS.

During the three years preceeding her death, from 1887 to 1890, which were devoted to the practice of her profession, she wrote much that we find not available, even her Diary having been written in shorthand evidently for her own reference only.

With the exception of the public life she lived before us; two or three letters, and the Obituary, contain most of the history we have of those years, so fraught with interest to her, so bright in the past and so hopeful in the future. During her illness she said she had a book nearly written, by request of the W. C. T. U., but on examination of her papers we found much of the Manuscript written in shorthand, some of it with a pencil, and so nearly erased that it would be difficult for anyone but the writer of it to copy it. Therefore records, perhaps of greater interest to the general reader, than some we have given in this work are lost to our use. There are long Reviews and Essays, besides some productions already published from time to time, which we must necessarily omit here. Among the finest are "A Chaplet of Painters," a long review on "Bret Harte's Life and Writings," on "Macaulay's Essays," on "Car-

lisle on Rosseau," on "Leonardo de Vinci and his School," on "Chaldea, its Climate and Productions, its Language, Arts and Sciences and its Great Men."

An Essay on the "Golden Age of Music," a short extract from which latter we give: "Ah! what a halo of splendor wreaths those holy brows! Holy, do I say? Aye; for what beautiful thoughts slumbered, nay! revelled in all luxuriance, behind those calm exteriors. O, men of Genius! can I ever grasp and hold a little of the rich inspiration which animated you? Would that I might; would that my life might be moulded like your melodies, into one sweet strain harmonious, flowing to the Life Divine! In a lovely vision your lives float before me. Music! how it awakens every sublime emotion, and thrills with untold gladness, amounting almost to sadness, the heart of its adorer!"

Besides the above there is an essay on the "Stars of Music who have hung their Harps on the Willow," An Essay on "Charles Reade" (published in the Joliet News;) "Girl Life Among the Lowly," and "Friendly Societies for Working Girls," (published in the Woman's Tribune;) An Essay on Helen Hunt Jackson's "Century of Dishonor," on "Manners and Customs in Syria," on The "Synod of the Pacific," on "Customs in Alaska," on "Woman's Work for Women," and "Woman's Rights" (published in the News;) A review of Law History Essay on Statutes of Frauds and Perjuries; Thesis, at the University of Michigan, Subject, "Precedents: How Far Shall They Govern?" and long comments on all passing events both Home and Foreign.

"THE CREMATION CRAZE." Around this subject

her pen lingered long and often. It had terrors for her! It was "Heathenish," she thought, and "contrary to reason and Christianity,." She said: "I would live and die! in the forests of Africa sooner than think I would be cremated! or that any of my friends should be, because it was custom. God united the elements that compose the human body; let God dissipate them." In an article in the Joliet News she says: "It is a morbid mania, this dread of death and the home of the dead. The Cemetery should awaken nothing but beautiful thoughts, and in the dimness of our vision the dark funeral procession is transformed into the bright and glorious throng that greets the departed one above. Kate Field and Joaquin Miller are among the late converts to this "Cremation Craze." I pity these people who have exhausted everything modern and who have such a horror of graveyards and funeral processions. So far as Joaquin Miller is concerned, it is but the climax of the eccentricity of his life, the hallucination of a man who has lived to bury love and hope, and yet longs for something, he knows not what, and seeks it in the *outré*, the ancient. It brings out before us in plain light the man who wrote:

Sit down in the darkness with me

On the edge of the world. So love lies dead

And the earth and the sky and the sea,

Seem shutting together as a book that is read.

There might be a choice of opinion as to which edge of the world, if there is such a thing, is most comfortable. Mr. Miller prefers the ancient; I prefer the modern. He wishes to rest in an urn; I prefer, like Roger Williams, to furnish food for an apple tree, or to become a respectable fossil, and lend my bones for the geological recreation of future Ages. The forest luxuriates in the midst of Death, and thus is Life triumphant."

CHAPTER XX.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EQUITY CLUB,
MAY 17TH, 1888.

DEAR LADIES :—Now that I have each one of you stowed away in her own special niche in the gallery of pleasant memories it is delightful to sit down for a little chat with you all. I was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of Illinois, May 9th, 1887, before I left Ann Arbor. I opened my Office on the first Monday in May and the first week I took three cases, besides having a number of collections given me to make. I don't expect to fare as well as that every week, still I feel very hopeful. I received my commission as Notary Public, this morning, so I shall expect a few pennies from that source, and every little helps. There is practically no opposition here to a woman's practising Law. The Laws of Illinois are quite favorable to women. Most cases of hardship that have come to my notice arose more from the ignorance of women as to the laws, than to the injustice of the law itself. I have little sympathy for those who boast of their wrongs seeming to consider them an evidence of their own womanly meekness and simplicity. Their sweet trusting natures seem to have two missions, namely, to furnish French novelists with heroines, and make men abuse trusts which would have been no temptation, were these

women truly womanly and strong. I was surprised at Prof. R.'s letter to Mrs. B. in which he hinted that women were unfit for the Forum, because I am just wicked enough to prefer court-room work. Skillful questioning, and honest logic, have charms for me that filling in prescribed forms, with parrot-like precision never could have. I think women ought to go into the court-room. Where are they needed more? If your heart, O woman, versed in the Law, fails you at the threshold of the Forum, what of *her* whose *all*, and, often, more than *all*, is there at stake? Shall not your courageous dignity sustain her in her hour of trial? Miss R. Miss T. Mrs. W. and others who wield their pens, have considerable to do in reforming the literature of Jurisprudence. As long as in many text books on the "Domestic Relations," and in many a volume of reports, is set up a double standard of morality, sanctioned by custom, just so long will hydra-headed divorce despoil the home, degrade manhood, and womanhood, and multiply the wards of Court. License for man means degradation for woman. Nature knows no sharp lines, and it is impossible that one-half of the race should be wholly angelic, if the other be sunk in the depths of iniquity. My chief trial just at present is agents; agents big, and agents little, with everything from needles, and pins, to cast iron safes. The chief contributions are blotters, and calenders, from neighboring offices. They seem under the impression that I am going to use ink freely. Yours sincerely,

LETTIE L. BURLINGAME.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EQUITY CLUB,
APRIL 22, 1889.

DEAR EQUITY CLUB:—As I write this letter, my first year of legal practise draws towards its close ; and rich has it been to me in new and delightful experiences. I opened my Office alone, and wholly independent of others, borrowed the money with which I bought my books and furnished my office, and with no capital but courage and patience, faced the future. But fortune has been very kind. More court room than office work falls to my share. The present month my receipts are one hundred and ten dollars, not one cent of which is from office practise. Are any of my "Equity Club" sisters ever bothered with people who wish them to take cases on contingent fees? I took one such case, but hereafter my services are not at the disposal of fortune-hunters. I lost the case, but the gentleman was so pleased with my efforts that he paid me twenty-five dollars, which did not half cover the work and worry. I have had the full conduct of only one jury trial, that resulted in a victory for my Client to the full amount demanded \$1,507.00. The defendant appealed, but finally paid over the full amount, with damages for delay. So I lost my chance to win a case in the Appellate Court. This case was tried in Ottawa, Illinois. I was pleased with my treatment in this strange Court, where kind Judge B. and all the officers

of the Court vied with each other in courtesy. The defendant, being one of the wealthiest citizens of LaSalle county, was represented by five lawyers. I fought the fight alone, the point involved being a nice one as to what acts or words of a party, would amount to a dispensation, with the tender of money, due upon a promissory note. My practise has come solely through my own efforts and business reputation, and has been strictly professional. The borrowed money has been paid from my own receipts, and I begin the new year hopefully. Miss M. speaks of woman's delicate organization. I think I ought to record that I am never in better health and spirits, than when put to the spur, and excitement of trying cases, nor does any hurtful reaction follow the glow. It remains, my ambition is satisfied, and I am now stronger, and able to endure more, than at any other period of my life. With love for Law and Lawyers.

LETTIE L. BURLINGAME.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS REBECCA MAY,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.

[Written May 7th, 1890, two weeks before her last attack of La-grippe, showing how hopeful her business prospects for the future seemed to be at that time.]

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Now I want to ask you a question which I have never felt quite in a position to ask before. Are you settled where you are, satisfied and doing well? The reason I ask is because I think two lawyers can now do better in my office than one. I have some cases that it would be very difficult to manage alone, and while I am not at all rushed, I feel perfectly positive now, that it is only time that is wanting to ensure success. Would you at all consider a proposition to come here and go into partnership with me? I will tell you just what I have on hand and in prospect, so that you may not be deceived.

* * * * *

I would have written to you about this matter before but I have been afraid that you might be dissatisfied or think it dull. Well, it is dull sometimes, but it seems to be so with all the young lawyers. I have some days that would be very lonely, if I were a person who ever stopped to consider loneliness. But I am so happy with books, and paper and pens, that if it were just the question of solitude to be considered, I should never be alone. There is too much to learn, too many thoughts

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MISS REBECCA 367
MAY, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

to think, too many things to plan and work for. Office work, deeds, wills, and counsel is sometimes very brisk, at others dull. You ask me, "If I meet people who treat me coldly on account of my profession." I am often asked that question. I can truly say: Never, outside of my own Church doors. A *very few* there seem to expect me to dissolve beneath their frigid coldness. This better, "I than Thou," I admit, has often chilled my best resolves. Still I *trust* that time will obliterate these things which are so hard for my sensitive nature to bear now. He who sees all our motives and desires will straighten each tangled thread and weave into our lives only the good and beautiful.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, my pastor, and his now dear departed companion, have done much to cheer me in my hours of despondency. I shall never forget the warm hand-clasp, or the encouraging words of Mrs. Lewis. Her spirit seems to guide me even now; and I oftentimes question if departed friends do not sometimes mould the lives of those they loved on earth.

I am not entirely alone in the professional arena here, for my friend Dr. Jennie C. Carr opened an Office here soon after I did, and is keeping pace with her brothers in the medical profession. Hoping you will give this matter a careful consideration, I anxiously await, your decision. Your sincere friend,

LETTIE L. BURLINGAME.

To Rebecca May, Attorney,
Topeka, Kansas.

CHAPTER XXI.

TOPICS AND AN EXTRACT LEFT IN HER BIBLE, AS USED
IN HER ADDRESS TO THE WOMEN OF THE
PENITENTIARY THE SECOND SAB-
BATH IN MAY, 1890.

(One week before her last attack of La-grippe.)

FIRST TOPIC PRAYER.

How few have satisfaction in Prayer. Why should I pray? The stormclouds gather, the air grows thick, and clouds, purple shadows, drift athwart the sky. The clouds approach each other, each charged with a subtle power; they meet, there is a sudden flash, a sharp report, and again the clouds go sweeping on, until two other clouds meet, and again comes the flash and the report. What a marvellous power?—While it acts alone it is life and motion, but when it meets opposition it is death to all that comes in its way. You burn your hand on a frosty iron, and realize that cold is only a degree of heat. The sap drawn from the ground nourishes the growing leaf, and gives to it the heat of the ground, and when the ground has given up all its heat, the leaf withers and falls, and gives back to the ground, as it decays, the heat it took from it. We call the fall of the leaf their Death—it is the source of their Life—So stands the positive and the negative through-

out the Universe. Life and Death, and what the source—whence the beginning? Even had we not any revelation of Divine Truth—such as the Bible—we must from the evidences of Nature, know that the origin of Life and Death is not only an intelligence outside of, and beyond, and having power over these elements and setting their courses. And because it is outside of and beyond these, the greatest power known to us, and governs them, we know that it is Eternal, untouched, and unaffected, by Life or Death. All this we know, independent of Divine revelation, but when the testimony of man and the testimony of Nature agree, we have the highest form of evidence. From this Eternal source comes our human life, and with it all the qualities, and elements, which enable us to govern other forms of life; In fact to govern the evil that is within us, and a share of the power or mind, that governs Life and Death; and then, He sent us Christ, to show us how to govern Life and Death, and drawing our inspiration, our energy, our strength, our power from the Eternal God, and learning how to apply our inspiration, our energy, our strength, our power from the Saviour, who said: “I am the Way the Truth and the Life” and who lived the human Life, that we might behold and see and recognize His power and His might, and order our lives as He ordered His. Truly, the Father was in Christ, and Christ in the Father, the power and the application. But Christ prayed, and taught us to pray, and why should He pray? Had the Saviour of the world, around whom clusters the hopes of the Universe, had not He the Way, the Truth, and the Life, within Himself? Ah yes—but

the power. How many times He said : " Without the Father I can do nothing." The power was outside of, beyond and above even Him, except as God gave him power. Losing Himself in the sight of God, raising Himself by constant contemplation of the Eternal. Without this power, which He continually sought, without this spiritual energy, which overcame the material within Him, even Christ would have failed to have accomplished the world's redemption. We are so very human ourselves that we fall to loving Christ more than God, forgetting that the power and Spirit that shone forth in Christ, was only one of the evidences of that Supreme reality, the Creator. Not Christ, but God, set forth and established the Universe in all its relations. God sent His Son to teach us the way of Life. God could not become human, for He is Eternal. Time was when we were not. God always existed. We shall always exist hereafter, because we have been taught how this may be. It was the spiritual, Christ sought, when He prayed. Now it makes no difference to you or I what our troubles are, what sorrows, what temptations, or what cup of bitterness, if we draw from this well-spring of spiritual power. God, the Eternal, knows neither Life nor Death, because he is Life, and Death, and Power. Christ called out before His crucifixion : " Oh, Father ! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." But it could not be. The laws of Life and Nature are co-eternal with God. Therefore fixed and immutable. But Christ came, and taught men things they knew not of. He came in an age when men's hearts were hardened, and but few were able to

perceive the Truth. We poor mortals sometimes expect God to reverse the laws of Nature. It is impossible. And again we wish to advise God, of our needs and wants. "Are we better than Christ?" I want to talk with you a few moments about Prayer. How many ideas there are about it, and how little satisfaction the majority of people get out of it—how little appreciate it. How many have never known its influence at all. How many do not believe in the fundamental truths underlying the force of ²⁰ Prayer. I wonder if there is any one among you who has never prayed at all, whose childhood, girlhood and womanhood was void of this source of strength. I wonder if there is one who used to lisp "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," at mother's knee, and who in the purity and simplicity of youth, fell upon her knees in the morning and at evening, and poured out her childish appeals. I wonder if there is another one among you who learned to pray, but by and by when the world's trials and temptations came with the coming years, and the struggle for existence waxed warm, and work was hard and pay was small, man was false, and woman unkind, who fought and struggled and sometimes yielded to temptation, and yet prayed, even agonizingly, and called on the Lord, "Lead us not into temptation," but around whom the shadows gathered faster and faster, trials pressed closer and closer, and mortal womanhood seemed to grow frailer and everywhere the heart turned it grew weaker and weaker, struggling, fainting, yielding, lost faith, by the pressure of material things. Who has not had this experience? The one who never knew Prayer, or hated

it because it had become the cover of hypocrisy, could not find God in so much evil. Oh, He who knows all things, knows how dark the shadows are. He knows that little secret down in your heart and my heart, that little hard, stubborn fact, that, if it did not exist, we feel, oh, how different our lives would have been. Once clinging to Prayer in its sweetness and its completeness finding in it consolation, through all life's changes and vicissitudes. Oh, there is reason, there is strength, there is happiness, there is Supreme good in Prayer. Revelation, Experience, and Nature accord. This is the highest testimony of which mortals can dream.

REMAINING TOPICS:

Resolution, Self-humiliation, Desire, Thought of Others, The Silver Mines of Saxony.

CHAPTER XXII.

PUT ON THE ORANGE RIBBON. A SUFFRAGE SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

(Her last composition completed May 20th, 1890, the day but one before her last attack of La-grippe and final prostration.)

Put on, the Or-ange Rib-bon,
The suf-frage em-blem bright ;
Come, join our grow-ing ar-my,
For truth and jus-tice fight.

One sex with-out con-sent
The right to vote de-nied ;
For-bid-den voice in mak-ing,
The laws by which she's tried.

De-prived of ev'ry wea-pon
Of civ-il self de-fense,
Yet, taxed full rates for meet-ing,
The government's ex-pense.

So we've gird-ed on our ar-mor
Of res-o-lu-tion steel ;
We pause not till we con-quer
And un-just laws re-peal.

In stat-ute, con-sti-tu-tion,
In or-di-nan-ces, too,

We leave no doubt-ful plans,
For judg-es to con-strue.

We'll, write it plain and sim-ple
So they can un-der-stand
That, wom-en shall be vot-ers
In this our na-tive land.

We'll float our or-ange rib-bon
In tyr-an-ny's proud face
We'll, show our col-ors brave-ly,
What'er the time or place.

Un-til dis-tinc-tions vain.
In the night of wrath go down;
And wom-an-hood en-fran-chised,
Puts on her rightful crown.

CHORUS:

Put on the or-ange rib-bon
And to your faith prove true,
Put on the or-ange rib-bon,
There's work for you to do.
Put on the or-ange rib-bon,
The victo-ry we'll gain,
And men and wom-en voting
Equal-i-ty shall reign.

A Suffrage Song.

Dedicated to the Equal Suffragists of Illinois.

Words and Music by LETTIE L. BURLINGAME.



1. Put on the or - ange rib-bon, The suf-frage em-blem bright; Come
2. In stat-ute, con - sti - tu-tion, In or - di - nan - ces, too, We



- join our grow-ing ar - my, For truth and jus-tice fight. One
leave no doubt-ful plans, For judg - es to con - stitue. We'll



A Suffrage Song. Continued.

sex with-out con - sent The right to vote de - nied; For-
write it plain and simple So they can un - der - stand That

This musical system consists of a vocal melody line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is written on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

bid - den voice in mak-ing The laws by which she's tried. De-
wo - men shall be vot-ers In this, our na - tive land. , We'll

This musical system continues the song with a vocal melody line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

prived of ev - 'ry wea-pon Of civ - il self - de - fense, Yet
float our or - ange ribbon In tyr - an-ny's proud face, We'll

This musical system is the final one on the page, featuring a vocal melody line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The piano accompaniment is on two staves (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics are placed below the vocal line.

A Suffrage Song. Continued.

taxed full rates for meet-ing The government's ex-pense. So we've
show our col-ors brave-ly, What-e'er the time or place. Un -

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The vocal line contains the lyrics for the first two lines of the song. The piano accompaniment features a steady rhythm with chords and single notes.

gird-ed on our ar-mor Of res-o-lu-tion steel, We
til dis-tinc-tions vain, In the night of wrath go down; And

The second system of musical notation. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The vocal line has a melodic line with some rests and a lower line with lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern.

pause not till we con-quer, And un-just laws re-peal.
wom-an-hood en-fran-chised, Puts on her right-ful crown.

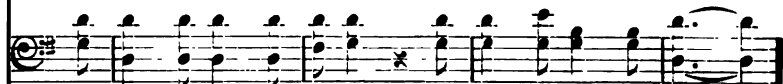
The third system of musical notation. It concludes the song with the final two lines of lyrics. The vocal line ends with a long note, and the piano accompaniment provides a final chordal resolution.

A Suffrage Song. Continued.

CHORUS.



Put on the or - ange rib-bon And to your faith prove true,



Put on the or - ange rib-bon There's work for you to do;



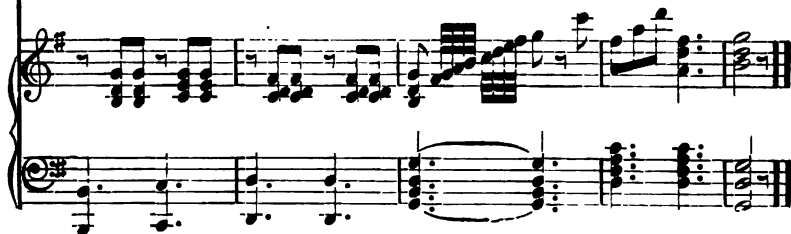
A Suffrage Song. Concluded.



Put on the orange ribbon, The vic-to-ry we'll gain. And men and women



vot-ing, E-qual - i - ty shall reign.



CHAPTER XXIII.

EXTRACT FROM HER LAST ENTRY IN DIARY.

(Made when resuming her office work after recovering from the first attack of La Grippe.

February 9th, 1890. If I am ever going to keep up my Diary again I had better begin. On the fifteenth day of January I was taken with La-grippe. I had been feeling pretty well all day, but after I came home and ate my supper I felt so weak and queer, and my lungs were so pressed, I said I would do them up in hot flannels and turpentine and go to bed and I would be all right in the morning. But not so, too trusting creature, at two o'clock I awoke with pains in every joint and bone (think there are a hundred thousand bones in the human body besides an infinity of nerves and muscles) I was confined to the house three weeks.

It was hard work for me to keep still, but I was so weak I had to, so I had a chance to see the effect of sickness upon one's practice. Hosts of well-known people have died with it. Dr. Alberta Douglas is very ill with the typhoid fever.

This disease called La-grippe, or Russian influenza, has had a terrible rage this winter. All business has suffered more or less. The disease started in Europe and rapidly spread West. Nearly a third of the inhabitants of every City have had it. I am reading "Dante" again, also "Impressions of Theophrastus Such."

December 15th, 1890. Here her earthly record ceased with the exception of her daily note-book, and letters of a later date. Month's have come and passed away, and La-grippe has claimed our Darling. 'Tis well, Precious one that we had said our endearing words all along the way of Life, ere the cruel verdict came. One pressure of the hand, a last fervent kiss, and the dear words, "Oh, Mamma!" And she was alone with her God. The gifted voice and pen of our cherished one, is forever silent. The ready hand will pen no line to greet the New Year and the Dear One would say "It is well." Her life-book is closed. Angel-wings have hovered o'er and borne dear Lettie from the home-circle, and friends she loved so dearly, to join the angel band above. Her fondest aspirations could only be realized in Death. She has solved the mystery of Life and laid her burden down at Jesus feet.

Ever looking up to her God with gratitude for all His past goodness, she stepped forward with a firm trust in Him, to meet the future. For her there was no dying. "Time" and "Eternity" was one. "To live in the hearts of those we leave behind us is not to die." Ever, more just to others than herself, her tears are wiped, and all fears dispelled by her loving Saviour's hand. We thought her work just begun, but God knew best, and though swift flows the tide of heartrending woe, we know that "God is behind every cloud, and sees all our shadows." O, Father! help us to say "Thy will be done." And grant that we may all meet at the one gate, and stand at the same door, when our life-work is done, and greet again the precious one Thou has borne from

our earthly home, to dwell in the mansion prepared for her by Redeeming Love.

“Oh! there are many mansions there,
But not one, in which grief hath a share!”

In fond remembrance of Dear Lettie.

Mamma.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CLOSING DAYS OF LIFE.

When first attacked with La-grippe she often expressed regret that her Office and papers were left in so much disorder. Her first work upon resuming her Office was to secure a Bank drawer, and place all valuable papers therein. After this time perfect order seemed to be her motto. From this time forward her ambition seemed to know no bounds, nor her physical endurance any limitations. Any remonstrance against her unusual activity seemed to grieve her, although at our urgent request she gave up going to Washington, D. C., as a delegate, and a few invitations to lecture in surrounding towns. She always kept a Bible in her office, but after her death, when removing her books, we found she had taken another one from home, also an Episcopal Prayer book. Her pencil had lingered around nearly every mention made of Christ, and every precious promise from Genesis to Revelation, showing conclu-

sively that she had read it with care from beginning to end, between the first of February and the 22d of May. Some hymns in the Prayer book were closely interlined, others marked as "my favorite."

On the 22d of May, when ready to go to her office, she stopped where I was sitting, and entwining her arms around my neck, kissed me again and again, saying, "Mamma! I forgot your birthday and didn't get you no present" (as was her custom, my birthday being on the seventeenth of May). "Well, Darling!" I said, "I will take the will for the deed." I had forgotten it myself. She kissed me again, and bade me Good-bye. If very busy she was in the habit of taking her dinner at the W. C. T. U. rooms, just opposite her office. We were clearing the table, it being past the hour she usually came, when Dr. Carr came with vial in hand to the dining room door. I exclaimed, "Why! Doctor, what is the matter?" She hushed me, but I says "No! what is the matter?" when she told me that she had brought Lettie home, that she was sick and delirious. Shocked, almost to prostration, I went to her, and we soon had her at rest in a darkened room. She slept for two hours. When she awoke she seemed to think some great calamity had befallen her. She exacted from me a promise, no matter what should happen to her, that I would never leave her. Doctor Campbell was her attending physician. For six long anxious months I watched by her side, night and day, fluctuating between hope and fear. Her intervals of delirium were frequent and sometimes protracted. We never dared to speak of aught which would tax her mind, for fear of retarding

her recovery. We firmly believed and trusted she would recover, until about four weeks previous to her death. At that time she had an attack of physical pain, I think the first she had ever had. What she suffered mentally no one but God can ever know. If she suffered any more than I did, it must have been terrible to contemplate. I often wonder if the delirious patient really suffers all the mental anguish they seem to. It was all reality to me. Every nerve in my body, shared in her fears, and delusions. In this attack of pain her mind was clear as ever it was. She said: "I could stand any physical pain, if I was free from this mental trouble. Oh why! has this came on me? It will never be the same again." Calling for her Bible and placing my hand upon it, she said: "I shall die," and exacting a promise of forgiveness, (although I assured her she had done nothing wrong which she was responsible for) for all she had said, or done, since the 22d day of May, and some other things she wished me to promise her. She then said: "Now leave me alone with my God, but I am sorry for you and pa." Dr. Nash soon came in, and administered a Hypodermic injection. She was soon resting quietly and free from pain. But she never regained her previous strength. She had been able to ride, walk around the house and yard, sing, and play the piano, and invariably insisted on making her own toilet up to this time. She gained in physical strength at Battle Creek, but her mental trouble seemed to increase. We took her from there to Lake Geneva, thinking it a more quiet retreat. But she entreated us so constantly to bring her home, that we only remained

there a short time. She was so happy when we started home with her. She told her friends with much pleasure that Mamma brought her home, and she would never leave Illinois again.

She always enjoyed the companionship of her nurse, Miss Armstrong, an estimable and Christian lady about her own age, who returned home with us from Lake Geneva Sanitarium, in August, and remained with her until the first of November. Her own health then failing, she sent for her friend, Mrs. Dunbar, to take her place. About two weeks before her death she had been showing her cards and mementos to Mrs. D. and talking of her friends, when she asked me to get her Diaries from her trunk. She looked them over a few minutes and told me to put them back again, and laid down to rest. But soon rising again, went to her Piano and played and sang as an angel might. So sweet and clear, was her voice :

“ Flee as a Bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean;
Fly for the avenger is near thee;
Call and the Saviour will hear thee;
He on his bosom will bear thee,
Thou who art weary of sin
Oh, thou who art weary of sin.

He will protect thee forever,
Wipe every falling tear;

He will forsake thee, O, never,
Sheltered so tenderly there;
Haste, then, the hours are flying,
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear,
The Saviour will wipe ev'ry tear."

It was the last time she ever went to her Piano. It seemed like her last words of consolation to us. She sang one line of another song, "The Years have Come and the Years Have Gone," and bursting out in tears laid down weeping. I went to her and said: "Does it make you sad to sing to-day, dear? She took my hand in hers and said: "O, mamma! I have been sick so long." I tried to soothe her by reminding her how much weaker and apparently lower she was with the typhoid fever and yet recovered. Her tears were dried, the last she ever shed, or ever will. Looking up with a smile she said: "Well, mamma, maybe I will get well if I have faith."

That night she had another attack of pain. Another hypodermic was given by Dr. Nash which relieved her and again she slept, but grew weaker. She never rose from her bed alone after that. Every night she would ask for her Bible. "Lay it right here on my heart" she would say, and after she was asleep we would slip it down by her side. She would immediately replace it upon awaking. Sleeping so long with it clasped to her heart, we placed it in her hands in her casket, and she is sleeping her last long sleep to-day with the precious Book resting on her heart, while we trust she is singing with

the angels. She spent much time in prayer and repeating the precious promises contained in the fourteenth chapter of St. John, her favorite chapter in the Bible. That our most predominant trait is strong in death, was verified in her. She loved books. Three or four evenings before her death, she asked for her "Latin books, Horace and Ovid," (I believe they were her favorites). I knew she could not hold them, and told her I feared we could not fix them so she could see to read them. She said: "I know I can't see them, but I can feel them."

Taking them to her, she said: "Lay them by my side," and placing her hand upon them, fell asleep. The Bible and Prayer Book, was the last ones she called for, but gave me back the Prayer Book, saying: "She did not care for formal prayers, she liked those best that gushed from the heart. But give me my Bible, that is my protection." The last words of audible prayer that we heard, were "Father, I put my trust in Thee." At evening she was usually most cheerful. When tired of repeating the verse, "And if I go and prepare a place for you," she would cut it short, saying: "I will come again and get you." Among her last coherent words she said: "I want to sing to Pa Burlingame," and sang a verse of his favorite song. She said much we could not understand. The last three days she spoke plainly, but said little. She murmured: "Sometime, I am going away from here, forever, and forever." I said, "Oh, my Darling! She said: "Why not, mamma? It will be better, I am not going anywhere but to Paradise. I am so tired."

When arranging her pillows, she said: "Mamma,

will you always be true to me?" I said: "Yes, my darling; just as long as I live in this world." She then said: "My life has been my own, with God I will be safe." Her last words were, "Oh, mamma! I will go with you," and pressed my hand on her heart so strongly, and kissed me, oh! so fervently! In a few moments she turned her eyes towards me once more, and said: "Oh, Mamma! so tenderly, which were her last words on earth. All day Thursday she seemed to be sleeping sweetly, but hard to rouse, if only for a moment. At 4:35 o'clock Friday morning with only one moment's warning, she passed from all she loved on earth to her Home above, as quietly as a babe falls to sleep in its mother's arms. "He gave and He hath taken" our priceless treasure. "Be still and know that I am God." Our precious one cannot come again to us, but we shall go to her. She was an ideal star in the horizon of our life which will never set. She was my Guide more than I hers.

"Oh! There will be no broken circle,
In our happy home in Heaven."

"What, can it mean? On the Day of our days,
This swift gloom of night.
Can He mean, for us to work, or to think or to pray,
With her face out of sight.

Had He need of an angel, gracious and fair,
To wait near Heaven's door,
To welcome the pilgrims entering there?
Oh! we needed her more."

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MISS BURLINGAME.

THIS ACCOMPLISHED AND CHRISTIAN LADY, AFTER A FEW MONTHS' SICKNESS, PASSES AWAY AT HER HOME IN THIS CITY, DECEMBER 12, 1890.

[From the Republic and Sun.]

We are pained to have to announce this morning the death of Miss Lettie Lavilla Burlingame from brain disease, resulting from an attack of La-grippe contracted last winter, aged 31 years. Miss Burlingame died at her parents' home, 308 North Eastern Avenue. The summons came this morning at 4:35 o'clock and peacefully the spirit obeyed. Miss Burlingame was a lady of unexceptionally rare accomplishments. She had a future before her, had she lived to carry out the full realization of her ideas, that her family and friends may well be proud of. She was a lady in every meaning of that word. Her early education was gained in the schools of this city. She was a graduate of the High School; where she afterward taught two years in the same school, and one year in the Grammer department. She resigned her position to take up the study of Law in the office of Fithian & Avery, where she showed such remarkable aptitude for that which was to be her life work, that she was encouraged to finish her studies in the Law Department at Ann Arbor University, Michigan, from which place she graduated in the Class of '86, having closed her career

there in bearing away the honors of Class Poet for that year.

She was at once admitted to the Bar of Michigan but after one year her heart turned to her old home in this city, and we find her soon afterward in possession of a large and remunerative clientage, with a rapidly growing acquaintance, receiving unstinted recognition by the entire Bar and the Judge of the Court.

So successful was she that she won every case entrusted to her, much to the surprise of the older attorneys who were not yet accustomed to seeing their profession invaded by a woman.

[From the News.]

In addition to carrying on her law practice Miss Burlingame devoted considerable time to the work of the W. C. T. U. and as president of the Equal Suffrage Association, besides literary work for other organizations of which she was a member. She was gifted with much ability as a writer in both prose and poetry. Some of her literary productions have been published and received highly favorable comment. Personally she was modest yet genial, and in striking out in a path new to our people, commanded the respect of all by refined and womanly methods.

[From the Joliet Press.]

Deceased was an ardent enthusiast in any cause that she espoused. Deceased was for temperance in all things, but not for a Prohibition third party, and her address in Werner hall is a record that will live longer, now that the earnest pleading voice is hushed, than had she lived to see national politics prostituted for personal ends.

Her memory is sacred to all who knew her self-denying spirit and moral courage for her sex in an uneven, uphill fight. We are speaking from a personal knowledge of the deceased lady, who will be remembered as long as the Equal Suffrage Association exists, or when triumphant history records the efforts of the pioneers of the movement.

[From the Republic and Sun.]

But her desire and determination to stand among the foremost of pleaders was the overthrow of her not naturally robust health. And although she fought off the insidious disease as heroically as she had hewn to the mark of her early years, she was forced to lay aside her textbooks, perfectly aware as she often expressed it, that her work was finished, and that her next great suit would be plead before the bar of Almighty God.

On the 22d of last May she returned to her home broken in health and spirits, and from that day steadily declined, the best medical skill obtainable in Joliet, Battle Creek, and the Geneva Sanitarium finding her nervous system so shattered that nothing but merely a soothing help to her death-bed could be given.

Her last appearance in public was in Plainfield, May 2nd, 1890, where she delivered a speech in behalf of the Women's Suffrage Association. She also addressed the women of the Illinois State Penitentiary the Sabbath but one before her last sickness. The Equal Suffrage Association, and the Will County Bar, extend their sympathy to the parents, and one sister, in this their hour of sorrow.

MISS BURLINGAME'S FUNERAL SERVICES.

At 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon the funeral ceremonies of Miss Lettie L. Burlingame took place at the Central Presbyterian Church. Rev. James Lewis preached the funeral sermon, which was very impressive, giving a short sketch of the ended life, and of the great good she had done during her short stay on this earth. The members of the bar of this city attended in a body. The Church was filled with sorrowing friends who came to pay their last respects to the late dear one. The Choir sang:

"Flee as a Bird," The last piece played and sang by the Deceased.

"Asleep in Jesus-Blessed Sleep," and

"I shall Be Satisfied, When I Awake In His Likeness."

The pall bearers were J. W. Downey, J. B. Mecham, George Cowing, George S. Hinckel, A. N. Hill, George W. Young, all members of the bar.

That the deceased had felt life slipping from her grasp was evidenced by the following Poem copied in her Diary, thus:

“ANNE BRONTE'S LAST POEM.”

WHICH NOW VOICES MY OWN PERSONAL SENTIMENTS.

“I hoped that with the brave and strong,
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high.”

But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with my bleeding heart,
When first the anguish fell.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery—
These nights of darkness, anguish tost,
Can I but turn to Thee.

* * * * *

If Thou should'st bring me back to life,
More humbled should I be;
More wise—more strengthen'd for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee.

Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow;
But, Lord whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve Thee now!

UNREST.

THE FOLLOWING POEM, WRITTEN BY THE DECEASED,
WAS READ BY REV. JAMES LEWIS, AT
THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

Father, my path is smooth
As clear cut-ice,
Even as rows of pearls
In golden vice;
Oh, that t'were mine to prove
Life worth a price.

Father, the way is dark,
I cannot see,
Stretch out Thy hand, I pray,
And steady me;
Not this way, Lord, not this,
But victory.

Father, the way is rough,
I come to Thee;
The dizzy heights of fame
But dazzle me;
But grander mountains far
Beyond I see.

Father, approaches Death?
Oh! pass not by,
Weary of vague unrest,
Ready am I;
T'is worth the having lived
To love to die.

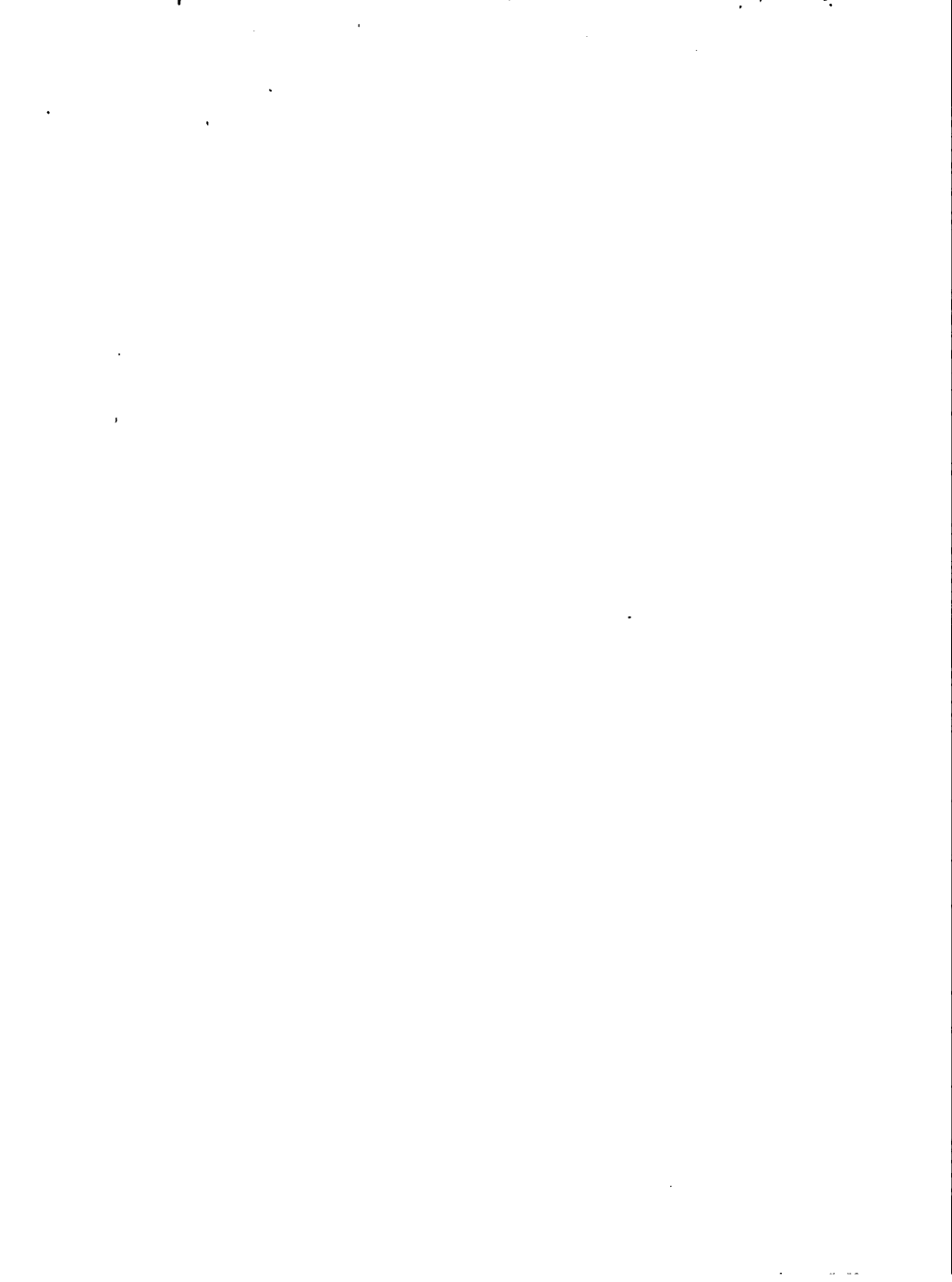


MISS BURLINGAME'S GRAVE IN
OAKWOOD CEMETERY, JOLIET, ILLINOIS.

“Where stood our tree, our flower, there is a grave,
Blank, silent, vacant, but in worlds above,
Like a new star out-blossomed in the skies,
The angels hail ! an added flower of love.”

I am the Resurrection and the “Life,” he that believeth on me though he were dead, yet shall he live.—St. John XI. 25.

In my Father's House are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.
—St. John XIV. 2.



LETTIE LAVILLA BURLINGAME.

LINES DEDICATED TO THE MOURNING RELATIVES OF
THE DECEASED LADY.

BY PROF. M. M. DESMOND.

Dearest Lettie, though we miss you,
We will cease to sadly weep,
Lest our tears should e're disturb you,
In your blessed heavenly sleep,
How you suffered uncomplaining,
No one but the Saviour knows;
How you drooped, yet smiled, in fading
Like a silver-petaled rose.

How your tender, snowy shoulders
Bore the massive cross along,
'Till the blessed Father called you
Home to join the happy throng,
Who are gladly, sweetly singing
Of the glory of His ways,
All that land's with music ringing
In our gracious Father's praise.

Then we'll pray that we may meet you
In your smiling home above,
Free from sickness, sin and sorrow,
In that land where all is love;
So we leave your white hands folded
Meekly, in your dreamless rest
For we know you're safe in Jesus,
Sleeping sweetly on His breast.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

BY FRANKLIN P. DALY.

(A selection laid by Lettie in her Bible while she was sick.)

When I am dead,

I would not have the rude and gaping crowd
 Around me gather, and, 'mid lamentation loud,
 Tell of my virtues, and with vain regret
 Bemoan my loss, and, leaving me, so soon forget.
 But I would have the few, the kindly heart,
 Who, when misfortune came, so nobly did their part,
 And oft by thoughtful deed, their love express—
 These would I have, no more, no less—

When I am dead!

When I am dead

I would not have the high and storied stone
 Placed o'er my grave, and then be left alone,
 But I would have some living thing I once did love,
 Ere I did leave the joyous world above,
 Placed o'er me, and in each succeeding year
 I'd have my friends renew them, and oft linger near,
 With loving thoughts upon the dear one laid below,
 And talk of times departed long ago,

When I am dead!

* * * * *

When I am dead

Forgive—O, this I pray far more than all—
 The anguish I have caused, the deed beyond recall,
 Think kindly on me as I lie, so cold, so still,
 So poor a subject for thine angered ill—

Think of some generous deed, some good word spoken,
Of hearts bound up, I found so sad and broken;
Think gently, when this last long rest is mine,
And gaze upon my form with looks benign—
When I am dead!

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

How can the day look glad with all its shining,
To the eyes grown dim with tears?
How can the soul give up, without repining,
The garnered hopes of years?

Through the long hours our sorrow walks beside us,
And never lets us go;
Where is the secret shade in which to hide us,
And fly the touch of woe?

While busy life roars on with din and bustle,
We all the autumn day,
Keep musing, still how light the dead leaves rustle,
Above the cherished clay!

And when the night counts o'er her starry number,
Sleep visits not the door;
We wake to think of eyes sealed fast with slumber,
'Till night shall be no more.

Of voices we but hear in recollection
Lips once so warm with love,
Ears that until the morn of resurrection
Nor speech, nor sound may move.

From day to day the light of Heaven is clearer,
And hope more patient grows,
As with unresting steps our feet draw nearer
Unto the journey's close.

H. N.

THE GATHERING PLACE.

"We know not where, beneath, above,
Is the gathering place, so wonderful,
But all who fill our life with love
Go forth to make it beautiful.
Oh, rich with all the wealth of grace,
Oh, bright with many a holy face,
Is that exalted meeting place.

With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear,
The glad Home-land not far away!
Where no sea toucheth, making moan,
Where none are poor, or sick, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.

And, as we think of all we knew
Who there have met, and part no more,
Our longing hearts desire Home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er,
So poor this world, now they have gone,
We scarcely dare to think, upon
The years before our rest is won.

And yet our Father knoweth best
The joy or sadness that we need,
The time when we may take our rest
And be from sin and sorrow freed
So we will wait with patient grace,
'Till in that blessed gathering place,
We meet our treasure and see His face."

—Selected.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS, 1890.

At the recent meeting of the W. C. T. U., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our friend and co-worker in many ways, for the uplifting of humanity, Miss Lettie Lavilla Burlingame has been called to a higher Court.

Resolved, That we bow with submission to the will of the Great Judge, whose rulings are always perfect, and that while we find no words in which to express our sense of loss, we trust her promotion means great gain. Also, that her earnest life, her pure womanliness, her daring to stand alone for what she believed to be right, are worthy examples for the young women of this city.

Resolved, That we express our tenderest sympathy for those who are bound to her by the ties of kinship, and pray the dear Father to show them the "silver lining" to the cloud that her passing out leaves over their household.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Burlingame's family, and placed upon our records, and a copy furnished the Joliet News for publication.

LIZZIE E. MASON,
President W. C. T. U.

FROM THE WOMAN'S TRIBUNE.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA, December 26, 1890.

Another of the noble workers in the cause of woman's advancement has passed away, in the person of Miss Lettie Lavilla Burlingame, one of the most successful lawyers in Joliet, Illinois. Her last public work was the delivery of a speech in behalf of Woman's Suffrage. From an earthly standpoint she left us all too soon, with all the beautiful possibilities of her young life behind her, but the good seed she has sown will never die.

Miss Burlingame was sometimes a contributor to the Woman's Tribune.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Plainfield E. S. S., held December 31st, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The Father has called home our sister and co-worker, Miss Lettie Lavilla Burlingame. Therefore

Resolved, That while we can find no fitting words to express the sense of our great loss and deep sorrow, and our sympathy with her nearer kindred and friends, we yet rejoice with great thankfulness for the lovely life and heroic example of work, which she left as an inheritance, to her sister women, and especially the young women of this community. "She being dead, yet speaketh."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the friends of the deceased; also to the Joliet Equal Suffrage Association, of which she was President, and a copy furnished the Enterprise for publication.

MARIETTE KING GRAVES,
President P. E. S. S.

LIZZIE BOYCE, Secretary.

(THE END.)

